

Man Of A Thousand Faces
Regina Spektor

Intro: **Bb Dm** (2x)

Bb **Dm**
A man of a thousand faces
Bb **Dm**
Sits down at the table
Gm **Bb**
Eats a small lump of sugar
Gm **Bb**
And smiles at the moon like he knows her
Dm **Bb**
And begins his quiet ascension
Dm **Bb**
Without anyone's sturdy instruction
F **Bb-F**
To a place of no religion
Bdim
Has found a path to our likeness

Bb **Dm**
His words are quiet like stains are
Bb **Dm**
On a table cloth washed in a river
F **Bb-F** **Bb-F**
Stains that are trying to cover, for each other
Bdim
Or at least blend in with the pattern

Bb **Dm**
Good is better than perfect
Bb **Dm**
Scrub til your fingers are bleeding
Gm **Bb**
And I'm crying for things that
Gm **Bb**
I tell others to do without crying

Dm **Bb**
He used to go to his favorite bookstores
Dm **Bb**
And rip out his favorite pages
Gm **Bb**
And stuff them into his breast pocket
Gm **Bb**
And the moon to him was a stranger
Dm **Bb**
Now he sits down at the table

Dm **Bb**
Right next to the window

Gm **Bb**
And begins his quiet ascension

Gm **Bb**
Without anyone's sturdy instruction

Gm **Bb**
To a place of no religion

Gm **Bb**
Has found a path to our likeness

Gm **Bb**
And eats a small lump of sugar

Gm **C**
And smiles at the moon like he knows her