

Shawn Colvin

"Polaroids"

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Please no more therapy
Mother take care of me
Piece me together with a
Needle and thread
Wrap me in eiderdown
Lace from your wedding gown
Fold me and lay me down
On your bed
Or liken me to a shoe
Blackened and spit-shined through
Kicking back home to you
Smiling back home
Singing back home to you
Laughing back home to you
Dragging back home to you
I was so wary then
The ugly American
Thinner than oxygen
Tough as a whore
I said you can lie to me
I own what's inside of me

And nothing surprises me anymore

But forests in Germany

Kids in the Tuileries

Broken-down fortresses

In old Italy

And claiming his victory

Shrouded in mystery

He went running away with me

Back in our home New York

Walking these streets forlorn

We all in our uniforms

Black and black

Doing that slouch and jive

The artist must survive

We've got all we need we cried

And we don't look back

Thinking we had it made

Poised for the hit parade

Knee deep in accolades

The conceptual pair

But ever the malcontent

He left without incident

Vanished into thin air

Now I am always amazed

Words can fill up a page

Pages fill up the days
Between him and me
But the vows that we never keep
From bedrooms to business-speak
Make me remember how cheap
Words can be
And the letters I wrote you of
Were those of the desperate stuff
Like begging for love in a suicide threat
But I am too young to die
Too old for a lullaby
Too tired for life on the ledge
But I had a dream last night
Of lovers who walked the plank
Out on the edge of time
Amidst ridicule
They laughed as they rocked and reeled
Over the mining fields
Coming to rest on this ship of fools
But he just took polaroids
Of her smile in the light
Of the dawn of the menacing sky
And before they went overboard
She turned and held up a card
And it said Valentine

