

K.T. Oslin

"Old Pictures"

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Here's a little girl playing dress up
She's somewhere under all that lace
Standing in her momma's high heel shoes
Gotta lipstick covered face

Here's a little boy on a pony
He's a cowboy all the way
Used to pull my hair and make me mad
At the Saturday matinee
Oh, who'd have thought I'd lose my
heart
To the same little boy someday?

Looking through my old pictures
Faded photographs
Some of them bring me close to tears
Others make me laugh

All those old memories
They seem to come alive
Open up the past again
And let me dream inside

Here's my brother with his very first automobile
We thought he'd wash the paint away
He took a job that took him west, he's doing
very well
But we don't see much of brother these days

This is my favorite of my papa
He's all dressed up in his Sunday suit
Wide brimmed hat, a watch on a chain
I'm gonna tell you the truth
It's a picture of a downright handsome man
Caught in the prime of his youth

Ooh, who taught him to fly?
Ooh, who told years just roll on by?

Looking through my old pictures
Faded photographs
Some of them bring me close to tears

And others make me laugh

All those old memories
They seem to come alive
And open up the past again
And let me dream inside

I'm looking through my old pictures
Looking through my old pictures
Looking through my old pictures

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