

Little Faces

Oysterhead

In the dawn when my toes are cold
They spread their little trinkets on the ground
In the hall by the closet door
They creep into my bed without a sound
On a cube in a plastic egg
A hundred fabric figures in a pile
See them march toward me in a line
And dance across the floor in single file
Little faces keep no track of time
Little faces speaking out in rhyme
Little faces smiling in my mind
Tiny doors for walking through
While sticky fingers clutch forbidden things
And the phone for talking through
They often pull the cable when it rings
Sinking ships on a foamy sea
That roll and tumble slowly from the motion of their filthy
Little hands
Their little hands
Little faces keep no track of time
Little faces speaking out in rhyme
Little faces smiling in my mind
In the dark when their eyes are wide
They listen to the secrets that I tell
In a ball on their tiny beds
Or beneath them where the shadow people dwell
And the moon beams that split the night
Leave bars of yellow pasted on their faces
As they drift into a dream
In a dream
Little faces keep no track of time
Little faces speaking out in rhyme
Little faces smiling in my mind
My baby
She is so cute baby
I love you

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