

Photograph

Jamie Cullum

Her name was written on a photograph,
Right next to her red, sunburnt face,
It all had happened in that long tall grass,
About a mile from her old place,
I can't remember how it started
And if it lasted that day in the sun.

We said that we were going to study hard,
We held our books instead of hands,
She held a blanket over cans of beer,
I can't deny I was so full of fear.

It's just another story caught up
In another photograph I found.
And it seems like another person lived that life A great many y
ears ago from now,

When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life,
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time.
When I look back on my ordinary ordinary, ordinary life,
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time.

And there's the first time that I tried that stuff,
I think I look a little green,
I remember throwing up behind a bush,
And I found it hard to use my feet,
And who's that easily led
Little boy who's really off his head?

It was the same night that I kissed that girl,
The tall one with the auburn hair,
I remember laughing coz to kiss me,
She had to sit down on a chair!
She tasted like the schnapps she'd drunk,
And the cigarette she'd stolen from her mum.

And it's just another story caught up in another photograph I f
ound.

When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life,
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time.
When I look back on my ordinary ordinary, ordinary life,
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time.