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John Wesley Harding

I'm looking for those old familiar faces
In the places I left behind
All the Townsons, Barnes and Staces
And some good old friends of mine
Because everyone is someone
That I seem to recognize
Must be the old familiar faces
In their eyesI'm walking down these streets that have no signposts
In a language that I know
And I never will belong here
And it's clear that one day I'll go
But when I turn the corner
There's another memory
Why don't those old familiar faces
Let me beI used to live a life without a present
And no need to go back when
But now I see the truth so clearly
And I want it her back again
She hosts the ghosts of people
In the shadows all around
Until the old familiar faces
Fill this townEveryday I feel the sun shine stronger
On the dark side of my heart
And people look like strangers now
That I can't tell apart
So I smile and nod politely
Like they're friends that I once knew
I've found those old familiar faces
In you

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