Paintings In My Mind

Tommy Page

Picture this, you and me
Walking down a white sand beach
We're holding hands, the warm wind blow
We're all alone
All these dreams are fantasies
They're not real, not reality
And now I cry over you, nearly die over you
And all the bits and pieces of us that I try to findAre only paintings in my mind
Faded memories of another place and time
We were happy as can be
You were loving me
And now it's just an image that I find
Like the paintings in my mindWhen you left, I fell apart
I was torn, you broke my heart
And now I cry over you, nearly die over you
And all the bits and pieces of us that I try to find
Impressions of the way it was
Long ago, somewhere back in time

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