

## Fingerprints And Photographs

Kevin Devine

I'm looking at you through a wine glass  
I'm watching the light play games with your face  
I'm tracing your mouth with my finger  
I'm trying to pick up your taste

Will you dance for me?

Two more drinks and I'll forget everything  
I can't remember your face by the time I get home  
You're a photograph in an album  
Peeling plastic, yellowed pages  
Tainted by so many fingerprints  
I need to remember this

I need you to dance for me  
Because I won't remember this in the morning