

Your Face on the Street

Peter Hammill

I'd see your face on the street
often times as I went on my day to day.
We were never to meet
but a nodding acquaintance had come our way.

I never paid it much mind,
always assumed I'd continue to see you there.
But of the mysteries behind,
all the shadows before us we're unaware.

Don't swim out too far, for Christ's sake
don't go in the bar, for Christ's sake
don't get in the car....

My heart skipped a beat Don't let down your guard,
when I chanced on a headline that featured you. don't s
wim out too far,
And here's your face on the street, don't go in t
he bar,
on a poster appealing for any clue.... don't get in the car..
..

You let down your guard for Christ's sake,
You went in the bar for Christ's sake,
You got in the car for Christ's sake.

What happened? You swam out too far for Christ's sake,
Where'd it go wrong? you went in the bar for Christ's sake,
You're there one moment, you got in the car....
the next you're gone.

I see your face on the street now
as a ghost apparition, you'll not come home.
So much in life's incomplete -
somehow in your disappearance I felt my own.

 You swam out too far for comfort
 you let down your guard forever,
What happened? you went in the bar, for Christ's sake,
Where'd it go wrong? you got in the car for Christ's sake,
You're there one moment you let down your guard forever,
and there you're gone, you let down your guard.
gone forever just like that
and all the future's fallen flat.