

Old Faces

Roy Harper

Old faces acquaintances
Re-appearing disguised as is
Blue rivers of smokey rooms climb
Relieving good ghosts of those times

And where were you, where was I?
Sitting, counting the colours by
Giant red rizlas to go we've been
Was it ever to paradise green

But I love you, my own true friend
You, who thought you could rearrange the end
How does it feel to be terribly near?
Verging long voyages onward from here

Old faces acquaintances
I'll live on with you none the less
Giant red rizlas to go we've been
Circling round over paradise green

Yellow and purple and emerald blue
Waiting for someone and hoping for you
Scenery shifting and moving the view
Spiking the sugar lumps right through

But I love you my own true friends
You who waste away in these ends
Wherein your state is adjusting to speed
Spiritual eloquence far beyond need

Old faces acquaintances
All abiding the sliding years
Everyone caught in the washing machine
Circling round over paradise green

Old faces callin' me back
Old faces acquaintances
Memories callin' me back