

## Something Corporate

### "Old Pictures"

Visit "[Old Pictures](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let these pages fly away  
Flagpoles in the sun  
Same saturday  
And reflected off a window is where you'll stay  
Where you'll stay

I turned you in  
I turned you into whispers  
I turned you in  
I turned you into old pictures

I build you out of nothing to have you near  
I remembered you on trains  
So now you're on every train i hear

(repeat chorus)

I wished that you were gone  
So you're gone

(repeat first verse)

(repeat chorus)

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