

# The Bad Photographer

Saint Etienne

Last Thursday  
5 30  
A shoot in Ladbroke Grove  
Hours later  
Hey waiter  
Could you pour some more of those

All for you  
And when I'm all alone  
I'm by the microphone  
I see your photograph  
Don't even want to laugh

Some secret  
Must keep it  
Hey I wouldn't know who to tell  
Next morning  
Fair warning  
Ooh you have you got something to sell

Wide awake  
The cold cold light of day  
Realise my taste  
My taste just slips away  
I say my taste just slips away

Days later  
Saw the paper  
How did I fall for you  
All for you...