

The Photograph

[Rick Springfield](#)

Hands old and poor, her back bent and sore
She lifts from the drawer, the photograph
Though tattered and torn, through years it has worn
But still bears the form of the man she knew
Her eyes are weak, spilling tears on her cheek
Her lips start to speak to the photograph
She tells him with pride, she still loves him inside
Though years ago died
And all of the people she knew, who she knows no more
Who don't know the score say, "We wonder why, she never married
Such a pretty girl she was, such a lovely face she had
Such a pretty thing she was", once
She turns to her right, to put out the light
And wishes goodnight to the photograph
Her love, though it's strong and lasted this long
And goes on and on, she's still in love

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