

Body

Julia Jacklin

The police met the plane
They let you finish your meal
I know you'd like to believe it baby
But you're more kid than criminal

Just a boy who could not
Get through a domestic flight
Without lighting up in the restroom
Got caught, cloud of smoke, thumb still on the light

You looked so proud
Couldn't wait to call a friend
We had to fly back home
Never got the money back for that weekend

Right there on the Sydney tarmac I
Threw my luggage down
I said I'm gonna leave you
I'm not a good woman when you're around

That's when the sound came in
I could finally see
I felt the changing of the seasons
All of my senses rushing back to me

Go your own way
Watch me turn my own head
Eyes on the driver, hands in my lap
Heading to the city, to get my body back

I remembered early days
When you took my camera
Turned to me, 23, naked on your bed looking straight at ya

Do you still have that photograph
Would you use it to hurt me?

Well I guess it's just my life
And it's just my body
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