

## The Verve Pipe

### "She Has Faces"

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she has faces  
up in her bedroom and they gaze down on her  
guarding her slumber

a black bead rosary  
under her pillow and when it thunders  
she clutches it tightly

and she hears  
silence is white,  
sound is black,  
the world is wrapped in a paper sack

and when i leave i close the door  
to this galaxy of yours

dropping by  
i open a window  
as the breeze blows in the curtains are butterflies

and we hear the church bells ring  
out on a hill  
and all of their echoes  
left us singing

silence is black,  
the room is bright,  
our world is basking in tv light

and we are laid out on the floor  
of this galaxy of yours

with all of your heroes waiting  
in paper piles laid on the floor

i push my paintbrush lightly  
and fill in any empty nail holes

a dresser top,  
a jewelry box,  
colored tassels tied in knots

and a porcelain girl danced a music box ballet for us

and your nightlight is a star,  
or a firefly

that leads my gaze up to the ceiling  
wondering if you think that it's the sky

with all of your heroes waiting....

open the window slightly, pick up paper off the floor  
i hold my paintbrush tightly, and fill in any empty nail  
holes

open the window slightly,  
open the window slightly...

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