

Last Frame

Van Der Graaf Generator

Pretty keen, yes, my hobby keeps me busy
And if I talk to myself, that's not a crime
In the darkroom I am a dealer in space and time
When all memory has mellowed
When the photograph is yellowed, still it never lies
There you are, your lies laced with secret pleasure
Saying that you're on the way to change
Devouring in inordinate measure
Every diversion that's arranged
For every appetite, a cruel attraction
But there's a panic in your actions
Oh, I never saw you look so strange
Fixing memory chemically, holding time on the stop-clock
Hanging back from that last frame
Just in case it doesn't show you in the way I used to know you
Oh, I thought you'd always stay the same
Oh, the red light, the silver, the black and the bromide
Oh, the silence, the waiting for overview
The past seems under-exposed, low tide
Still the images ghost through
And you're there in the bath
Which is all this has led through
And I can't say your path is a right one to choose
But then I only have a negative of you

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