

Undeveloped Film

Frank Turner

Sorting through my things the other day
I found an old film camera that I thought I'd thrown away
But there it was covered in dust
I checked it and the film inside still had a few pictures left
So I just snapped it off and then
I found a place on the high street that could still develop the
m
I dropped them off and clean forgot,
It wasn't until this morning that I picked the pictures up

And there before my eyes in vivid colour
Pictures of her stood smiling bold on the edge of a cliff by the sea
On the south coast somewhere,
Wind in her hair wrapped against the cold

There were many other pictures in the set,
Most of them were taken in the first months after we met
When we were lovers like happy drunks
Stumbling for each other with each step, each breath in our lungs
Pictures of nights from soho bars
A weekend in the country when she bought my sister's car,
Her naked, serene on a hotel bed
Smiling at the camera, her beauty like a word unsaid

And there before my eyes on the glossy paper
Quiet whispers of something I had lost or put aside for the longest time
The hope that I might find some kind of peace

Oh oh oh where did it go go go
I just don't know exactly where I kept it
There right there under the stairs oh please
Darling I swear swear swear that's where I left it
Secret little things that you keep locked away
In a small wooden box that you barely even mention to yourself
It's not exactly hope, nothing quite as simple as youth
Perhaps it's just a way of looking past the truth
We're all fading away
The truth I can see in the very last frame of that long lost roll of film
A picture of me, a young man holding a camera up to a mirror

And there before my eyes in that old reflection a declaration bold

We won't stay gold, all that's left of her and rest
Is a small locked box of undeveloped films and photographs