

## **“PHOTOGRAPH”**

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**Of all the days you keep, which ones keep you from your sleep?  
Ones you call your photograph?  
A phase that comes and goes while deep inside the emptiness grows.  
Proof of your own photograph.  
I'm tired and I'm worn-out, seems I cannot find a reason  
For trying to stick it out.**

**I say I'm civilised which means I'm a savage in disguise –  
A dark tormented other half.  
This crusade that I'm marching in wakes a voice that sleeps within,  
Destroying my own photograph.  
I'm tired and I'm worn-out, seems I cannot find a reason  
For trying to stick it out.**

**But I will live, each day I live  
In the hope that I'll find my own photograph.  
And I will live, each day I live  
In the hope that I'll find my own photograph.**

**My passion has left me like some fair-weather friend on a winter's beach –  
A bleak and barren photograph.  
I wake exhausted from my rest, a masterpiece in bitterness  
Destroying my own photograph.  
And if you only knew what little is left of me, I cannot see the forest for the trees  
I don't know what's out or up  
And I'm just about to give it all up.  
I'm tired and I'm worn-out, seems I cannot find a reason  
For trying to stick it out.**

**But I will live, each day I live  
In the hope that I'll find my own photograph.  
And I will live, each day I live  
In the hope that I'll find my own photograph.**