

## **Nina Gordon**

# **"Number One Camera"**

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So here I go I know this feeling awfully well  
I could build a camera custom made to tape record the  
smell  
Of the perfume that we used to share until you spilled it  
on the floor what more  
Could anybody ask for  
I remember you in polaroid  
The glitter and the glue and all that noise  
I should probably sort of miss you  
But I see you all the time in polaroid  
Up up and away in my beautiful cliché  
I have wasted too much precious time pretending I'm  
o.k.  
Oh I got to get out of the kitchen next time  
When I can not stand the heat my feet  
Were colder than the hebrides  
I remember you in polaroid  
The glitter and the glue and all that noise  
I should probably sort of miss you  
But I see you all the time in polaroid  
We were bored there was nothing else to do  
Playing records and posing in the nude  
It was dirty mind so it was cool  
And I always thought I'd know you  
Everybody knew the score they knew they could not  
trust us  
But I could peel you like a pear and God would call it  
justice  
Oh I guess there's nothing left to do but live with just  
the memory of you I do  
In sixties pink and light blue  
I remember you in polaroid  
The glitter and the glue and all that noise  
I should probably sort of miss you  
I should probably sort of miss you  
I should probably sort of miss you  
But I see you all the time in polaroid

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