

# Moving Pictures

Corey Smith

I looked at your photograph album,  
Clicked through your Facebook page.  
I hoped I might find at least one of me and you,  
Back in our puppy love days.  
You probably filed 'em in your trash can.  
Hell, I wouldn't blame you if you did.  
I was young and dumb, not worth the kisses that you gave me.  
I was probably easy to forget.

But all our used-to -be's, all our once-upon-a-time's,  
Play on a silver-screen somewhere in the back of my mind.  
You keep showing up, like a Hollywood fixture.  
You're still the leading role in my head full of moving pictures.  
Moving pictures.

No, your face hasn't faded,  
Like all the other girls' have,  
And every time I swear I'm getting on with my life,  
A thought of you'll stab me in the back.  
Then it's high definition,  
Full-color in a flash:  
The emerald in your eyes against the champagne of the sunset  
On the hood of that blue Chevy that I had.

And all our used-to -be's, all our once-upon-a-time's,  
Play on a silver screen somewhere in the back of my mind.  
You keep showing up, like a Hollywood fixture.  
You're still the leading role in my head full of moving...

Pictures of you falling onto my chest,  
Whispering my name under your breath,  
The promise on your finger that I couldn't keep,  
And the hurt in your eyes rolling onto your cheeks,  
When you threw it back at me.

All our used-to -be's, all our once-upon-a-time's,  
Play on a silver screen somewhere in the back of my mind.  
You keep showing up, like a Hollywood fixture.  
You're still the leading role in my head full of moving pictures.

Moving pictures.

I looked at your photograph album,  
Clicked through your Facebook page.

I noticed you were single,  
Couldn't help but wonder if, I might get another chance with you  
Someday.

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>