

# Oysterhead

## "Little Faces"

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In the dawn  
When my toes are cold  
They spread their little trinkets on the ground  
In the hall  
By the closet door  
They creep into my bed without a sound  
On a cube  
In a plastic egg  
A hundred fabric figures in a pile  
See them march  
Toward me in a line  
And dance across the floor in a single file

Little faces keep no track of time  
Little faces speaking out in rhyme  
Little faces smiling in my mind

Tiny doors  
For walking through  
While sticky fingers clutch forbidden things  
And the phone  
For talking through  
They often pull the cable when it rings  
Sinking ships  
On a foamy sea  
That roll and tumble slowly from the motion of their  
filthy  
Little hands  
Their little hands

Little faces keep no track of time  
Little faces speaking out in rhyme  
Little faces smiling in my mind

In the dark  
When their eyes are wide  
They listen to the secrets that I tell  
In a ball  
On their tiny beds  
Or beneath them where the shadow people dwell  
And the moon  
Beams that split the night

Leave bars of yellow pasted on their faces  
As they drift into a dream  
In a dream

Little faces keep no track of time  
Little faces speaking out in rhyme  
Little faces smiling in my mind

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