

Bebo Norman

"Picture of Things"

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Deep in the night
Far past the point of slumber
I was wrapped in a love
It was woven fine
And it pulled me under

And I, I didn't want to leave her
And I didn't want to treat her
Like the story of my life
Just like that night
Love was fading fast
Leaving me cold inside

And where is that part
That houses all my fear
And which is the road that I take from here
Where is this world, where is this world
Where is my seam to find the picture of things

Just down my road in that place
Would quickly go by
I found, in a world of its own
A secret flower

And I didn't know why
But I, I didn't want to leave it
But I knew I couldn't keep it
Somewhere in this desert heart of mine
And miles away I'm out of breath
And I'm outta my mind

And where is that part
That houses all my fear
And which is the road that i take from here
And where is this world, where is this world
Where is my seam to find the picture of things

And I know that time will come
And when all the words are said
And I know that time will be
When I consider my source instead of me
So pay no mind

No its just feel I guess

I'm just lonley
So i'm holding you agian
I'm just lonely
So i'm holding you again
I'm just lonely
So i'm holding you again

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