

# Photograph

## Chris Daughtry/Santana

Her name was written on a photograph  
Right next to her red, sun burnt face  
It all had happened in that long tall grass  
About a mile from her old place  
I can't remember how it started  
And if it lasted that day in the sun  
We said that we were going to study hard  
We held our books instead of hands  
She held a blanket over cans of beer  
I can't deny I was so full of fear  
It's just another story caught up  
In another photograph I found  
And it seems like another person lived  
That life a great many years ago from now  
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life  
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time  
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life  
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time  
And there's the first time that I tried that stuff  
I think I look a little green  
I remember throwing up behind a bush  
And I found it hard to use my feet  
And who's that easily led little boy  
Who's really off his head?  
It was the same night that I kissed that girl  
The tall one with the auburn hair  
I remember laughing 'cause to kiss me  
She had to sit down on a chair  
And she tasted like the schnapps she'd drunk  
And the cigarette she'd stolen from her mum  
And it's just another story caught up  
In another photograph I found  
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life  
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time  
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life  
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time  
When I look back on my ordinary, ordinary life  
I see so much magic, though I missed it at the time

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