

## Sam Kinison "Photobooth"

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I remember when the days were long,  
And the nights when the living room was on the lawn.  
Constant quarreling, the childish fits, and our clothes  
in a pile on the ottoman.  
All the slander and double-speak  
Were only foolish attempts to show you did not mean  
Anything but the blatant proof was your lips touching  
mine in the photobooth.

And as the summer's ending,  
The cool air will put your hard heart away.  
You were so condescending...  
And this is all that's left:  
Scraping paper to document.  
I've packed a change of clothes and it's time to move  
on.

Cup your mouth to compress the sound,  
Skinny dipping with the kids from a nearby town.  
And everything that I said was true,  
As the flashes blinded us in the photobooth.  
Well, I lost track, and then those words were said.  
You took the wheel and you steered us into my bed.  
Soon we woke and I walked you home,  
And it was pretty clear that it was hardly love.

And as the summer's ending,  
The cool air will rush your hard heart away.  
You were so condescending.  
And this is all that's left:  
Scraping paper to document.  
I've packed a change of clothes and it's time to move  
on.

And as the summer's ending,  
The cool air will rush your hard heart away.  
You were so condescending,  
As the alcohol drained the days.

And as the summer's ending,  
The cool air will rush your hard heart away.  
You were so condescending.

And this is all that's left:  
The empty bottles, spent cigarettes.  
So pack a change of clothes, 'cause it's time to move  
on.

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