

Photographic

Depeche Mode

A white house, a white room, the program of today
Lights on, switch on your eyes are far away
The map represents you and the tape is your voice
Follow all along you, till you recognize the choice I take pictures
Photographic pictures
Bright light, dark room
Bright light, dark room I said I'd write a letter but I never got the time
And looking to the day I mesmerize the light
The years I spend just thinking of a moment we both knew
A second boss looking into it seems it can't be true I take pictures
Photographic pictures
Bright light, dark room
Bright light, dark room I take pictures
Photographic pictures
Bright light, dark room
Bright light, dark room Bright light, dark room
Bright light, dark room
Bright light, dark room
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