

# PICTURE OF ME

Quietdrive

She said she always liked  
A picture of me  
It was something about the light  
The blue of the sea  
She said, the way that I smiled  
A sparkle in my eyes made me shine  
I remember all those times  
I felt so confident  
When the black was black  
The white was white  
The gray, I never saw  
All the things we take for granted  
We never think those changed but they change  
They change  
Time is changing almost everything I know  
And I'm not sure where I stand  
Or where I'll end  
As black and white  
Turn to gray  
The picture of me  
Starts to fade  
Sometimes I see  
As I look into her eyes  
She wonders if I'll find  
Find another life  
I'm not sure if she knows who  
I am in my mind and she cries  
She cries  
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