Photographic Memory

Boogiemonsters

I look on the back of the picture
Just a short synopsis with year and date
We look so perfect but the truth is
I remember it was killing meWe lie face down, hand-in-hand
Theres no regrets taped to the backI got lost on the ride home
With a chance to escape this hole
Youre the reason this city feels just like home
When were togetherWith you by my side
A camera can make all time stand still
And make this moment perfectWhat our minds think looking back
Is that were never coming back
Theres no use for this burnt out matchI pace the hallway with one name on my mind
The only name that mattered so much
Is the one whose words I've crushed
Theres no use for this burnt out matchA dozen puzzle pieces falls onto the floor
Wanting more is all I ask forI got lost on the ride from seeing you
I was too busy thinking of you
If only you knewThis photograph doesnt speak the truth
This photograph doesnt speak the truthIf only you knew
Blinded by light on the other side
If only you knew

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