

The Stylistics

"Pieces"

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Now all the left for me.

Pieces of a photograph.
I tore in half. Pieces of
Love. Pieces of the past!

Pieces of a photograph.
I tore in half. Pieces of
Love. Pieces of the past!

Time is made with face a shadow
and like a thief in the night.
It comes to call slowly creeping
It disappears in the light.

But I wont ever break that the
chain around me. I'll find a
way to shine off the things that
bind me. Memories still spinning

their webs upon me. But now I'm
left alone.

Pieces of a photograph.
I tore in half. Pieces of chorus
Love. Pieces of the past!

Pieces of a photograph.
I tore in half. Pieces of
Love. Pieces of the past!

Musical Interlude.

Chorus repeat twice more.

Translated by L.Rodale Longtime Stylistic fan

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