

See All Her Faces

Dusty Springfield

Here she comes, here she comes
Ribbons flying from her half forgotten hair
Look at her run, see what the world and love have done
See all her faces, see all her faces Look in my eyes that she is me
I can't disguise, see all her faces
See all her faces I'm looking for someone of the gentle kind
Knowing that looks can lie
Looking for someone is he there to find?
Or should I run on by? Here she comes, here she comes
Shadows sadly chasing every step she takes
Look at her now, she needs love so much more somehow
See all her faces, see all her faces Look at my life, the wasted years
Each a knife, see all her faces
See all her faces Waiting for someone who will set me free
Passing the time too fast
Waiting for someone is that where he'll be?
Or should I run right past? There she goes, there she goes
Somehow making me and all her faces sad

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