Old Photographs

Endless Melancholy

Here is one that we took one Sunday afternoon I remember it was in the summer time
On the back it says eight eleven sixty five the same day you promised to be mine
But old pictures have a way of fading like a love that wasn't meant to be
Still each night I dig out the family album but old photographs sure get to me
[piano]
Here it is it's the last one that we took together
Though it's faded a little more than the rest
I suppose it's because of all the tearstains on it
Bit it's the one that to me you look the best
Yes old pictures have a way...
Yes old photographs sure get to me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/