

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Faces

She never thinks about me when I'm here
She only dreams about me when I'm gone
My heart rises to my mouth as she passes
by me
and I can't make a sound

She gives me a mirror in a picture frame
She says don't be afraid to blame your blues
on the man you see inside
He's trying desperately to hide

I know she's right
and I can't fight the feelings
That the man inside's not ready for revealing
I walked beside him on a stage
Watched him trying to make believe
He's read the pages of wisdom

Now everyone has a needle
Which we turn to in times of escape
Injecting our realities with some fantasy
makes it all easier to take
Some people say that it sets them free
But me I found that it seldom lets you see
That the path your foot falls on
Doesn't make a sound

I know I'm right and
I can't fight the feelings
that the hearts of men aren't ready for
revealing
I walked beside them in the rain
Watched their distant and their mortal pain
and it's all a shame

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by me
and I can't make a sound