

# Just Jack, Snapshot Memories

(Part I)

Well I'm a secret lemonade drinker a free thinker  
I stay focused but not blinkered  
And these snapshot memories in my mind  
Legacies from another time  
And I find  
That as the days pass the colours fade  
But the images remain

(Part II)

Grazed knees, page three's  
BMX, Atari's

Dayglo, Velcro  
Yoyo's, Beano's

Hip hop, don't stop

Starwars figures, football stickers  
Cola bottles, Jerry Cottles

Fat laces, dirty faces  
Kiss chases, Wacky Races

Herbie Hancock, Kurtis Blow  
Roxanne Shant, UFO

Hip hop  
Don't stop

(Part III)

Everything's in slow motion  
Hands in the air  
Sweat flying everywhere  
But we don't care  
Well you could try to fight the feeling  
But I can't see the use  
There's so much love in this room  
And yes its all drug induced  
Can't remember who I am  
Or what I'm doing here  
But at the same time  
In my mind  
Everything is clear  
No fear and no drama  
It's all good karma  
And I never can forget  
The night before the morning after

(CHORUS)

Sun up to sun down  
Come up to come down  
Just waiting for Friday to come around  
Sun rise to sun set  
How high can we get  
Monday morning and none of us have slept yet

Well there's more to life than this

Of that I'm fully aware  
But there's nothing more intense  
Than crazy nights we shared  
We got bass for the body  
Chemicals for the head  
Every day lives  
Were like a skin we shed  
Well you could try to fight the feeling  
But I can't see the use  
There's so much love in this room  
Of that we're living proof  
You could try to fight the feeling  
But I can't see the use  
It's a shame that in the end  
It was all drug induced

(CHORUS x2)

(Part IV)

Even as I watch you  
All the rest seems to disappear  
You pull me in with your tractor beams  
And wrap me up in your wicked schemes  
My Sunday morning eyes observe  
Your Cadbury's skin uncurve  
And in tronic patterned Venetian light  
You moonwalk to the bathroom  
Well you move across my space without friction  
You're so unbelievable you must be fiction  
Or perhaps a premonition  
But as I listen  
I hear your footfall softly  
And all my troubles fall away from me  
So easily  
But so slowly

(Part V)

All these memories in my mind  
I'm still a secret lemonade drinker