

Man Of A Thousand Faces

[Regina Spektor](#)

The man of a thousand faces
Sits down at the table
Eats a small lump of sugar
And smiles at the moon like he knows her
He begins his quiet ascension
Without anyone's steady instruction
To a place with no religion
He's found a path to her likeness
His words are quiet like stains are
On a tablecloth washed in a river
Stains that are trying to cover
For each other
Or at least blend in with the pattern
Good is better than perfect
Scrub till your fingers are bleeding
And I'm crying for things that
I tell others to do without crying
He used to go to his favorite bookstores
And rip out his favorite pages
And stuff 'em into his breast pockets
The moon, to him, was a stranger
Now he sits down at a table
Right next to the window
And begins his quiet ascension
Without anyone's steady instruction
To a place with no religion
He's found a path to her likeness
He eats a small lump of sugar
Smiles at the moon like he knows her

Songwriters

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