

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