

Pictures Of An Only Child

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

Bright all the eyes of the family on the other side
From an only child for the first fourteen years of life
All the pictures, they were never seen, never heard from

I'm standing with Eric and mom outside of Taj Mahal
Convinced that I am gonna be a writer and a movie star
I've a picture of dad here sitting, hair down to the ground
Bright all the eyes of the family now dead and gone

We've played games of fate and chance
We were caught and made to dance
Sold our souls to slavery
Lost our way and prayed for death

I took the pictures and the camera dropped them in the sand
I wore a Micky Mouse hat on that day, Disneyland
I was crying at the camera, lying about my life
Bright all the lifes of the family, bright all the eyes

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