

All the Pictures on the Wall

[Paul Weller](#)

And all the pictures on the wall
Serve only to remind you of it all
The wasted days we could have lived
Now we're left with nothing left to give
There was a time I really loved you
But when that was I just can't say
As all the memories merge into one
As each day becomes each day
The clock hands ticking on the wall
Are just reminders of it all
The wasted days we could have lived
Now we're left with nothing left to give
We used to meet each others' eyes
And that's all we'd have to say
Now we don't talk that much at all
The further our eyes seem to stray
And in a funny kind of way
This empty room was full one day
Full of love that we once shared, now it all looks so bare
The silent walls whose cracks I feel,
But is there room to let the hatred heal?

Songwriters

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