

Shelter, Photographs Lie

As I admire the smiles on the people in the photo
I think "What am I missing this time?"
I'm always racing, chasing, someone, somewhere,
That isn't mine
Thinking that the grass is greener on the other side
Thinking that in your shoes I'll be satisfied.

First admiration, then contemplation
Tricking my mind... 'cause I know that photographs lie.

Well photographs lie they fool my eyes
They show me something that is not
It's like fire that makes me desire
What they have while they may want what I've got
And this romanticism is like a prison
'Cause life won't turn out to how it is forseen
So will any body care or just be there
To pick up our shattered dreams

Admiring you while you may be admiring me
Photographs painting a false picture of reality
And I think I'd rather leave it, just leave it as a blur.
Instead of lamenting over the past
Of things that never were.