

Polaroids

Kitchens of Distinction

Here are several pictures and pictures mean the past

Here's a pretty desert scene and here's a sea of grass

Likely orchards and vacant lots, big men grinning and holding hands

All the time the season's win and everything is lostSomething saids been said before but it's often worth
repeating

And all the times that made the world are slipping into forgetting

And how are you and what did you do before you started thinking?

And I am fine and shaky still, this side of things gets clearerI'll never have the time to suffer my easy past

And I'll never have a camera to disturb my rosy past

And I'll never have a sober night whilst the drink lasts

Whilst it lastsHere is a picture, I guess he's probably dead

Here's another picture, the fantastic three off their heads

Ignore this western trip, little thing, there's so many other ideas

I live in the song lines of boys from all over the worldSomething saids been said before and here am I repeating
That all the times that made my world cannot be forgotten

And I'll never have a camera to keep these liesAnd here am I sitting in the sun with burning skin and a big red
book

And here are you on your holiday, I wonder if you still look that wayThese damn pictures I could forget things
so quickly

But they're always here and I cannot throw memories away

Here comes the stickler with his brand new PolaroidsHere are several pictures and pictures mean the past
Here I go into fogginess, all my past destroyed

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