

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