

The 77S

"Frames Without Photographs"

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Lonely mess
Staring out a window pane
Sitting on an unmade bed
Thinking with an un-madeup mind
About the things I can't forget
You've gone but you never left

And now I'm only a frame
A frame without a photograph
If only once someone
Someone would fill me up

How can I bear
This nightmare that I cannot tear
From the everyday I wear
Over and over
Like a B-movie
The kind you wouldn't want to see

And now I'm only a frame
A frame without a photograph
If only once someone
Someone would fill me up
I am only a frame
A frame without a photograph

Fill me up
Fill me up
Fill me up
Fill me up

I've got a need to be met
By someone that I've not met yet
I've got shadows, I've got silhouettes
But haven't the frame nor the framework

I am only a frame
A frame without a photograph
If only once someone
Someone would fill me up

