

## Frame

Kathryn Williams

I used to be a picture on your wall  
You'd look at me everyday  
No I'm locked up with nowhere to go  
You've taken me out of your frame  
A masterpiece rolled under a bed  
What are your hands going to say  
Do the walls shiver now they're bare?  
Do the brass hooks ache for weight?

Get out your pens and draw me again  
You can make it up  
Make me young make me dance  
Give me all that I want

What am I if I'm not looked at by you?  
Will I disappear?  
Will the colours stay brighter in the dark?  
Is this just like being preserved?  
Look at that picture on a hotel wall  
Seen by lonely eyes  
Don't go into hotels looking for dreams  
Don't go into them with thoughts of your life

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Make me young make me dance  
Give me all that I want