

# This Picture

Emma Hewitt

Hold an image of the ashtray girl  
Of cigarette burns on my chest  
I wrote a poem that described her world  
And put our friendship to the test  
And late at night  
Whilst on all fours  
She used to watch me kiss the floor  
What's wrong with this picture?  
What's wrong with this picture?

Farewell the ashtray girl  
Forbidden snowflake  
Beware this troubled world  
Watch out for earthquakes  
Goodbye to open sores  
To broken semaphore  
You know we miss her  
We miss her picture

Sometimes it's fated  
(We) Disintegrated it  
For fear of growing old  
Sometimes it's fated  
(We) Assassinated it  
For fear of growing old

Farewell the ashtray girl  
Angelic fruitcake  
Beware this troubled world  
Control your intake  
Goodbye to open sores  
Goodbye and furthermore  
You know we miss her  
We miss her picture

Sometimes it's fated  
(We) Disintegrated it  
For fear of growing old  
Sometimes it's fated  
(We) Assassinated it  
For fear of growing old

Hang on  
Though we try  
It's gone  
Hang on  
Though we try  
It's gone

Sometimes it's fated  
(We) Disintegrated it  
For fear of growing old  
Sometimes it's fated  
(We) Assassinated it  
For fear of growing old  
Can't stop growing old...  
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