

# Cameras

Matt & Kim

sun's going down let's get together  
on the bridge we'll meet up tonight

black pants red sweatshirt and brown bags  
above the East River's northern lights

you see what I see  
I thought it make believe  
watched the sun rise  
on my street

old cement makes for  
a solid place to lay  
bed of light grey  
my bed of light grey

while I know it's letters  
that can spell  
I hear now it's words that can say

I decided to start writing less  
and I'm talking more everyday

sixteen of our friends  
a five seat bright red van  
curbside view  
turn off of grand

pound my steering wheel  
we yell to the windshield  
I'm finally home  
I'm finally home

no time for cameras  
we'll use our eyes instead  
no time for cameras  
we'll be gone when we're dead  
no time for cameras  
we'll use our eyes instead  
I see flashes of gold

every single car alarm we hear  
we'll steal and throw through their window  
my water comes straight from the tap  
and those bottles are all just for show

I see that we're made of  
more than blood and bones  
see we're made of  
sticks and stones

don't forget to breathe  
need locks for your keys  
don't forget to breathe now  
forget to breathe now

no time for cameras

we'll use our eyes instead  
no time for cameras  
we'll be gone when we're dead  
no time for cameras  
we'll use our eyes instead  
I see flashes of gold