

Orville Stoeber "Snapshot 1949 From"

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A picture flutters out of a book,
One moment the photographer took.
Listen, because I can't bear to
look alone.

I'm hanging on my sweet
mother's arm,
Rolling up to Grandfather's farm in winter,
Memories warm with growing.

Scarecrow coming over the hill, rising pine,
Hear that lonesome whippoorwill, it's 1949.

Fireflies in jam jars, bare-foot on sandbars,
Chasing a horn-toad over a dirt road.

Those gentle hearts, the cold earth graces,
Working men, long hours and long faces,
A bright moon, the freight train chases home.

Harvest coming over the land, rise and shine,
For soon the colors fade on 1949.

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