

Sign

Peter Hammill

Wrong drink to order.
Suspicion grows,
wrong situation...
Oh, no-one knows where you've gone to
in the pagan night
and the neon reflections
spread cadmium white.
You came here looking for something
but this wasn't it, quite.
Hey, take a Polaroid, exit,
and well you might.
Sign the picture, get out of the frame;
sign the picture, and throw it away.
Sign the picture, sign the picture,
throw the picture away.
Now she turns her attention
and her camera on you:
this could be all of the moments
that you'll ever live through,
oh, but your heart beats the rythm
of primeval tattoo...
I hear you make your excuses
as you usually do.
Sign the picture, get out of the frame;
sign the picture, and throw it away;
Sign the picture, sign the picture,
throw the picture away...
... although it's going to come back.
You've got a certain knack
of making of such things
auspicious signs.