

Pictures

Conor Maynard

I stack these magazines in the corner,
(After I'm done with them)
And I still got the same hopes that I started with,
(That you'd be in one of them)
My camera has she'd some tears since you left him,
With nothing, with nothing,

How am I supposed to remember?
I got the memories,
But the memories fade baby,
What am I gonna show to my kids girl?
When I'm older and my mind is telling me to forget you,
What's gonna make me remember?

That's why I was always taking pictures, pictures
Cause' I didn't wanna miss our thing, miss our thing
Tell me how could you take the pictures, pictures
When you knew they were all that I had left, nothing left
They were part of our history, this story
I was always taking pictures,
Cause' I didn't wanna miss you so bad
Miss you this bad, miss you so bad, miss you so

We didn't make love we celebrated it's invention
Confetti on the mattress I used to have those images,
Tonight I came home, they were just embers in the fire,
With my hard drive, almost no goodbyes

How the hell am I supposed to remember?
Tell me now, I got the memories,
But the memories fade baby,
What am I gonna show to my kids girl?
When I'm older and my mind is telling me to forget you,
What's gonna make me remember?

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No video, no polaroid,
No record of the love we had,
My Nikon wasn't fast enough,
To catch my heart break in half,
No smiles in my picture frames, no,
Just got them little basic ones that the picture frames come with,
Models, wedding pictures, you know

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