

Faces

[Siobhan Donaghy](#)

Waiting And the days they speak to me with all their history
Little ways passing phases all so consistently
As the gazes reached for me with that intensity
Through this maze of misled praise the words get into me Staring at faces of our times to reconcile
There's always patience waiting for a place in our minds
And in that autumn you'll find every orphan will lose their need
To pine reassure them the world before them staring at faces Change 'Cause words alone will soon dissolve
And leave us with a face we can't console
In the zone conscious of tones
We can't resolve Staring at faces of our times to reconcile
There's always patience waiting for a place in our minds
And in that autumn you'll find every orphan will lose their need
To pine reassure them the world before them staring at faces

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