

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

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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...