

# 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