

Lost myself a picture book
Best you've never seen
Slowed half down I take a hook
Hang it on the ring
Got my head
Got my red
Got my violet-green
Just give back my old stranger
Wherever you have been

And it's all in the photographs
And it's all in the past
It's at home in the memory
It's the least and the most

Got involved in secrets
In 1943
Judged myself a player
Wherever I may be
Got my black
Got my shack
Got my rosemary
Never gonna get to Paris
Before Burgundy

And it's all in the photographs
And it's all in the past
It's at home in the memory
It's the least and the most

Saw a lot of rivers in the desert
Wandering in the trees
Thinking I was quite alone
I lectured to the breeze
Got my sap
Got my rap
Got my fiddler's threes
Never gonna get your honey
Angering the bees

And it's all in the photographs
And it's all in the past
It's at home in memory
It's the least and the most