

## This picture - 1/1

**Interprété par Placebo.**

I hold an image of the ashtray girl  
Of cigarette burns on my chest  
Iwrote 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?(bis)

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) disintegrate it  
For fear of growing old  
Sometimes it's fated  
(We) assassinate it  
For fear of growing old

Hang on  
Though we try  
It's gone

I can't stop growing old