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Bill Anderson "8 X 10"

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(8x10, 8x10)

All that's left of Our old love now is Just your picture, 8x10

(A souvenir of things That might have been My lonely world is Only 8x10)

(8x10, 8x10)

I remember the night You gave me this picture I ought to, I've relived It so many times

I remember how I couldn't Wait to get home and Put it in a frame And tell everybody That you were mine

Because you were mine At least until someone else Came along and took you off Out of my sight

It's a good thing you did Leave me your picture to hold Because now, I can cry On your shoulder every night

(8x10, 8x10)(My lonely world Is only 8x10)

It's awful to be jealous Of an old picture frame But I'm jealous of anything That's close to you

And that picture frame Seems to be holding You pretty tight That looks like more Than I'll ever do

I wish that I could just Be the glass in that frame And be so close to the Lips that I love

I am glad that I've at least Got your picture to hold But sometimes, it's just Not enough

(8x10, 8x10) (My lonely world Is only 8x10)

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