

Richard Buckner "Lil Wallet Picture"

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Underspent and too young, too
I stumbled onto a, a picture of you
You wild bitter tale, all cherry oak and tears
As the branches looked in

The summer is done and we are too, dear
Pull back the drape
And let the silent light in
Soon, I'll be on that highway

And damn this stretch of 99
That takes so many lives
One of them was mine

Hand me that lil wallet picture
1985, one more time

The lights of the street
Where I'd walk to you at night
Were so blindly lit
Yeah, there were four little flames

His, mine, and yours
And the torch in the attic
I woke up late
And kissed you awake

As you packed up your load
There was one last look
And the you haul broke free
And now the ditches are flooded over the back roads

And damn this stretch of 99
That takes so many lives
Yeah, one of them was mine

Hand me that lil wallet picture
1985, one more time

Damn this stretch of 99
That takes so many lives
One of them was mine

Hand me that lil wallet picture
1985, one more time
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