

# Man Of A Thousand Faces

## Regina Spektor

The man of a thousand faces  
Sits down at the table  
Eats a small lump of sugar  
And smiles at the moon like he knows her  
And begins his quiet ascension  
Without anyone's steady instruction  
To a place and no religion  
Has found a path to our likeness  
His words are quiet like stains  
Are on a tablecloth washed in a river  
Stains that are trying to cover for each other  
Or at least blend in with the pattern  
Good is better than perfect  
Scrub till your fingers are bleeding

And I'm crying for things that  
I tell others to do without crying  
He used to go to his favorite bookstores  
And rip out his favorite pages  
And stuff 'em into his breast pockets  
The moon to him was a stranger  
Now he sits down at a table right next to the window  
And begins his quiet ascension  
Without anyone's steady instruction  
To a place and no religion  
Has found a path to our likeness  
And he eats a small lump of sugar  
And smiles at the moon like he knows her

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