

# Faces of Stone

David Gilmour

Faces of stone  
That watched from the dark  
As the wind swirled around  
And you took my arm in the park  
Images framed, hung high in the trees  
And you talked of your youth  
But the years had turned dry as the leaves

Your lover was gone  
His replacement to hand  
And just what the difference was  
You could not understand  
In darkening grey  
We walked back through the streets  
Then you talked all night long  
Of your childhood home by the sea

And I, my disguise a mask chosen by you  
Believed every word I heard  
At least I think that's what I tried to do

We sat on the roof  
The night overflowed  
No more was said  
But I learned all I needed to know  
Your Hollywood smile  
Shone a light on the past  
But it was the future  
That you held so tight to your heart