

When We Had Faces

Gavin Clark

They said the hand of God delivered the blow
But all that I know, it weren't him that nearly killed you
I let you down, I never carried you home
I left you alone, to fend there for yourself

I see you out sometimes hung, drawn and square
You're my Fraisse, the faces filled with sadness
For all that you gained, you still look hungry and weak
When I speak, I remember where I'm from

Well, it's a long way back to the Meadway
It's a long way back to the Strood
It's a long way back to the Colosseum
When we had faces, Jude
When we had faces, Jude

I heard they filled your head with stories of joy
Said I could destroy the good things laid before you
I worked it out, but knew that you'd never hear
It's strange how a year can cancel out a life

Well, it's a long way back to the Meadway
It's a long way back to the Strood
It's a long way back to the Colosseum
When we had faces, Jude
When we had faces, Jude

Sometimes I go back, but I never stay
It's wasting away, the world that we grew up in
One day you will see me down on the street
And when you hear me speak, you'll remember where you're from