

## **Kirsty Maccoll**

### **"The Face"**

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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 your way

You picture his face  
In the morning  
As he way 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 the place

But still you picture his face . . .

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 . . .

