

Pieces of Heaven

Jim White

Things that you know
Places you won't go
Faces where you see
Traces of yourself

Ooh, life's a big mystery
In the puzzle of history
I see pieces of heaven
In photographs of you and me

Over mountains so high
Through shadows below
The dreams you will dream
The love you will show

In the dust storm of memories
Of triumphs and tragedies
I see pieces of heaven
In photographs of you and me

From before you were born
Till you're old as sin
Your wild oats strewn
Across the fields of time

My one prayer will always be
That some day you like me
I see pieces of heaven
In photographs of you and me
Photographs of you and me