

# Photographs

## 13ghosts

Take all these photographs and throw them away  
I'm not half the man that I was back in the day  
And when you see me comin'  
Stow everything dear  
I'll steal your melody, your women, and your last glass of beer

When I'm covered with wretchedness  
In the cold of the morning  
When I'm rent-sick and back-washed  
In the light of no glory  
When there's no way left to borrow  
Drink or get stoned  
I'll sing the last thing they gave me  
When I still lived at home.

Female:  
Sing to me papa,  
For you see I'm cryin'  
Let the birds of my agony  
Fly me away  
Sing to me sweetly  
I'm listenin'  
I'm listenin'  
And in the morning let me wake with you again.

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Lyrics submitted by Fiona.

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