

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