

old men

he sat there and he looked at me
and I knew, well, here it comes
he's gonna lay it on me thick and wide
and I shall again not state my mind

I watched him while he observed me
waiting for me to succumb
his believe to be way above me
while a big fat grin lightened up my mind

I made him realize with nothing but my eyes
that I thought he was just an old man and I know that that's not nice
but it seemed better than to tell him
it was way better than to tell him

that he's just an old man
who doesn't have a grip on me
and that he does not know enough about my end
to say what he did to me
and that I would not give a damn
'course he's nothing but a lonely old man

the same thing happened a few times
while I learned what it is that alines
those crazy old men telling me what to do
going out of their way to leave me in blue

I won't say what I have found out
'course you just don't say something like that out loud
my conclusion is that I no longer mind
as the problem in me has vaporized

I made him realise with nothing but my eyes...

but god forbid they're not all the same
I met quite a few old gentlemen
their eyes so full of consciousness
there words to me nothing short of bliss

they're the ones that inspire me
to keep a hold on my sweet sanity
when the other side of a gentleman
arises out of ordinary old men

I made him realise with nothing but my eyes...