

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