

Wide Eyes

Local Natives

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G# Fm Cm Eb

G#

Oh some evil spirit,

Fm Cm Eb

Oh some evil this way comes.

G#

They told me how they fear it,

Fm Cm Eb

Now they re placing it on their tongues.

G# Fm Cm Eb

Oh to see it with my own eyes.

Oh to see it with my own eyes.

No food or water,

For the better part of ten months.

Quietly he sat,

Between the folds of a tree trunk.

Oh to see it with my own eyes.

Oh to see it with my own eyes.

All the men of faith,

And men of science, have their questions.

Could it ever be on Earth,

As it is in heaven?

Oh to see it with my own eyes.

Oh to see it with my own eyes.