

The Who, Girl's Eyes

Girl's eyes, butterflies, how she cries, can't get through to you,
She knows all the charts, breaks her heart, thinks a lot of you,
Each time you play a melody, it means the earth to this little girl,
Can you be cruel and break her heart, tear her small world apart.
She's there, eyes aglow, very front row, don't throw sticks at her,
Please don't look her way, see her way, don't care anyway.

It's you who led her on, I see,
Just leave her down in her misery,
She don't want help from you and me,
Can't tell a note from a symphony.

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