Face to the Sky

John Cale

She is standing, listening to the wind
Dark is lifting, a face to the sky
A homecoming laughter swirling around herDizzy as a top on a chess board
Dizzy as a top on a chess boardThe memory of wild men, standing still
In a desert building of fire
Holding back the fear of whistling a tuneDizzy as a top on a chess boardShe'd rather hold kindess
She'd rather hold today
She grabbed a hold of everything she had to sayMen are in the darkness, lifting the face
And the sky was bursting again
The homecoming laughter swirling around herDizzy as a top on a chess board
Dizzy as a top on a chess boardWhistling a tune that she's never heard
Holding back the feeling of the wind
And somebody's hearing all her thoughts and lifting her face to the sky
Lifting her face to the skyLifting, lifting, lifting, her face
Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face
Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face
Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face

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