

# The Psychedelic Furs, Torch

a thousand rainy days  
and i spoke on tongues that talk of saints  
burned down days like cigarettes  
for your hollow praise  
down the days that you forget  
count the pictures that you keep  
keep it, hide it all away  
let it never show  
all of this and i regret  
not a day that i was sent  
celebrated and arose  
for your vanity in vain  
framed the faces i applaud  
all the same sad eyes  
write the world between the lines  
i heard it all, i heard it spoke  
like a name i call my life  
let it never show  
all of this i now regret  
not a day that i was sent  
not a name that i might place  
not at my parade  
in the four walls of my room  
standing where i wait  
others praised and i can't come  
tore the pictures off my walls  
there's a secret that i keep  
let it never show  
all of this i now regret  
not a day that i was sent  
all of this i now regret  
not a name that i might place  
not at my parade  
framed the faces i applaud  
all the same sad eyes  
write the world between the lines  
i heard it all, i heard it spoke  
in the four walls of my room