

# Burning Photographs

Ryan Adams

I finally see the lights  
Down on the east side  
Wasted like a memory  
If I had a car I'd drive  
Straight off the bridge into the river, it would empty me

Pretty pictures in a magazine  
Everybody is so make believe, it's true  
I used to be sad  
Now I'm just bored with you  
You're doomed to repeat the past  
'Cause nothing is gonna last  
I burned all your photographs

Traffic sings the songs  
Inviting me in to dodge the bullets from an empty gun  
If I had a car I'd drive straight into the window of a bank I o  
wed money to

Pretty pictures in a magazine  
Everybody is so make believe, it's true  
I used to be sad  
Now I'm just bored with you  
You're doomed to repeat the past  
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And all the time you're so unhappy  
And everything to you's so heavy  
But oh my word, ain't you so pretty now  
There's nothing to make up now  
No one to wake up now  
She's starting to break up  
Wow

Pretty pictures in a magazine  
Everybody is so make believe, it's true  
I used to be sad  
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