

Nirvana, The Eagle Has Landed

Try to find something fast, in my eyes
Oh no, that's ok, phone home
Everthing tastes the same, in my eyes
Every day, every taste, in my eyes

Hey! [x3]

Every time it's in his chin, in my eyes
Everything Tennessees, phone home
Bring it down, at the town, in my eyes
Bring it in, set it's in, in my eyes

Hey! [x3]

Try it's sound, something found, it ain't us
Round down, at the town, go home
Round down, something in, mean us
Every taste, something fake, gross

Hey! [x3]

Take ...
Mean heart ...
Mean hearts ...[x3]

[Alternate version of the lyrics to this song:]

Down down such a fast, in my eyes
Won't ever let you down, flown home
Granted to your sense of sound, oh my eyes
You and me it contains, my heart

Hey! [x3]

Go dark sound check, my eyes
Everything teddy sees, is all wrong
Burnin' down half the town, and my house
Entertaining suicide, well my heart

Hey! [x3]

Jonestown such a frown, see yours
Riddle meal left the town, or go home
Rarin' round such a day, for me uh ..
Hitch a train to Santa Fe, or go horse

Hey! [x3]

Take ...
Mean horse ...
Mean horse ...[x3]