

# Aztec Camera, Back On Board

Heard it said it's a stupid thing, everything that I follow through.  
Never got to our god, you see. Abandoned with the taste of the new.  
And everytime that whistle blows I'm stranded in my shoes.

Chorus:

Get me back on board, pull me up with grace

Get me back on board, let me be embraced.

'Cos even after all those words I want you for my own.

Touch me when the sun comes up and tell me that we're home.

We'll take a train to the graves again

That we can learn the value of life.

Kick the snow with our shoe-heels, shivers give me a smile in the night.

Hey, honest to goodness girl,

I'd kiss you with the lips of the lord.

But to be honest to goodness, I feel I have to wait for the word.

And everytime that whistle blows, I'm stranded in my shoes.

Chorus

'Cos I'm always, always trying to be the archetypal free.

The strangest something went to sleep, I buckled at the knees.

So here we go, digging through those dustbins, giving things new names.

Chorus