

This Picture (Junior Sanchez remix)

Placebo

I hold an image of the ashtray girl
Of the 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 centrefolds
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 fruit cake
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
...

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