

I'm running down the stairs  
I'm running down the stairs  
I'm running down the stairs to catch it, trap it in a lens  
Don't let it get away

I'm running down the stairs  
I'm running down the stairs  
I'm running down the stairs to catch it, trap it in a lens  
Don't let it get away

It's in my photo books, it's in my memoirs  
It fills the cupboards, I'm beginning to wonder where it's from  
...  
Oh it's all caught on tape

It's in my photo books, it's in my memoirs  
It fills the cupboards, I'm beginning to wonder where it's from  
...  
Just don't let it get away

And one day I can say that I lived it all  
And one day I can say that I remember it  
And one day I can say that I've got hard evidence

We have a better chance on paper so we catalogue our lives  
Our lenses and our eyes are synchronised now anyhow  
Prefer reflections and the things that you can fit within a page  
Just don't let it get away  
And one day...