

# Pieces of Heaven

Jim White

Things that you know  
Places you won't go  
Faces where you see  
Traces of yourself

Ooh, life's a big mystery  
In the puzzle of history  
I see pieces of heaven  
In photographs of you and me

Over mountains so high  
Through shadows below  
The dreams you will dream  
The love you will show

In the dust storm of memories  
Of triumphs and tragedies  
I see pieces of heaven  
In photographs of you and me

From before you were born  
Till you're old as sin  
Your wild oats strewn  
Across the fields of time

My one prayer will always be  
That some day you like me  
I see pieces of heaven  
In photographs of you and me  
Photographs of you and me