

Aztec Camera, Oblivious

Words and music by Roddy Frame

From the mountain tops down to the sunny street,
A different drum is playing a different kind of beat.
It's like a mystery that never ends.

I see you crying and I want to kill your friends.

Chorus:

I hear your footsteps in the street,
It won't be long before we meet,
It's obvious.

Just count me in and count me out and
I'll be waiting for the shout,

Oblivious...

Met Mo and she's okay, said no-one really changed,
Got different badges but they wear them just the same.
But down by the ballroom I recognized that flaming fountain
in those kindered caring eyes.

Chorus

I hope it haunts me 'til I'm hopeless,
I hope it hits you when you go,
And sometimes on the edge of sleeping
It rises up to let me know it's not so deep,
I'm not so slow.

They're calling all the shots, they'll call and say they phoned,
They'll call us lonely when we're really just alone.

And like a funny film, it's kinda cute

They've bought the bullets and there's no-one left to shoot.

Chorus