

# The Picture Of You

Fredrika Stahl

I drew a picture  
And that picture was of you  
A combination of rhymes  
And that song was for you  
I saw a movie  
The story was like us  
And next to my bed  
Is where I keep your dead flowers

There's not a dream  
Where you're not involved  
But by the time I wake up  
Your face has dissolved  
The time will come  
When this will be history  
Left in my mind  
As an unsolved mystery

I do have a job  
A few friends and occupations  
But I consider them more  
As social obligations  
I'm eating well  
About three times a day  
And if I were religious  
I swear I would pray

I'm trying to focus on all  
The nonsense I do  
But like obsessed  
All I can see is you  
The time will come  
When this will be history  
Left in my mind  
As an unsolved mystery

Days gone by, but what is different  
What has changed?  
You promised me  
That time would get things arranged  
Perhaps you've forgotten me  
Just like you were supposed to do  
But I'm still singing my song  
And looking at the picture I drew

I still dream  
And you keep being involved  
But by the time I wake up  
Your face has dissolved  
The time must come  
When this will be history  
Left in my mind  
As an unsolved mystery