

Def Leppard, Photograph

Huh!

I'm outa luck, outa love
Gotta photograph, picture of
Passion killer, you're too much
You're the only one I wanna touch
I see your face every time I dream
On every page, every magazine
So wild so free so far from me
You're all I want, my fantasy

Oh, look what you've done to this rock 'n' roll clown
Oh Oh, look what you've done

Photograph - I don't want your
Photograph - I don't need your
Photograph - All I've got is a photograph
But it's not enough

I'd be your lover, if you were there
Put your hurt on me, if you dare
Such a woman, you got style
You make every man feel like a child
You got some kinda hold on me
You're all wrapped up in mystery
So wild so free so far from me
You're all I want, my fantasy

Oh, Look what you've done to this rock'n'roll clown
Oh Oh, Look what you've done

[Repeat chorus]

You've gone straight to my head