

# The Way Things Used To Be

Brooke White

Painted pictures and colored glasses  
Burning hot like smoke and ashes  
Deserted halls and empty walls  
A memory of you recalls to me  
The way things used to be

I love your letters and dried up flowers  
Ticking clocks that pass the hours  
Shadows here in the moonlight cast  
Memories of a haunting past you left behind  
For me  
To find a melody

The way things used to be

Turn up the radio  
To tune out your memory  
But even stronger now

Sing out the harmony  
When will this hopeless dream  
Ever set me free?

Sunday dinners, the table's set  
Faces that you don't forget  
I spilled the milk and shattered a plate  
Reminds me of the stolen fate  
So sad; it's too bad  
That we lost what we had  
Now everything that I see becomes  
The way things used to be  
The way things used to be

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