

## All the Pictures on the Wall

Paul Weller

And all the pictures on the wall  
Serve only to remind you of it all  
The wasted days we could have lived  
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give

Was a time I really loved you  
When that was I just can't say  
The memories merge into one  
As each day becomes each day

The clock hands ticking on the wall  
Are just reminders of it all  
Wasted days we could have lived  
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give  
Left to give

We used to meet each others' eyes  
And that's all we'd have to say  
We don't talk that much at all  
The further our, our eyes seem to stray

And all the pictures on the wall  
Serve only to remind you of it all  
The wasted days we could have lived  
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give

In a funny kind of way  
This empty room was full one day  
Full of love that we once shared  
Now it all looks so bare  
The silent walls whose cracks I feel  
Is there room to let the hatred heal?

The clock hands ticking on the wall  
Are just reminders of it all  
Wasted days we could have lived  
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give  
Nothing left to give