

Agent Sparks, Razorhand

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