

Faces of Stone

David Gilmour

Faces of stone that watched from the dark
As the wind swirled around and you took my arm in the park
Images framed, hung high in the trees
And you talked of your youth but the years had turned dry as the leaves
Your lover was gone, his replacement to hand
And just what the difference was, you could not understand
In darkening grey we walked back through the streets
Then you talked all night long of your childhood home by the sea
And I, my disguise a mask chosen by you
Believed every word I heard
At least I think that's what I tried to do
We sat on the roof - the night overflowed
No more was said but I learned all I needed to know
Your Hollywood smile shone a light on the past
But it was the future that you held so tight to your heart

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