

The Proclaimers, The Lover's Face

She's shackled to the night
Bonded to a darker place
Searching for the lover's face
That haunts her

Listening to the sounds
Of the city as it moves around
Hoping that on sacred ground
She'll find him

And the lover who lurks in the shadows
Cut this hole through her soul
So the children she's leaving tomorrow
Can never be told

Yes, this lover who lurks in the shadows
Cut this hole through her soul
And the children she's leaving tomorrow
Can never be told

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