

# Picture Of Things

Bebo Norman

Deep in the night  
Far past the point of slumber  
I was wrapped in a love  
It was woven fine  
And it pulled me under

And I, I didn't want to leave her  
And I didn't want to treat her  
Like the story of my life  
Just like that night  
Love was fading fast  
Leaving me cold inside

And where is that part  
That houses all my fear  
And which is the road that I take from here  
Where is this world, where is this world  
Where is my seam to find the picture of things

Just down my road in that place  
Would quickly go by  
I found in a world of its own  
A secret flower

And I didn't know why  
But I, I didn't want to leave it  
But I knew I couldn't keep it  
Somewhere in this desert heart of mine  
And miles away  
I'm out of breath  
And I'm outta my mind

And where is that part  
That houses all my fear  
And which is the road that i take from here  
And where is this world, where is this world  
Where is my seam to find the picture of things

And I know that time will come  
And when all the words are said  
And I know that time will be  
When I consider my source instead of me  
So pay no mind  
No its just feel I guess

I'm just lonely  
So I'm holding you again  
I'm just lonely  
So I'm holding you again  
I'm just lonely  
So I'm holding you again