

Faces, Love Lives Here

(Ronnie Lane, Ron Wood, Rod Stewart)

It's hard to believe that this is the place

Where we were so happy all our lives.

Now so empty inside and feelin' no pain.

Waitin' for a hammer and a big ball and chain.

They can tear it all down and build something new,

Then only I'll remember what was here.

Tomorrow comes easy, just another day gone

How long will I have to keep returning?

Now I look back, think I've known all the time,

I've been fightin' myself for so long.

All the vows that we made, gone for old rags and lumber

Disappear on a cart down the road