

# Burning Photographs

[Ryan Adams](#)

I finally see the light  
Down on the east side  
Wasted like a memory  
If I had a car I'd drive  
Straight off the bridge into the river  
It would empty me Pretty pictures in a magazine  
Everybody is so make believe, it's true  
I used to be sad now I'm just bored with you  
You're doomed to repeat the past  
And nothing is gonna last  
I burned all your photographs Traffic sings the songs  
Inviting me in to dodge the bullets  
From an empty gun  
If I had a car I'd drive  
Straight into the window of a  
Bank I owed money to Pretty pictures in a magazine  
Everybody is so make believe, it's true  
I used to be sad, now I'm just bored with you  
You're doomed to repeat the past  
And nothing is gonna last  
I burned all your photographs You're doomed to repeat the past  
And nothing is gonna last  
I burned all your photographs And all the time you're so unhappy  
And everything to you's so heavy  
But oh my word, ain't you pretty now  
There's nothing to make up now  
No one to wake up now  
She's starting to break up, wow Pretty pictures in a magazine  
Everybody is so make believe, it's true  
I used to be sad, now I'm just bored with you  
You're doomed to repeat the past  
Cause nothing is gonna last  
I burned all your photographs You're doomed to repeat the past  
Cause nothing is gonna last  
I burned all your photographs

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