# The Face and I

## Brian Protheroe

The face and I will die tonight
We lose the land, we ban the fight
The smoke is stale, the flag in tatters
The cannon balls are melted down
to make a coffin for a clown
who kept his mind on other matters

And far away the crowds carouse
and speak their minds and make their vows
And teach the children not to stutter
And somewhere in a Chelsea flat
A girl plays Chopin to the cat
And claws the window's broken shutter

The face is you
The face is you
The face is you

The tiger left the zoo at noon
to find another honeymoon
He felt prepared to take his chances
We shared the ballroom's dying fall
Reflections from a mirror ball
And stumbled through forgotten dances

A rumour ran the party line
A telegram invites to dine
She knew the man was maladjusted
And as wished the wall away
I saw how sad the cabaret
There was no other to be trusted

The face is you
The face is you
The face is you

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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