

Snow Patrol, Please Just Take These Photos From

The yellowed page of the books and books I'd forgotten that I had
These paperbacks they know their age they smell of weight and time that's resting warm
The opened box beside the endless box parade that haunts my house
Is fit to split with photographs that tell the wanderlust of years smashed on to years

When all this actual life played out
Where the hell on Earth was I?
I rack my brains but it won't come

Through water damaged bloodshot eyes
The fleeting triumphs, brazen lies
All seem to mingle into one

I read your name under words in your elegant hand you probably don't mean now
I fold the letter and think of a million and one things that I could have done different

When all this actual life played out
Where the hell on Earth was I?
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The fleeting triumphs, brazen lies
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One gigantic fairy tale
Of friends I haven't seen in years
Drinking 'til the daylight hurts

You seem friendly who are you?
That's a lot of wine that we got through
We've made playtime look like work.

Please just take these photos from my hands