

Photographs

Mest

As he laid there
His life flashed in front of him
He wonders if he can
Take back some of his pastAs he looks back on everything
He's got so much
He feels there's something missingI hear the silence
But it sounds so strange
I never felt this type of painMy photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them backSo he wanders
Through all his photographs
A tear falls down his face
'Cause he wants it backI hear the silence
But it sounds so strange
I never felt this type of painMy photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them backPhotographs
My photographsThe blackest night
We never needed more
We used to dream
Of all that we wished forI hear the silence
But it sounds so strange
I never felt this type of painMy photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them backMy photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them backPhotographs
My photographs

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