

Soft Boys, The Face Of Death

The face of death is my best friend
He lurks behind my favourite vent
And though we meet we never speak
I've got a feeling he's unique
He looks so crushed but he's alright
He eat his food
He sleeps at night
His leather jacket's quite like mine
I'm we two would get on fine
But some someday I'll make him mine
I'll wear your face
I'll come to tea
My place or yours
And then you'll see
It's like walking through a mirror
He tried to hard
It never came to anything
They burn his name
They threw him out
Cause he was wrong
And left him trapped inside this song