

The Bad Photographer

Saint Etienne

Last Thursday
5 30
A shoot in Ladbroke Grove
Hours later
Hey waiter
Could you pour some more of those

All for you
And when I'm all alone
I'm by the microphone
I see your photograph
Don't even want to laugh

Some secret
Must keep it
Hey I wouldn't know who to tell
Next morning
Fair warning
Ooh you have you got something to sell

Wide awake
The cold cold light of day
Realise my taste
My taste just slips away
I say my taste just slips away

Days later
Saw the paper
How did I fall for you
All for you...