

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