

Man of a Thousand Faces

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The man of a thousand faces
Sits down at the table
Eats a small lump of sugar
And smiles at the moon like he knows her

And begins his quiet ascension
Without anyone's steady instruction
To a place and no religion
Has found a path to our likeness

His words are quiet like stains
Are on a tablecloth washed in a river
Stains that are trying to cover for each other
Or at least blend in with the pattern

Good is better than perfect
Scrub till your fingers are bleeding
And I'm crying for things that
I tell others to do without crying

He used to go to his favorite bookstores
And rip out his favorite pages
And stuff 'em into his breast pockets
The moon to him was a stranger

Now he sits down at a table right next to the window
And begins his quiet ascension
Without anyone's steady instruction
To a place and no religion
Has found a path to our likeness

And he eats a small lump of sugar
And smiles at the moon like he knows her