The Psychedelic Furs, Torch

a thousand rainy days and i spoke on tongues that talk of saints burned down days like cigarettes for your hollow praise down the days that you forget count the pictures that you keep keep it, hide it all away let it never show all of this and i regret not a day that i was sent celebrated and arose for your vanity in vain framed the faces i applaud all the same sad eyes write the world between the lines i heard it all, i heard it spoke like a name i call my life let it never show all of this i now regret not a day that i was sent not a name that i might place not at my parade in the four walls of my room standing where i wait others praised and i can't come tore the pictures off my walls there's a secret that i keep let it never show all of this i now regret not a day that i was sent all of this i now regret not a name that i might place not at my parade framed the faces i applaud all the same sad eyes write the world between the lines i heard it all, i heard it spoke in the four walls of my room