

## **Oil Midnight**

### **"Brave Faces"**

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I've seen faces in the window, I've seen faces in the street

They talk and walk of nothing

I've known many restless summers, the sand dunes I imagine

A place without a postcard

Flower people were so beautiful but straight and loud's the way

Good luck the beatnik spirit

The talk of politicians,

The sentences of cynics are the sentences of childhood

They're all talking shit to me

Out-talked by the mass media, to pay the bills it lies

And the lies we eat with breakfast

Brave faces face the board room, the oak stained walls

Fall silent, they leave lined with defeat

And they got those tears in their eyes

Well it makes no sense to me

When we danced, when we danced

All the night, all the night

You saw me, I looked right

I was the one with my head in the cloud

Up and down, round and round

Why don't they understand we're so ordinary too

I saw the exits closing now

Pain and passion's my point of view

Well there's nothing but the truth

I've seen men that have been marked out, ruled out by  
grim assassins

They fell hard on instant replay

And I'm never going there, well the place I see is so  
much better

Cause it makes no sense to me

I saw the exits closing now

Burning mountains, burning paper, burning all around  
and later

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