

# Sondre Lerche, Counter Spark

You could be sad but never torn  
You saw the light when it was on  
You never turned or looked away  
Your eyes were focused, mine were grey

Your sentences were concentrated  
You made your points so understated  
Where I would mumble, you would say  
Your eyes were focused, mine were grey

I made up conversations with my symbolic language  
Saying everybody wants to be like you  
But I'd rather fall in love with you

You got the picture from the start  
You saw right through me in the dark  
You saw that I couldn't behave  
with eyes so focused, yet so frail

I chose you from a million  
You were the choice of billions  
wishing they would try to be like you  
But I'd rather fall in love with you

Ba-ba-ba baa-ba...

You questioned men and called them whores  
But you would never burn your bras  
You held your head up in the rain  
Your eyes were focused, mine were grey

You had relationships that worked  
and yet experience with jerks  
So well adjusted, but with charm  
Your eyes were focused and yet calm

I'm fairly realistic  
But my thoughts are out of lip-sync  
when I say that I'm not one of those  
who pass you by and fall in love with you  
who pass you by and fall in love with you  
who pass you by and fall in love with you

I'll pass you by and fall in love with you

Ba-ba-ba baa-ba...