

Aztec Camera, We Could Send Letters

Words and music by Roddy Frame

You said you're free, for me that says it all.
You're free to push me and I'm free to fall.
So if we weaken we can call it stress,
You've got my trust I've got your home address.
And now the only chance that we could take,
Is the chance that someone else won't make it all come true.
We're making tracks, they show our touch and go,
And now it's touch and come and you should know.
But then four years won't mean that much to me,
When I've been smothered by the sympathy you bleed.

Chorus:

Just close your eyes again
Until these things get better
You're never far away
But we could send letters.

While you were gone I reached another town,
They couldn't help me but they showed me round,
And now I've seen what you can't understand,
I'd try to lead you but I'd crush your hand.
Because the people in the village know, it doesn't matter
Where you choose to go the end's the same.
I found some blood I wasn't meant to find
I found some feelings that we'd left behind
But then some blood won't mean that much to me
When I've been smothered by the sympathy you bleed.
Chorus