

Picture of Her

The Spencer Davis Group

It's so hard to see her face
In the overcrowded place
And the words right on the wind
They don't get into my mind

Children are playing
Don't know what they're saying
With wide open eyes
For tomorrow to see
Better than me

And those pictures in her eyes
Are her private paradise
With that perfume on her smile
Telling wonders of beguile

Wasteful and breaking
The colors they're making
Are moving before me
And seem to infer
Picture of her

With one flower in her hand
She stands mirrored in the sand
And the people stand and stare
But she doesn't really care

Children are playing
Don't know what they're saying
With wide open eyes
For tomorrow to see
Better than me

through her hair
I'm not sure if she is there
And the sun lights up this day
As my picture fades away

Wasteful and breaking
The colors they're making
Are moving before me
And seem to infer
Picture of her