

Loudon Wainwright Iii "The Picture"

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There are pictures on the piano, pictures of the family,
Mostly my kids but there's an old
Picture of you and me.
You were five and I was six In 1952;
That was forty years ago, how could it be true?

We were sitting outside drawing
At a table meant for cards,
And it must have been in autumn,
Falling leaves in the front yard,
With a shoebox full of crayons,
Full of colors oh so bright,
In a picture in a plastic frame,
A snapshot black and white.

You were looking at my paper, watching what I drew;
It was natural: I was older,
Thirteen months more than you.
A brother and a sister, a little boy and girl,
And whoever took that picture
Captured our own world.

A brother needs a sister to watch what he can do,
To protect and to torture, to boss around, it's true;
But a brother will defend her
For a sister's love is pure,
Because she thinks he's wonderful
When he is not so sure.

In the picture there's a fender of our old Chevrolet
Or Pontiac, our dad would know, surely he could say;
But dad is dead and we grow old;
It's true that time flies by;
And in forty years the world has changed
As well as you and I.

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