

# 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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