

Wild Eyes

© 2012 John J. Freeman (BMI)

I write about dreams that I've never been in
Write about chicks that I've never been with
I write about towns that I've never been to
But right about now, I'm a write about you

You look so good in the light of the moon
Sound so good when you're humming the tune
You turn heads when you walk in the room
Got everybody putting all their cameras on zoom
Everybody putting all their cameras on zoom

And I stop, and I stare, through long dark hair
At those wild eyes
And I think to myself, my oh my
What a nice surprise

I write about truth, and I write about light
The lyrics are smooth, and the grooving is tight
The cats on the roof are starting to fight
And by tomorrow I will have wrote a song last night

With a part about me and a part about you
A part about looking from across the room
Seeing you dance, yeah seeing you move
Shaking that thing with something to prove
Shaking that thing with something to prove

And I stop, and I stare, through long dark hair
At those wild eyes
And I think to myself, my oh my
What a nice surprise

And I stop, and I stare, through long dark hair
At those wild eyes
And I think to myself, my oh my
What a nice surprise