

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