

Here are several pictures and pictures mean the past.
Here's a pretty desert scene and here a sea of grass.
Likely orchards and vacant lots, big men grinning and holding hands.

All the time the season's win and everything is lost

Something said's been said before but it's often worth repeating.

All the times that made the world are slipping into forgetting.
How are you and what did you do before you started thinking?
I am fine and shaky still, this side of things gets clearer.

I'll never have the time to suffer my easy past.
I'll never have a camera to disturb my rosy past.
I'll never have a sober night whilst the drink lasts.
Here is a picture, I guess he's probably dead.
Here's another picture, the fantastic three off their heads.
Ignore this Western trip, little thing, there's so many other ideas.
I live in the songlines of boys from all over the world

Something said's been said before and here I am repeating
That all the times that made my world cannot be forgotten
And I'll never have a camera to keep these lies.

Here am I sitting in the sun with burning skin and a big red book
And here are you on holiday, I wonder if you still look that way.

These damn pictures
I could forget
Things so quickly
But they're always here
I cannot throw
Memories away.
Here comes the sickler
With his brand new polaroids.

Here are several pictures and pictures mean the past.
Here I go into fogginess, all my past destroyed.