

Frame

Kathryn Williams

I used to be a picture on your wall
You'd look at me everyday
No I'm locked up with nowhere to go
You've taken me out of your frame
A masterpiece rolled under a bed
What are your hands going to say
Do the walls shiver now they're bare?
Do the brass hooks ache for weight?

Get out your pens and draw me again
You can make it up
Make me young make me dance
Give me all that I want

What am I if I'm not looked at by you?
Will I disappear?
Will the colours stay brighter in the dark?
Is this just like being preserved?
Look at that picture on a hotel wall
Seen by lonely eyes
Don't go into hotels looking for dreams
Don't go into them with thoughts of your life

Get out your pens and draws me again
You can make it up
Make me young make me dance
Give me all that I want