

In The Frame

Del Amitri

Put me in your pocket now, put me in your dress
I will remain the one you love best
Don't try to rip me up
If I hurt you when
Everything is fowled up at the end

Let me always stay now
Laughing as you say, "How
Do I always look like I'm in pain?"
And you always get your finger in the frame

Put me in your bottom drawer under old exams
There I will be always your cheating hand
Don't try to send me back in some maudlin phase
What has developed here you can't erase

Let me always stay now
Laughing as you say, "How
Do I always look like I'm in pain?"
And you always get your finger in the frame

And maybe all the fights will never happen
Maybe nothing's going to change
Maybe I'll be always laughing
Nothing standing in the way
Nothing clouding up the future
Not the faintest threat of rain
Nothing clouding up the picture
But a finger in the frame

So put me in the pocket of this very dress
And I will remain the one you love best

And I will always stay now
Laughing as you say, "How
Do I always look like I'm in pain?"
And you will always have your finger in the frame