Picture Frames

POYNTE

Shit happens I can't believe the irony
slaps me in the face
it kills all my expectations
and I know
the unlikely is likely to happen
good or bad
you'll never knowlet's just say that I've done some growing this year
more than I can handle
and I'll never forget this yearnow you're gone
so far away
now you're gone
and nothings the sameI lie in bed and reminisce the times we had
laughter was familiar
tragedy has stripped from us
the life you had
much too soon
how can I keep growing this year, without you?
I'll never forget this yearnow you're gone
so far away
and now you're gone
and nothings the sameand now you're gone
and nothings left to fill the gaps of the doors that you've left wide open
and now you're gone
and all that's left is picture frames of
memories of youand now you're gone
so far away
and now you're gone
and nothings the same

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