Placebo, This Picture

I hold an image of the ashtray girl
Of cigarette burns on my chest
I wrote a poem that described her world
And put our friendship to the test
And late at night
Whilst on all fours
She used to watch me kiss the floor
What's wrong with this picture?
What's wrong with this picture?

Farewell the ashtray girl Forbidden snowflake Beware this troubled world Watch out for earthquakes Goodbye to open sores To broken semaphore You know we miss her We miss her picture

Sometimes it's fated (We) Disintegrated it For fear of growing old Sometimes it's fated (We) Assassinated it For fear of growing old

Farewell the ashtray girl Angelic fruitcake Beware this troubled world Control your intake Goodbye to open sores Goodbye and furthermore You know we miss her We miss her picture

Sometimes it's fated (We) Disintegrated it For fear of growing old Sometimes it's fated (We) Assassinated it For fear of growing old

Hang on Though we try It's gone Hang on Though we try It's gone

Sometimes it's fated (We) Disintegrated it For fear of growing old Sometimes it's fated (We) Assassinated it For fear of growing old Can't stop growing old...