

# 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

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