

Regina Spektor

"The Man of a Thousand Faces"

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The man of a thousand faces
Sits down at the table
Eats a small lump of sugar
And smiles at the moon like he knows her
And begins his quiet ascension
Without anyone's sturdy instruction
To a place of no religion
Has found a path or a likeness

His words are quiet like stains are
On a table cloth washed in a river
Stains that are trying to cover, for each other
Or at least blend in with the pattern
Good is better than perfect
Scrub til your fingers are bleeding
And I'm crying for things that I tell others to do without crying

He used to go to his favorite bookstores
And rip out his favorite pages
And stuff them into his breast pocket
And the moon to him was a stranger
Now he sits down at the table
Right next to the window
And begins his quiet ascension
Without anyone's sturdy instruction
To a place of no religion
Has found a path or a likeness
And eats a small lump of sugar
And smiles at the moon like he knows her

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