

Every Photograph Steals Your Soul

Nine Black Alps

Can I take your picture
And cover your eyes
Can I hold you in eternity
When the moment's right

I'm gonna pick those flowers
From above your head
I'm gonna light those candles all around
Gonna wake the dead

'Cos if nobody wants you and nobody needs you
Then who's gonna ever know?

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Every photograph steals your soul
Yeah, yeah
Every photograph steals your soul

You're gonna make me money (You're gonna make me money)
With your long lost face (With your long lost face)
I'm gonna shoot you close up in the light for that bitter taste

'Cos we need your story
Yeah, we want your blood
Yeah, you're gonna be a masterpiece
Of a dying love

'Cos if nobody wants you and nobody needs you
Then who's gonna ever know?

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Every photograph steals your soul
Yeah, yeah
Every photograph steals your...

'Cos if nobody wants you and nobody needs you
Then who's gonna ever know?

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Every photograph steals your soul
Yeah, yeah
Every photograph steals your...

(Every) Every
(Every) Every
(Every) Every photograph, photograph
(Every) Every
(Every) Every
(Every) Every photograph, photograph go!