

Hot Club De Paris

"Pretty Picture Of A Broken Face"

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What have you become? Just the prettiest picture of a broken face with a third of the appeal and never worth the chase. No sense in steering now, the brakes are out and the search for interests or boy meets girl is the counterculture clock ticking out a song that paints the shadow of this world. The lights are brighter when the game is new, and though I've tried, I wish I could say the same for you. Don't forget that when you cease to see things the way you want to, it's the least important people that come back to haunt you. If the past were photographs, I'd tear them all up into shreds. If our exchange of words was free I'd type another to the wind. One last wish for one lasting good-bye. No one here will miss you when you're gone. Make your selection. Another one will come along.

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