

## Mode Depeche

### "Photographic 458"

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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  
'Til you recognize the choice  
I take pictures  
Photographic pictures  
The right light, got through  
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  
The right light, got through

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