

She Has Faces

The Verve Pipe

She has faces up in her bedroom
And they gaze down on her guarding her slumber
A black bead rosary under her pillow
And when it thunders she clutches it tightly

And she hears silence is white and sound is black
The world is wrapped in a paper sack
And when I leave I close the door
To this galaxy of yours

Dropping by I open a window as the breeze blows in
The curtains are butterflies
And we hear the church bells ring out on a hill
And all of their echoes left us singing

Silence is black, the room is bright
Our world is basking in TV light
We are laid out on the floor
Of this galaxy of yours

With all of your heroes waiting
In paper piles laid on the floor
And I push my paintbrush lightly
And fill in any empty nail holes

A dresser top, a jewelry box
Colored tassels tied in knots
And a porcelain girl danced
A music box ballet for us

And your night light is a star, or a firefly
That leads my gaze up to the ceiling
Wondering if you think that it's the sky

With all of your heroes waiting
In paper piles laid on the floor
And I push my paintbrush lightly
And fill in any empty nail holes

Open the window slightly
And pick up paper off the floor
And I hold my paintbrush tightly
And fill in any empty nail holes

Open the window slightly
Open the window slightly
Open the window slightly
Open the window slightly
Open the window slightly