

# I Am a Photograph

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I am a glossy photograph  
I am in colour and softly lit  
Over exposed and well blown up  
Carefully printed and neatly cut  
You can look at me for hours  
I won't mind, I let you dream  
From the page of a magazine

I am a glossy photograph  
Of course I am a bit retouched  
And my colour has been processed  
But cameras always erase  
Fear Lurking behind a face  
I am a lie and I am gold  
But I Shall never grow old

My lips are parted  
But they're not for kissing  
My eyes are open  
But I'm not listening  
My breasts are round  
But my heart ist missing  
I am a photograph, I am a photograph  
I'm better than the real thing

I am a glossy photograph  
I am appearing by the magic  
Of a Nikon automatic  
Maybe I'm just a piece of paper  
But some think that I am better  
Cause photograph do not complain  
Or cry, or love, or suffer