

Rick Springfield

"The Photograph"

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Hands old and poor, her back bent and sore,
She lifts from the drawer, the photograph
Though tattered and torn, through years it has worn,
But still bears the form of the man she knew

Her eyes are weak, spilling tears on her cheek
Her lips start to speak to the photograph
She tells him with pride, she still loves him inside
Though years ago died, la da da da

La, la da, la da, la da da, la da, la da da,
La la la da da,
La, la da, la da, la da da, la da, la da da,
La la la da da

And all of the people she knew, who she knows no
more
Who Don't know the score say,
"We wonder why, she never married, such a
Pretty girl she was, such a lovely face she had,
Such a pretty thing she was", once

She turns to her right, to put out the light,
And wishes goodnight to the photograph
Her love, though it's strong and lasted this long,
And goes on and on, she's still in love

La, la da, la da, la da da, la da, la da da,
La la la da da,
La, la da, la da, la da da, la da, la da da,
La la la da da

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