

Placebo, This Picture

I hold an image of the ashtray girl
Of cigarette burns on my chest
I wrote a poem that described her world
And put our friendship to the test
And late at night
Whilst on all fours
She used to watch me kiss the floor
What's wrong with this picture?
What's wrong with this picture?

Farewell the ashtray girl
Forbidden snowflake
Beware this troubled world
Watch out for earthquakes
Goodbye to open sores
To broken semaphore
You know we miss her
We miss her picture

Sometimes it's fated
(We) Disintegrated it
For fear of growing old
Sometimes it's fated
(We) Assassinated it
For fear of growing old

Farewell the ashtray girl
Angelic fruitcake
Beware this troubled world
Control your intake
Goodbye to open sores
Goodbye and furthermore
You know we miss her
We miss her picture

Sometimes it's fated
(We) Disintegrated it
For fear of growing old
Sometimes it's fated
(We) Assassinated it
For fear of growing old

Hang on
Though we try
It's gone
Hang on
Though we try
It's gone

Sometimes it's fated
(We) Disintegrated it
For fear of growing old
Sometimes it's fated
(We) Assassinated it
For fear of growing old
Can't stop growing old...