

# In His Eyes

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

There is sadness in his eyes.  
There is darkness in his eyes.  
I sense greatness yet loneliness in his eyes.

There are strong needs in this man.  
Though I would not dare surmise  
Or assume he'd realize  
How much he needs me.

I am drawn to this man.  
I don't know why it is so.  
I feel a need to follow where he may go.

So much sadness in his eyes.  
Maybe boldness in his eyes.  
But also sweetness and tenderness in his eyes.

Why is she staring at me?  
What does she want me to say?  
Such arrogance and disrespect.  
I'll wish her a good day.

I've never seen her before.  
But want her out of my sight.  
I must complete all of my work.  
I guess I'll have a bite.

And how dare she question my needs.  
I will have salt if I wish.  
Such insolence, not like a nun,  
I favor meat to fish.  
Does she not know who I am?  
No one takes charge of my life.  
This nun must learn to know her place  
And I do not seek a wife.

Yet when I look in her eyes, I see my dear mother's eyes.  
I miss her sight and loving hands. I'll write to her tonight.

(musical interlude)

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