

Aztec Camera, Backwards And Forwards

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Craze my hair and shine my shoes,
And kiss the kiss that I could lose,
And I looked at what I have,
And I have one wish,
And I looked back in your eyes,
And there were two words,
Backwards and forwards.
Here lies the essence of my peers,
Handshakes, hellos and golden years,
See it smiling through its teeth,
It's the whore who has to die,
Unhappy, underneath,
And it's long learned not to show it,
Get backwards and forwards.
How come when I'm gone I get the blues?
Or something special that I might confuse,
With getting gifts I'm not at liberty to use.
It's cold to the touch and older than I know,
And when the world's with me too much,
I say she comes and then it goes.
Could completeness still appeal,
To one who thinks what he should feel?
And it stares me in the face,
And holds me speechless,
And I look back in your eyes,
And see your eyes gaze,
See your eyes gaze into mine,
Forever.