

Your Picture

Camera Obscura

My friend, she told me such a story
But she didn't know what I knew
I laughed with my friend when she got to the end
I knew we were laughing at you

She told me that you made some money
You got yourself framed on the wall
And people come by and they look at your face
And they say it's the fairest of all

Of course you protest, that's what you do best
And you're modest and shy to the end
You're watching them as they're looking at you
And you know it was money well spent

She told me you'd given up drinking
To be with somebody you knew
And you tried to get into the Bible
But it never got into you

You've still got some loyal disciples
I suppose that I'm one of the few
I shouldn't have laughed, 'cause I mean you no harm
But my friend got to me before you

So next time I see you, I'll be pleased to see you
I hope you'll be pleased to see me
I'll visit your picture, I won't have the nerve
To tell them that they've got you all wrong