

# Photographs

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Photographs of long ago  
The colors fade, the wrinkles show  
I loved you then, I love you still  
I guess I always will

Aging hearts and shaking knees  
Aching parts still bend with ease  
I loved you young and age improves  
The love I feel for you

You grow more beautiful  
Each passing day  
The lines that time withstood  
You grow more beautiful  
I hate to say, well, I told you so  
But I knew you would

Close the light, still the flames  
Candles light the empty frames  
A photograph can never be  
The song you are to me  
The song you are to me