

Nina Gordon, Number One Camera

so here i go i know this feeling awfully well
i could build a camera custom made to tape record the smell
of the perfume that we used to share until you spilled it on the floor what more
could anyone ask for

i remember you in polaroid
the glitter and the glue
and all that noise
i should probably sort of miss you
but i see you all the time in polaroid

up up
and away in my beautiful cliché
i have wasted too much precious time pretending im ok
i better get out of the kitchen next time when i can not stand the heat my feet
were colder than the hebrides

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we were bored there was nothing else to do
playing records and posing in the nude
it was dirty mind so it was cool
and i always thought i'd know you

everybody knew the score they knew they could not trust us
but i could peel you like a pear and god would call it justice
i guess theres nothing left to do but live with just the memory of you
i do in sixties pink and light blue

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