

Eric Clapton, Fathers Eyes

Sailing down behind the sun,
Waiting for my prince to come.
Praying for the healing rain
To restore my soul again.

Just a toerag on the run.
How did I get here?
What have I done?
When will all my hopes arise?
How will I know him?
When I look in my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.
When I look in my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.

Then the light begins to shine
And I hear those ancient lullabies.
And as I watch this seedling grow,
Feel my heart start to overflow.

Where do I find the words to say?
How do I teach him?
What do we play?
Bit by bit, I've realized
That's when I need them,

That's when I need my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.
That's when I need my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.

Then the jagged edge appears
Through the distant clouds of tears.
I'm like a bridge that was washed away;
My foundations were made of clay.

As my soul slides down to die.
How could I lose him?
What did I try?
Bit by bit, I've realized
That he was here with me;
I looked into my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.
I looked into my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.

My father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.
I looked into my father's eyes.(Look in to my father's eyes)
My father's eyes.