

# Aztec Camera, The Boy Wonders

Words and music by Roddy Frame

I brought you some francs from my travelling chest  
You'll spare me the thanks 'til you know I'm the best  
So come Hogmonay when love comes in slurs  
Resolutions I'll make and you can label them 'Hers'  
We threw our hands up high we, nearly touched the sky,  
We clicked our heels and spat and swore  
We'd never let it die

Chorus:

All those boy wonders  
Sold their medals when they saw this train  
Now this boy wonders  
When he'll feel the fall of honest rain  
I came from high land where the hopefuls have to hesitate  
Now this boy wonders  
Why the words were never worth the wait  
I'm waiting, waiting.  
In pastel paper pink over grey  
We wrap, wrap, wrap and chuck, chuck away  
The poor excuse they peddle as their prose.  
Dry your tears, tie your tongue and you're never sixteen  
And I'll give you a glimpse of the hard and the clean  
And my travelling chest will be open to you  
And boy will you learn that you haven't a clue  
I even asked my best friend but he could not explain  
It hit me when I left him  
I felt the rain and called it genius,  
Called it genius.  
Chorus repeat