

Wake me up from the long way that we've come
Just to find out that it's all been said and done
But we'll do it again and say it's all in our heads

Something automatic when you speak before you think
And you walk beside yourself to pass the time
If you never play the game you never lose anyway

See the photograph on an empty wall
Pictures of a life I can't call my own
I need a love that won't do me wrong
Waiting for the sound of a false alarm
The pictures all that I know

So afraid to unravel what we've made
Out of everything that changed before our eyes
You see the turning of the tide will bring us back to the shore

Take a photograph when it starts to fade to black
Someday you might never know if I was there
It's the harder that you try that makes it hard to let go

See the photograph on an empty wall
Pictures of a life I can't call my own
I need a love that won't do me wrong
Waiting for the sound of a false alarm
The pictures all that I know

See the photograph
Are the pictures real?
See the photograph
Are the pictures real?
Want the pictures to be real
Want the pictures