

Dead Photographers

Superchunk

We got dipped in silver
We got hollow cores
We had sacks of daylight
We were awful bored
Too late we find our feet
We start rushing to the floor
Rushing to the floor

And you might be captured
And you can stay
But I'm moving away
From dead photographers
I'm moving away
From dead photographers
All this beauty in the way
All this beauty in the way

We had shallow water
We had feet of clay
We had hours of daylight
We were turning gray
Too late we find our tide
Draining out into the bay
Out into the bay

And you might be captured
And you can stay
But I'm moving away
From dead photographers
I'm moving away
From dead photographers
All this beauty in the way
All this beauty in the way

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