

Emilie Autumn

"Photographic Memory"

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You're not so far away
You're sitting in the space
Between the night and day
So I'll wait for
The sound of your footsteps

The tea that's brewed too strong
The part of me that waited
Patiently for oh so long
At least I try

But I'm relying
On my photographic memory
While painfully realizing that
It's not all what it's cracked up to be

And falling is just another way to fly
I wonder why it's never easier than
The first time
The first time
The first time

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