

The Way Things Used to Be

Brooke White

Painted pictures and colored glasses
Burning hot like smoke and ashes
Deserted halls and empty walls
A memory of you recalls to me
The way things used to be
I love your letters and dried up flowers
Ticking clocks that pass the hours
Shadows here in the moonlight cast
Memories of a haunting past you left behind
For me
To find a melody
The way things used to be
Turn up the radio
To tune out your memory
But even stronger now
Sing out the harmony
When will this hopeless dream
Ever set me free?
Sunday dinners, the tables set
Faces that you dont forget
I spilled the milk and shattered a plate
Reminds me of the stolen fate
So sad; its too bad
That we lost what we had
Now everything that I see becomes
The way things used to be
The way things used to be
The way things used to be

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