

## Picture Elvis

Moist

She breathes through the book  
Measures a picture there  
Picks up the knife  
Cuts it to wallet size  
Now she has lived  
Now she has breathed  
Now she's tasted heaven but the trip doesn't sting  
And all she wanted was a photograph  
Rain on my tongue  
Feels like I'm tasting god  
Silver and gold  
Drinking the riches up  
Back to the night  
And if I died  
I'm going to ask my questions on the other side  
And all she wanted was a photograph  
Mask of the city hangs in mock deliberation  
I step outside the wire while the sun strips off my cocaine  
Bent like a banshee while my cup is overflowing  
Another brutal ending I know I'm an animal story telling  
And she breathes through the book  
Said that she never knew  
Question is easy  
But answer is hard to take  
The binding cracks  
The words will fade  
But she keeps the picture in the frame that she made  
And all she wanted was a photograph...