This Picture

Placebo

I hold an image of the ashtray girl
Of 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 semphore
You know we miss her
We miss her picture
Sometimes it's fated
(We)
Disintegrate it
For fear of growin' old
Some times it's fated
(We)
Assassinate it
For fear of growin' 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 fated
(We)
Disintegrate it
(We)
For fear of growing old
(We)

Some times it's fated
(We)
Assassinate it
(We)
For fear of growing old
(We)
Hang on
Though we try
It's gone an'
Hang on
Though we try
It's gone
Sometimes it's fated
(We)
Disintegrate it
For fear of growing old
Some times it's fated
(We)
Assassinate it
For fear of growin' old
Can't stop growin' old
Can't stop growin' old
Can't stop growin' old
...

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