

## The Indelicates

### "Burn All The Photographs"

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From dust things sprang before, but nothing seems to  
grow here anymore.  
Just patient little children waiting for what came before  
She'd angled the barrel into her chin  
The last of the face cream still smeared on her skin  
And the gun in the puddle of blood is no fun  
'Cause it's all an illusion, here's a lens  
Here's the scene  
Then go over and over the war still unwon  
Here's a camera, take it, make the world clean!

So Burn all the photographs  
I'll not own anyone  
I'll throw the hand grenade  
If you shoot the gun  
It's what everyone wanted  
In the long run  
BURN BURN BURN

From things dust sprang before but nothing seems to  
die here anymore  
Just dying scrabbling old men waiting at the nursery  
door  
He'd practiced his speeches, his gestures, his ease  
Pictured rehearsing spontaneity  
And the gun in the puddle of blood is no fun,  
'Cause it's all an ambition to take a thing home  
And the cold in his eye's untouched by anyone  
But caught by the camera and raised up in stone.

So Burn all the photographs  
I'll not own anyone  
I'll throw the hand grenade  
If you shoot the gun  
It's what everyone wanted  
In the long run  
BURN BURN BURN

Burn all the photographs  
Destroy the negatives  
I'll wipe the hard drive

If you spill the fixatives  
Burn down the darkroom  
Tear all the prints  
BURN BURN BURN  
BURN BURN BURN  
BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN

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