

# New Eyes (feat. Lizzo)

## Clean Bandit

In the quiet of my room  
I gather up my thoughts and questions  
Could I ever be like you?  
Could I ever be a person, so real and so true?  
It seems implausible  
I look at my reflection  
If only I could say  
The things I never mention  
The things you never knew  
And I'd like to thank you for the human I've become  
I'm sorry if I've let you down  
I'm trying, I'm learning as I stumble along  
To see this new world without your eyes  
Once upon a time there was a girl who so much loved the world  
She have her only begotten sunshine  
And dried her stained eyes on a neck tie  
Took the best lies made 'em truths  
And spit sad soliloquies in the booth  
Cause people think they know but they barely knew  
The reality of what the other-siders do  
But I've been there, I've learnt that  
Seen a whole bunch of world and done came back  
Got a reckoning for wrecking in my knapsack  
'Bout to journey on foot through the outback  
GRRRL PRTY is the label on my snapback  
Doin' worldwide shows in a black hat  
'Bout to tell your ass a story so take that  
Free prophecies from a black cat  
Seen his demise with a pair of brand new eyes  
It was sickening, guy  
Never wanted to be stickin' it to thickening thighs  
But now he deeper than the secrets that he keep with a lie  
"Mm, tastes good!" baby say with a cry  
Now wait...  
Thinkin' about it too much, too much  
Deepen the profit sooner, sooner  
He never wanted to be a loser  
But the bruises of losing is oozing through his fingers  
The tips that like to brush at my hips  
Is now at the hilt of a sword, Lord  
On the battlefield, torn, sworn  
To never think about another lover  
Hopin' he had time to recover but nothing's ever easy

Beware the sting of queen bee (grr!) So many things in he I would like to be  
Wiser, more light on my feet  
I could look up in the mirror and change me  
Or right over my shoulder and save me  
Thinkin' about back, back when, when I ain't have nothing  
Not a thing or a ring to my name  
Now my feet in the game, knee deep, don't speak  
Feelin' like Gwen Stefani in this thing  
But I can't complain cause we asked for this  
Feelin' like a workaholic or a masochist  
Don't call like I should like its sacrilege  
To make a dollar in a dream into packed venues  
Take a second, put your shield down  
Laying down my sword, getting off the battlefield now  
Makin' bigger moves, bigger pictures in my view now  
Get up out of my way I've got ammo for days, pow! I can feel the weight of wars you've lost  
They're victories in my eyes  
Every swing you take brings me closer and closer  
Open the gates and I'm poised to charge  
You told me we'd never get this far  
Now we at the final round  
There's no way we'll escape battle scars  
Battle scars

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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