photograph

Basquiat

Her name was written on a photograph
Right next to her red, sun burnt face
It all had happened in that long tall grass
About a mile from her old place
I can't remember how it started
And if it lasted that day in the sun
We said that we were going to study hard
We held our books instead of hands
She held a blanket over cans of beer
I can't deny I was so full of fear
It's just another story caught up
In another photograph I found
And it seems like another person lived
That life a great many years ago from now
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time
And there's the first time that I tried that stuff
I think I look a little green
I remember throwing up behind a bush
And I found it hard to use my feet
And who's that easily led little boy
Who's really off his head?
It was the same night that I kissed that girl
The tall one with the auburn hair
I remember laughing 'cause to kiss me
She had to sit down on a chair
And she tasted like the schnapps she'd drunk
And the cigarette she'd stolen from her mum
And it's just another story caught up
In another photograph I found
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