

Frida "The Face"

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(Daniel Balavoine, Kirstie MacColl)
You take a final look around
And then you put your house-key down
Upon the table by the note
You take your handbag and your coat
You don't want too much to carry
To slow you down on the way
You picture his face
In the morning
As he was going to work
Without saying a word
You saw the face
Of a stranger
It wasn't always like this before
His face like a stranger
You didn't know what to say
So you are going away
>From the face of a stranger
And not the lover you knew before
Why should you want to call your friends
Why should you want to start again
You tried explaining through the years
But it would always end in tears
And one thing you know for certain
You've said goodbye to that place
But still
You picture his face
In the morning
As he was going to work
Without saying a word
You saw the face
Of a stranger
It wasn't always like this before
His face like a stranger
You didn't know what to say
So you are going away
>From the face of a stranger
And not the lover you knew before

Somewhere a telephone
Is ringing in an empty room
Miles away

You are looking at a new town
But you are thinking of the past
The rain is falling down
Why do you keep that photograph
Of his face like a stranger
As he was going to work
Without saying a word
You saw the face
Of a stranger
And not the lover you knew before
His face
In the morning
As he was going to work
Without saying a word
You saw the face
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