

These Old Pictures

James King

I found them Sunday morning in a bible by her bed
All laced between the pages full of scriptures Momma read
With each picture I would find a verse that she had underlined
And from the grave my Momma spoke to meWith these picturesThat Momma left behind
These old pictures of love and better times
As I hold her memory I can't hold back the tears
That fall like rain On these old picturesI slowly turned the pages As I read these lines
Blessed is the precious gift that's love throughout all times
In my hand I could see A picture of Momma holding me
I heard her say I love you one last time

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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