

# 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 place that picture repays  
my eyes as they glaze  
a thousand lashes  
from a love long gone away i'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 thing there's a phone call aimed at me tonight  
here it comes, out go my lights  
leaves me nowhere far out of sight now i've got the frame  
and some baggage that i claimed  
i came home to  
a world sadly changed so i got stoned  
until i thought this house was a home  
but when i came down  
i found myself alone i'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 thing tonight you'll find me  
alone and getting high up we float, down i fly  
leave me nowhere, far out of sight  
leaves me nowhere, far out of sight

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