

# Aztec Camera, Pianos & Clocks

Words and music by roddy frame

Well, hello there, sweet to see you,  
Like your colour, how you doin'?  
I've been battered and bewildered  
In the beauty of your ruins  
Flash, flash and I am blinded  
By the fact that you've been born  
Feels like fiction life goes on  
Brown eyes are gone

Silence is a virtue  
I was taught so I agreed  
Conversation half forgotten  
Is the hole I hold in me  
And all our language and expression  
Is decimated by decree  
The sound of song dies in the dawn  
Brown eyes are gone

Descended slowly on the  
Steps of the cathedral  
Where I kissed you,  
Remembered candles lit with meaning

I imposed but that escaped you  
With your brown eyes  
And your blue jeans  
I heard the chiming of the clocks  
Kick out the shifting  
Shuffling rhythm of your docs

Hit the road with my compadre  
Saw the city incomplete  
We were tossed and torn and tumbled  
In your famous foreign streets  
I felt so fearless and forgotten  
No-one numbered nothing neat  
The sun has shone, we still belong,  
Brown eyes are gone

So farewell then senorita  
Pianos played and set the tone  
I was singing like a servant  
To the tune of telephones  
I wish you freedom and forgiveness  
And a time that is your own  
Blue is the colour, mine's the moment  
Brown eyes are gone