

Depeche Mode, Photographic

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 I'm looking to the day
I mesmerise 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