

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 her Dizzy as a top on a chess board
Dizzy as a top on a chess board The memory of wild men, standing still
In a desert building of fire
Holding back the fear of whistling a tune Dizzy as a top on a chess board She'd rather hold kindness
She'd rather hold today
She grabbed a hold of everything she had to say Men are in the darkness, lifting the face
And the sky was bursting again
The homecoming laughter swirling around her Dizzy as a top on a chess board
Dizzy as a top on a chess board Whistling 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 sky Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face
Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face
Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face
Lifting, lifting, lifting, her face

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>