

Gordon Nina

"Number One Camera"

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number one camera 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
cliche i have wasted too much precious time
pretending i'm o.k. i better get out of the kitchen
next time when i can not stand the heat my feet
were colder than the hebrides 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 i guess there's nothing left to do but live
with just the memory of you i do in sixties pink and
light blue

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