

Some Faces

Bauhaus

Some faces
Some faces
Some faces

Nothing's going places too long to take sight
Walking in those alleys

Some faces

Through the dark and through the light
Through that light

Some faces

Those chicks get smaller almost every day
Lightning faces small time places

Some faces

Checking faces places every night
In a lonely night
I hate it

Some faces

Most kids can't find any current ties
Will they live it up?

Some faces

So they might find that they can climb
And give it up?

Some faces

They spin and spin, and hit and hit
To getting tight

Some faces

Maybe too tight?
Oh, I don't know
Will I give it up?
I hate it

Some faces

All by myself, living up to me
For encouragement

Some faces

Will it go as planned, will he lift up his hand?
Shaking all his arms

Some faces

He takes a drive a long, long drive
Up to that smoke

Some faces

Smoking that hash, in someone's stash
He can't give it up
He hates it
I hate it