

Pictures of You

Oingo Boingo

Pictures of you
It's just pictures of you, through the bedroom door
With that sly little grin, says you want it some more
But there's people around, and they don't look so nice
Tell me why don't they move, this has happened before
This has happened before
It's just pictures of you
In darkness

Pictures of you
I'd been sleeping for hours,
When you came to my house
You'd been lost in a crowd, said you had to get out
You were covered with tears and you said you were sad
So you wanted to play
Yes, you wanted to play
Well you touched me and smiled, as you let yourself go
Oh, but something was wrong, 'cause your touch was so cold
Like you'd been in the ground and you asked if you could
Stay
And I said no!
It's just pictures of you
In darkness

(Pictures of you)
In that lovely white dress, oh your skin was so white
With the moon in your eyes, on that cold winter night
When your lips were so soft, that I thought they would
Melt,
And the sound of your breath and the way that you felt
And I said yes
And I said yes
It's just pictures of you with a knife in your hand
With a rose in your teeth lying nude in the sand
It's just pictures of you, standing high on a cliff
With the wind in your hair, and a smile on your lips
And your eyes were so wild, when you started to laugh
Blending in with the wind, sounded just like a scream
Why do pictures of you
Come to me when I dream
In darkness

Pictures of you
Pictures of you
Pictures of you