

## Moist "Picture Elvis"

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She breathes through the book  
Measures a picture there  
Picks up a knife  
Cuts it to wallet size

Now she has lived, now she has breathed  
And now she's tasted heaven  
But the trip doesn't sting  
And all she wanted was a photograph

Rain on my tongue  
Feels like I'm tasting God  
Silver and gold  
Drinking the riches up

Back to the night and if I died  
I'm gonna ask my questions  
On the other side  
And all she wanted was a photograph

Mask of the city hangs in mock deliberation  
I step outside the wire while  
The sun strips off my cocaine  
Bent like a banshee while my cup is overflowing  
Another brutal ending I know  
I'm an animal story telling

And she breathes through the book  
Said that she never knew  
Question is easy  
But the answer is hard to take

The binding cracks  
And the words will fade  
But she keeps the picture  
In the frame that she made  
And all she wanted was a photograph

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