

Jeff Buckley "Faith Salons"

Visit "[Faith Salons](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

in the faith salons they do your nails for fifteen dimes a
bottle, where
someone in the darkness waits for your arrival.
in the faith salons the deals are struck, making heroes
out of dust and clay.
the man gives you sixty seconds on the dollar, and
walks away.
in the middle of your book of ages you write your
dreams down to the letter.
tired of second chances and singles dances.
her robes were purple velvet feeling like the king of
cairo.
prisoners to fools and slaves to paper gods.
in the faith salons....

the books of massacres and natural disasters,
beguiled by belligerence learned from the dancing
masters.
the child on the train was a mimic mime of babble.
the mother knitted sweaters that the child would
unravel.
in the faith salons....

they have medicines for madness, madness caused by
drugs,
something for your headache and a spray to kill the
bugs.
you walk the catwalk of polyphony, and your charades
of destiny.
to whose myth of creation will you finally fall upon your
knees and cry for forgiveness denied.
in the faith salons....

she'd appear like a belligerent ghost in my dreams,
in my living room, all torn apart and blue,
where the ribbons flew and the sky tore like a sheet of
rain, of dust.
peace is a distant mirage where the only truth is the
path and chance the only landmark in the desert.
sleeping in doorways. underneath the falling frescoes,
she'd say, it's your pain. in the faith salons....

Visit [Jeff Buckley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.