

Aztec Camera, Release

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Silver shone the rooftops, I heard the words 'You will',
And realized that in your eyes, the force of love could kill.
So go and get your wages, get what you deserve,
When hope held out of its hands today, you laughed and turned and fled.

Chorus:

Release, 'cos I wanted the world, and all I could get to
Was a gun or a girl.

Release, now I've thrown them away

I'm here and I'm hungry and I hope I can stay.

The loch is overflowing, the sun has shed its light

And all that's left to warm your breast's the wine we stole tonight.

Bottle merchants both of us, overdosed on Keats, we smashed them all

And watched them fall like magic in the streets.

Chorus

Standing in our new boots, we've lost the urge to hide,

We left it with the souvenirs that forced us to decide.

How we'd storm the palace, meet me at the gates,

There's plenty bread and water here for anyone who waits.

Chorus

But you can't remember where you squandered your hope

A fistful of dollars and a fistful of dope,

With your hands in your hair and your hair in your face,

You'd better summon your soul because we're leaving this place,

With a red, red flag for a souvenir.