

# Photographer

Espen Lind

Somewhere in Kensington. Life as photographer, as I sit here in my studio apartment cans of red bull evrywhere haha (yawns)  
Goodmorning England, This is my life I'm a photographer. For the tabloids, the magazines. Dcypha..

Yawnin early mornin, break of dawn I'm messed up, stressed  
I'm addicted to women, I'm thinkin of dickin while starin at cigarette butts, went to the kitchen took 2 tablets wit a glass of coke, did a couple of press ups, gave up had a bath then dressed up  
I'm out of the way, by the way I go by the name of photographer exhibit A, n I'm played by sway  
Come follow me 4 tha day, the time is 11 hundred hours approximately ms beckham is about to take her shower,  
I'm starin with a grin, shes so thick yet so thin couldn't work out sums in the classroom yet a genius in the gym.  
Shes the subject of the scribble in my margin, imagine if it was me b4 him, brooklyn could've been called cardiff  
I ponder wit da hardest, Irection, I reckon with the right, direction she could succeed as a soho artist, sorry I ment solo artist,  
Sorry steve somebodys cumin we've gotta leave

I'm a photographer, watch me watchin you, as I watch you washin , ooo.  
you can feel I'm watchin you, but wen you turn round you see nuthin, I'm I over here am I over there, am I to your front or am I to your rear.  
Even if theres objects blocking I ain't stoppin watching u

Everbody knows me, my camera is my codey I'm keepin it low key my pockets stay bulky, you can lock your door as many times you want if I wanna be in your house I don't need no key. When vanessa felts lonely I was there I seen Danny Bear the exchange is fair I pay them the visit they pay me the mon-ey I watched kylie minogue's down under slowly. I think donna wanna come up 4 air, like jordan slamming the career of Liz Hurley (Shut Up Bitch)  
As I squat behind gates that ain't pearly I spot alotta fings d at rly dnt concern me.  
In a cafe around the corner from cilla blacks house, I see a male thats probly 60 odd login on 2 tha internet, hes in a chatroom typin out his number, n his username is sugababe, n hes pm n mr summers

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See I've seen Davinas own house n shes no mary poppins, I've held subliminal conversations with gabby roslins goblins, watched Emma Bunton gobblin down spotted dicks, spotted me, squatted quick whistled like I wasn't watchin it

I dream a scene of savin mermaids, I dream of seein zoe with a mouthful of 2 versions of her surname (balls)

Imagine the salary if I snapped Ali G, Blair, Beckham n Bush givin Dido the battery.

I hope no one sees me, I jus spotted chris evans walkin with a man that looks like billy, beatin up seville if I take a blurry picture they mite think its her, little evidence is all I need really.

Behind the TT I jus spotted a Trisha look alike strokin her cat deeley n cannibilisin a wheely? Falacio, Huracio, cos 1 in 3 readers will believe me.

You can call me sleezy, your the one that wants to see robin ridin red hood, so I'm givin back to the needy. I'm doin it for the girls I'm doin it for the guys, with one track minds n right hand drives, the medias full of lies that you want us to tell, cos you tell us to tell em, cos you tell em yourself.

Now its gettin dark I'm signin off my day is done, Sway aka photographer for the sun.

Now, I'm going back to my studio apartment, with my camera full of dirty pictures n I'm goin to sell them to the sun, the telegraph n everybody haha.

I need to buy some read bull, so I can do it all again tomorrow, rise n shine (now only on a weekday)

Photographer shout outs to paul hinch.