

Aztec Camera, Notting Hill Blues

Words and music by Roddy Frame

All the madness in the mirror,
The tremblin' and the tears.
It takes a long time comin' out,
It's comin' out of here.
I've been wandering your London town,
And it's wearin' out my shoes.
It's a long road comin' down,
Comin' down with the blues.
But when you hold me and really make love to me,
I know that love is true forgiveness.
Time on my mind is time spent with you,
But it's time that I can't find,
With the Notting Hill blues.
Lovers pass me on the gate,
Like distant couplings, removed,
Holding hands, it seems like an act of fate,
And I'm almost moved.
But love has left me standing still,
With no directions and no clues,
No speech to let my feelings loose.
A celebration of the blues.
But when you hold me and really make love to me,
I know that love is true forgiveness.
Out on the road I was down with the crew,
Now I'm all alone, on the run,
With the Notting Hill blues.
And it's a lonely, lonely time,
Sadness preys upon my mind,
A telephone and a bottle of booze,
But who do you call? when your tongue tied,
Up all night.