

Mest

"Photographs"

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As he laid there
His life flashed in front of him
He wonders if he can
Take back some of his past

As he looks back on everything
He's got so much
He feels there's something missing

I hear the silence
But it sounds so strange
I never felt this type of pain

My photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them back

So he wanders
Through all his photographs
A tear falls down his face
'Cause he wants it back

I hear the silence
But it sounds so strange
I never felt this type of pain

My photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them back

Photographs
My photographs

The blackest night
We never needed more
We used to dream
Of all that we wished for

I hear the silence
But it sounds so strange

I never felt this type of pain

My photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them back

My photographs
I want them back
My photographs
I want them back

Photographs
My photographs

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