

# Photograph (Live In Atlanta)

## Nickelback

Look at this photograph  
Every time I do it makes me laugh  
How did our eyes get so red?  
And what the hell is on Joey's head? This is where I grew up  
I think the present owner fixed it up  
I never knew we ever went without  
The second floor is hard for sneakin' out And this is where I went to school  
Most of the time I had better things to do  
Criminal record says I broke in twice  
I must of done it half a dozen times I wonder if it's too late  
Should I go back and try to graduate?  
Lot's better now than it was back then  
If I was them, I wouldn't let me in  
Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa, God, I Every memory of lookin' out the back door  
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor  
It's hard to say it  
Time to say it  
Good bye, good bye  
Every memory of walkin' out the front door  
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for  
It's hard to say it  
Time to say it  
Good bye, good bye, good bye Remember the old arcade?  
Blew every dollar that we ever made  
The cops hated us hangin' out  
They said somebody went and burnt it down We use to listen to the radio  
And sing along with every song we know  
We said someday we'd find out how it feels  
To sing to more than just a steering wheel Kim's the first girl I kissed  
I was so nervous that I nearly missed  
She's had a couple of kids since then  
I haven't seen her since God knows when  
Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa, God, I Every memory of lookin' out the back door  
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor  
It's hard to say it  
Time to say it  
Good bye, good bye  
Every memory of walkin' out the front door  
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for

It's hard to say it  
Time to say it  
Good bye, good bye, good byeI miss that town  
I miss their faces  
You can't erase  
You can't replace it  
I miss it now  
I can't believe it  
So hard to stay  
Too hard to leave itIf I could relive those days  
I know the one thing that would never changeEvery memory of lookin' out the back door  
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor  
It's hard to say it  
Time to say it  
Good bye, good bye  
Every memory of walkin' out the front door  
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for  
It's hard to say it  
Time to say it  
Good bye, good bye, good byeLook at this photograph  
Every time I do it makes me laugh  
Every time I do it makes me

Songwriters

CHAD KROEGER, DANIEL ADAIR, DANIEL PATRICK ADAIR, MICHAEL KROEGER, MICHAEL  
DOUGLAS HENRY KROEGER, MIKE KROEGER, RYAN PEAKE, RYAN ANTHONY PEAKEPublished

by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>