

## Still Photo

John Wesley Harding

I saw you yesterday  
I couldn't let you be  
I had to sift through broken glass  
To find out if you missed me  
But all I found was a slow fade  
And a gift-wrapped box of band aids  
With a note that said I'm never coming home

Beneath my single bed  
Everything's haphazard  
There's boxes full of bits of you  
And none of them are numbered  
And when I search, it's deja vu  
Things I think I knew  
I should have thrown away this time last year

Everytime I touch you  
You move so slow  
And you're still like your photo

I heard me yesterday  
Repeating my own name  
To convince myself  
That none of us had changed  
And now I'm walking round the grooves  
Of a record I lost when we moved  
There's dust and scratches mixed with all these tears

Everytime I touch you  
You move so slow  
And you're still like your photo

Should we throw it all away  
The failed long shots through far distant styles  
Those forced smiles, those forced smiles  
It started so on the mark  
But it missed by one million miles

Nothing has developed  
This darkroom gets me down  
I'd throw on all the lights  
But I'm afraid you'd come around  
You're living in a limbo hell  
A life that's only parallel  
Is the real you aware what's going on?

Everytime I touch you  
You move so slow  
And you're still like your photo