Pictures

Will Ackerman

He keeps a picture of her
In the top left pocket of his favorite shirt
It's the one she liked to wear
And he pulls it out
Every now and then
To tell her he was sorry
For what the could have been
But if he ever sees her again
Well he'd tell herThat I'll wait for you
No matter how long it takes
I'll make it through even if I break
It's not the way that you touch
It's in the way that you love
I'll wait for youwhen and if I fall will you pick me upShe stands outside the door of their old apartment
But she doesn't knock, it's too late to talk
What she waiting for?
Then she cries herself to sleep
Sayin, "If he could only see
How hard it is to say I'm sorry"
But if he ever opens the door
Why She'd tell himThat Idl wait for you
No matter how long it takes
I'd make it through even if I break
It's not the way that you touch
It's in the way that you love
I'd wait for youAnd as he opened up the door
To find her standing wanting more
He found the words to tell her why
He couldn't call and
He couldn't write
Then she smiled as she took his hand
Saying we don't know
But we can understand
Let's just stay hereThat I'll wait for you
No matter how long it takes
I'll make it through even if I break
It's not the way that you touch
It's in the way that you love

I'll wait for you

Songwriters
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