

# That's A Picture

Neal McCoy

My little boy kneelin' by his bed  
Hands folded, sayin' his prayers  
Talkin' to God, man to man  
He don't know that I'm there That's a picture I'd like to frame  
That's a picture only God can paint  
That's the kind of beauty no camera can capture  
That's a picture My daughter sittin' in her high chair  
Ravioli all over her face  
I stand and stare at her innocence  
I don't see the mess that she made That's a picture I'd like to frame  
That's a picture only God can paint  
That's the kind of beauty no camera can capture  
Yeah, that's a picture I've seen snapshots of sunsets that take everyone's breath  
An postcards of Paris in the spring  
No paper or canvass compares what happens  
To my heart in moments like these My perfect angel, her hair all up  
Blastin' at her radio  
She'd a-died if she knew I saw her  
Dancin' while she folded the clothes That's a picture I'd like to frame  
That's a picture only God can paint  
That's the kind of beauty no camera can capture  
Yeah, that's a picture. oh, what a picture, that's a picture

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