

Joseph Arthur, Marmalade Eyes

Don't want to be your airplane
Flying you around the world
Giving you something to believe
After your dreams have gone to bed

Seeing mama's marmalade eyes
Lighting up the sky
You could feel her
Heavenly hard
Beating on the eye

Don't want to be a boogiemán
Looking for a place to hide
Hoping that you turn out the lights
So i could crawl into your mind

Seeing mama's marmalade eyes
Lighting up the sky
You could feel her
Heavenly hard
Beating on the eye

Don't want to be a greyhound bus
Taking you in the night to find a city you can trust
To make all the wrong seem right