

Depeche Mode

"Photographic -- Speak And Spell"

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(Written by Vince Clarke)
Oh white house, oh white moon
The program of today
The lights on, switched on
Your eyes are far away
A map represents you
Invitate is your voice
Followed all along you
Until you recognize the choice
I take pictures
Photographic pictures
The right light, got through

I set up all the way I'll wait up
That I never got the time
And I'm looking to the day
I mess my eyes at night
At least I spent your thinking
of a moment it was me
The second thought looking into
It seems to came in through
I take pictures
Photographic pictures
The right light, got through

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