

Picture Elvis

Moist

She breathes through the book
Measures a picture there
Picks up the knife
Cuts it to wallet size
Now she has lived
Now she has breathed
Now she's tasted heaven but the trip doesn't sting
And all she wanted was a photograph
Rain on my tongue
Feels like I'm tasting god
Silver and gold
Drinking the riches up
Back to the night
And if I died
I'm going to ask my questions on the other side
And all she wanted was a photograph
Mask of the city hangs in mock deliberation
I step outside the wire while the sun strips off my cocaine
Bent like a banshee while my cup is overflowing
Another brutal ending I know I'm an animal story telling
And she breathes through the book
Said that she never knew
Question is easy
But answer is hard to take
The binding cracks
The words will fade
But she keeps the picture in the frame that she made
And all she wanted was a photograph...