

# Agent Sparks, Merchants & Vendors (Face It)

I met a man with razor hands  
He quoted sixteen words  
We sang hallelujah  
He pointed down said,  
That's your own. You're going straight to hell!  
We sang hallelujah

So I said,  
Face it,  
You don't even listen  
Faces don't even care

The night was young  
As the profit sung  
Merchants began to prowl  
We sang hallelujah  
As we began to walk  
The dollar signs talked  
A sign said, stop you must join!  
We sang hallelujah

So I said,  
Face it,  
You don't even listen  
Faces don't even care

If I had an opinion or not  
It was you who gave me hope  
It was you who came from above singing songs  
There's no way out.  
There's no way  
No way out!

Face it, you don't even listen  
Faces don't even care  
Faces,  
Face it