

## 3 Daft Monkeys "Faces"

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I've flown across the mountains, I've sailed across the sea.  
I've seen so many faces, what do they mean to me.  
We're all the same, no matter what. We're all the same,  
no matter who.  
We're all the same, no matter where. We're all the same.

Met a crazy Scotsman living up a mountain, drinking like a fountain, only pausing for a breath.  
Breton girls were well hard, louder than a bombard, partied in the back yard, they'd outlast the rest.  
What about the Polish they were rather ghoulish, when the party'd finish, were howling at the moon.  
Met a crazy Spaniard who got really hammered, fell on me then clambered back onto his feet.

So many faces I have seen, so many places not yet been.  
So many people I have met, so many names not to forget.  
Such beautiful people in their right, laughing, dancing through the night.  
So many faces I have seen, the futures so bright it can't be seen.

What about Dutch squatters, what a bunch of nutters.  
Living in their fortress, paranoia folk.  
We had fun in Deutschland, everything was well planned, plenty of time in hand, every single day.  
Dancing in Galicia, dancing to the gaita, feet felt they were lighter than they'd ever been.  
What about the French dude, seemed a little confused, kept us all well amused, dancing with a goat.

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