

## John Wesley Harding "\$55"

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I'm looking for those old familiar faces  
In the places I left behind  
All the Townsons, Barnes and Staces  
And some good old friends of mine  
Because everyone is someone  
That I seem to recognize  
Must be the old familiar faces  
In their eyes

I'm walking down these streets that have no signposts  
In a language that I know  
And I never will belong here  
And it's clear that one day I'll go  
But when I turn the corner  
There's another memory  
Why don't those old familiar faces  
Let me be

I used to live a life without a present  
And no need to go back when  
But now I see the truth so clearly

And I want it her back again  
She hosts the ghosts of people  
In the shadows all around  
Until the old familiar faces  
Fill this town

Everyday I feel the sun shine stronger  
On the dark side of my heart  
And people look like strangers now  
That I can't tell apart  
So I smile and nod politely  
Like they're friends that I once knew  
I've found those old familiar faces  
In you

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