

Face to the Sky

John Cale

She is standing, listening to the wind
Darkness lifting her face to the sky

Her homecoming laughter
Swirling around her
Dizzy as a top on a chessboard
Dizzy as a top on a chessboard

Her memories of wild men standing still
In the desert building a fire
Holding back the fears
And whistling a tune
Dizzy as a top on a chessboard

She's run out of kindness
She's run out today
She's run out everything
She had to say
Wind in the darkness lifted her face
And the sky was bursting again

Her homecoming laughter
Swirling around her
Dizzy as a top on a chessboard
Dizzy as a top on a chessboard

You're whistling a tune
That she's never heard
Holding back the fear in the wind
And somebody's hearing all her thoughts
And lifting her face to the sky
Lifting her face to the sky

Lifting, lifting, lifting her face to the sky