

Russell Crowe, 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts "The Photograph Kills"

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(Crowe/Cochran/Adam/Brown/Rosieur)

Don't stand up
They'll try and push you down
Don't let them hold you in their hands
Don't step out
Words can run you down
And they'll feed while you lie bleeding on the ground
The photograph kills and your fame will destroy you
Trying to find a place to rest will taint everything you do
The photograph kills and your fame will destroy you
Trying to find a place to rest will taint everything you do
So don't stand up
Don't even think of fighting
Don't let them mould you to their plans
Don't step out into the glare of flash bulb lighting
Don't let them roll you in their hands
The photograph kills and your fame will destroy you
Trying to find a place to rest will taint everything you do
The photograph kills and your fame will destroy you
Trying to find a place to rest will taint everything you do
You start with the simplest of intentions
I've committed most sins known to mankind
But I still believe in the essential goodness of my spirit
I ask forgiveness continuously for I know he knows
Some things
Just have to be experienced
The photograph kills and your fame will destroy you
Trying to find a place to rest will taint everything you do
The photograph kills and your fame will destroy you
Trying to find a place to rest will taint everything I do
The photograph
The photograph

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