

Photograph

[Mark Lindsay](#)

Every Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, I'd drive across a bridge
And travel through a brown and golden field
And the sun was always setting in the muddy, reedy wash
In the amber light her beauty was revealed..They started tearing up the cornfield this morning
And they were pouring cement upon the ground
And I wish I had taken a photograph
Where my Wednesday evening cornfield could be found..There's a castle on a hilltop, in the middle of a lake
Made of wood and lace and glass of every hue.
And as long as she's still standing, we remember yesterday
And the promises our fantasies once knew..But they started tearing down the old girl this morning
And they were pouring cement upon the ground
And I wish that I had taken a photograph
Where the lovely lacy lady could be found,
Wish I had taken a photograph..There were canyons that are dams now
There were forests that are towns
There were grasslands where the buffalo could run
Will they fill our skies with buildings?
Will the highways never end?
'Til there's nothing left that's kind to anyone?They started tearing down the whole world this morning
And they were pouring cement upon the ground
Oh I wish I had taken that photograph
Where the green and growing world could still be found..
They started tearing down the whole world this morning
And they were pouring cement upon the ground
And I wish I had taken a photograph
Where the green and growing world could still be found.
And I wish I had taken a photograph.

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