

Depeche Mode, Photographic (Some Bizzare Ver

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 mesmerize at night
The years I spent just thinking
Of a moment we both knew
A second past like in empty room
It seems it can't be true

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