Photograph

Richard Julian

The passenger window framed you like a screen
And deep in my mind I was filming a scene
Of the land rushing by, your shades and your hat
I prefer a memory to a photographIt was merely a muse, it was in, it was out
Till I made the mistake of speaking out loud
You said, I got the camera right here in the back
Ohh, why'd I have to go and kill a moment like that?I prefer the memory to the photograph
Ooh, memory to a photograph, ooh, oohYou know, I sometimes get this little deja vu
It comes in the dark when I'm lying with you
And even the salt in the air comes back
Then I'm open to anything but what you hadThe blur of the land, your shades and your hat
Ooh, I prefer a memory to a photograph, oohNo, the picture we took didn't capture all this
Just a faraway look, a scene that I missed
A sign of what was to come, perhaps
Did you know then that you were showing me that?I prefer the memory to the photograph
One world is round and the other is flat
Ooh, memory to a photograph, ooh
Memory to a photograph, ooh

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