Empty Picture Frame

Jets to Brazil

i just found the frame
where i took your picture away
and in my wallet
like a saint from some other placethat picture repays
my eyes as they glaze
a thousand lashes
from a love long gone awayi'll know that you're gone for good
when the dawn kicks me awake
i'll dress and move on put on what i can take
so take and get on you sweet thingthere's a phone call aimed at me tonight
here it comes, out go my lights
leaves me nowhere far out of sightnow i've got the frame
and some baggage that i claimed
i came home to
a world sadly changedso i got stoned
until i thought this house was a home
but when i came down
i found myself alonei'll know that you're gone for good
when the dawn kicks me alive
i know we'll go on somehow we'll both survive
so take and get on you sweet thingtonight you'll find me
alone and getting highup we float, down i fly
leave me nowhere, far out of sight
leaves me nowhere, far out of sight

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