

Aztec Camera, Imperfectly

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Waited winter long
For her sweet face
Sang my winter song
To a suitcase
Saw the surest thing
I had ever known
Find her own place
Watched my numbers turn
On a glass wall
Felt my bridges burn
On a last call
As her clear blue gaze
Set my heart ablaze
In a snowfall
I caught the fastest train
That my feet could find
Rode the wind of change
Couldn't change my mind
I got laid just to see
My reflection burning bright
I got paid and I prayed
Everything would turn out right
And then I sang my winter song
I caught the fastest train
That my feet could find
Rode the wind of change
Couldn't change my mind
I got laid just to see
My reflection burning bright
I got paid and I prayed
Everything would turn out right
And then I sang my winter song
And then a small voice sang inside of me
And for miles and miles
My eyes could see
Then everything I knew
Was wrong with me
And then a snowflake fell imperfectly