

Face To the Wall

Faron Young

Was I farther from your conscience
Standing face to the wall?
I suspected there was something
That you weren't telling me
And last night I learned the reason for it all
I was looking through your window
Saw you kissing someone else
You reached up and turned my picture slowly
Face to the wall Face to the wall
So you wouldn't have to see
Anything at all
To make you think of me
Did the cheapness of the moment
Make you feel ashamed and small?
Was I farther from your conscience
Standing face to the wall? Alone out in the darkness were the eyes that worshiped you
As you cheated me I watched my idle fall
With your arms around another and his lips where mine should be
Then I saw you turned my picture slowly
Face to the wall

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