Photograph

Inspection 12

Sixteen. You looked like a photograph.
Pristine. I still recall when I saw you.
And I still see you standing there. Yea I still see you.
That was then. This is now.
And I often wonder how I've held myself together for so long.
Honor was lost. Rumors were true
What came through town and wiped out everyone I knew?
I won't break down. No, not this time.
That faded photograph's not yours. It's mine.
You knew me better than anyone.
Is it me who's changed or is it everyone?
But I still see you. This distance makes us closer.
By my side. I Tell myself that I still see you
Even though I'm broke in two ways
Empty hands a different face
I might as well just change my name and leave this town.
I think anonymity's what's needed now.
I won't be a martyr. It's too overrated.
Where the hell's that picture I've always wanted painted?
I may not have the answer. All I really need is time
And I may never find it out
But I'll be damned if I won't try.
It's not so bad. There's still a few.
It must have been my eyes distorting everyone I knew.
I won't break down. No, Not this time.
This faded photograph's not yours.Thanks to Ali (ali10585@hotmail.com) for these lyrics

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