

## Torch

The Psychedelic Furs

A thousand rainy days and I  
Spoke on tongues that talk of saints  
Burned down days like cigarettes  
For your hollow praise

Down the days that you forget  
Count the pictures that you keep  
Keep it, hide it all away  
Let it never show

All of this and I regret  
Not a day that I was sent

Celebrated and arose  
For your vanity in vain  
Framed the faces I applaud  
All the same sad eyes

Write the world between the lines  
I heard it all, I heard it spoke  
Like a name I call my life  
Let it never show

All of this, I now regret  
Not a day that I was sent

Not a name that I might place  
Not at my parade  
In the four walls of my room  
Standing where I wait

Others praised and I can't come  
Tore the pictures off my walls  
There's a secret that I keep  
Let it never show

All of this, I now regret  
Not a day that I was sent  
All of this, I now regret

Not a name that I might place  
Not at my parade  
Framed the faces I applaud  
All the same, all alone

Write the world between the lines  
I heard it all, I heard it spoke  
In the four walls of my room  
I'm just feeling all alone