

## **Faces**

### **"Debris"**

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two, three, four

I left you on the debris  
at the Sunday morning market  
you were sorting through the odds and ends  
you was looking for a bargain

I heard your footsteps at the front door  
and that old familiar love song  
'cause you knew you'd find me waiting there  
at the top of the stairs

I wouldn't of went back  
just to see how far it was  
and you looked shocked to tell me  
but I had to love her myself  
there's more trouble at the depot  
with the general workers union  
and they said they'll never change a thing  
well, they won't fight and their not working

oh you was my hero  
hell you are my good friend  
I've been there and back  
and I know how far it is

but I left you on the Debris  
now we both know you got no money  
and I wonder what you would have done  
without me hanging around

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