Faces

Harlem

Looking out across the next few days
I can see nothing
Looking out across the next few year
I can see, they're gonna go by fast
Looking out across the next few days
Smoke's gonna clear slowly
Looking out across the next few days
I can see, they're gonna go by fast
They're gonna go by
Lying for me
So I won't hear a thing
To bat me back
So I'll notice some grave thing
I'm not made of successful things
I'm not made of successful things
I'm not made of success
I've got what it takes
I've got what it takes
To rest, to rest, to rest
But I'm still around
Looking across the faces I've know
I can see nothing
Looking out across my family members
I know they miss me
I know they must miss me
Never had a lot of fun
Better things to do around the house
Never had a lot of fun
Better things to do without
Lying for me
So I won't hear a thing
To bat me back
So I'll notice some grave thing
I'm not made of successful things

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