

# 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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