

This Picture (Junior Sanchez R

Placebo

I hold an image of the ashtray girl
As a cigarette burns on my chest
I wrote a poem that described her world
That put our friendship to the test
And late at night whilst on all fours
She used to watch me kiss the floor
What's wrong with this picture?
What's wrong with this picture? Farewell, the ashtray girl
Forbidden snowflake
Beware this troubled world
Watch out for earthquakes
Goodbye to open sores
To broken centerfloors
You know we miss her
We miss her picture Sometimes it's faded
Disintegrated
For fear of growing old
Sometimes it's faded
Assassinated
For fear of growing old Farewell the ashtray girl
Angelic fruitcake
Beware this troubled world
Control your intake
Goodbye to open sores
Goodbye and furthermore
You know we miss her
We miss her picture Sometimes it's faded
Disintegrated
For fear of growing old
Sometimes it's faded
Assassinated
For fear of growing old Hang on
Though we try
It's gone
Hang on
Though we try
It's gone Sometimes it's faded
Disintegrated
For fear of growing old

Sometimes it's faded
Assassinated
For fear of growing old Can't stop growing old
Can't stop growing old
Can't stop growing old
...

Songwriters

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