

Sophie Ellis-Bextor, Love is a camera

A winter morning black as any night
A landscape held in time under the ice
There's a house on the hill
She's living there still
Rooms are full of pictures black and white

So the story goes, she lives alone
Her company is framed in monochrome
She keeps them alive
Long after they've died
No one ever knows until they're gone

Stand still evermore
Pose for eternity with me
Your soul on my wall
Love is a camera full of memories

I once went to her house when I was young
The spell to be her subject was too strong
Now from here behind glass
I see more fools pass
Flies caught in the secret web she's spun

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Pose for eternity with me
Your soul on my wall
Love is a camera full of memories

Every photograph is a cenotaph
Won't you stay here a while
In a flash you'll see, you belong to me
All I need is a smile

Stand still evermore
Pose for eternity with me
Your soul on my wall
Love is a camera full of memories