

Please Just Take These Photos From My Hands

Snow Patrol

The yellowed page of the books and books
I'd forgotten that I had
These paperbacks, they know their age they smell
Of weight and time that's resting warm
The opened box beside the endless box parade
That haunts my house
Is fit to split with photographs that tell
The wanderlust of years smashed on to years
When all this actual life played out
Where the hell on earth was I?
I rack my brains but it won't come
Through water damaged bloodshot eyes
The fleeting triumphs, brazen lies
All seem to mingle into one
I read your name under words in your elegant hand
You probably don't mean now
I fold the letter and think of a million
And one thing's that I could have done different
When all this actual life played out
Where the hell on earth was I?
I rack my brains but it won't come
Through water damaged bloodshot eyes
The fleeting triumphs, brazen lies
All seem to mingle into one
One gigantic fairy tale
Of friends I haven't seen in years
Drinking till the daylight hurts
You seem friendly, who are you?
That's a lot of wine that we got through
We've made playtime look like work
Please just take these photos from my hands
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