

Liberty Print

Camera Obscura

Thoughts are getting hotter than the steam
From my bathtub, it's keeping me clean
What an ugly thing to do and say
To tell you I want you
I'll take you any old way

Oh then you'll see I like Liberty print
Is that shallow of me?
Oh then you'll know
I felt small in the Albert Hall
Thoughts are getting hot, I'll stay aloof
As my heart beats its record of truth
What a selfish thing to say and do
To tell him I miss him except now it's true

Oh he caused a scene on the ballroom floor
Smashed my dream
Oh he got kicked out
As all my friends came pouring out

I don't think he really got over
Fulfilling his dream
To be a top goal scorer
I thought about the time he called me up
And he asked if I loved him
I wanted to hang up

Oh now I see
He had a lot to give
Wanted to give it to me
Oh and we live with grief
You are still our boy
Blue-eyed baby

Oh what a terrible waste
Of a young man's time
You never did find peace
Oh it's no fun
I had to visit your mother
You were her only son
I went to visit your mother
You were her only son