

# 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