

All the Pictures on the Wall

Paul Weller

And all the pictures on the wall
Serve only to remind you of it all
The wasted days we could have lived
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give

Was a time I really loved you
When that was I just can't say
The memories merge into one
As each day becomes each day

The clock hands ticking on the wall
Are just reminders of it all
Wasted days we could have lived
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give
Left to give

We used to meet each others' eyes
And that's all we'd have to say
We don't talk that much at all
The further our, our eyes seem to stray

And all the pictures on the wall
Serve only to remind you of it all
The wasted days we could have lived
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give

In a funny kind of way
This empty room was full one day
Full of love that we once shared
Now it all looks so bare
The silent walls whose cracks I feel
Is there room to let the hatred heal?

The clock hands ticking on the wall
Are just reminders of it all
Wasted days we could have lived
Oh oh, now we're left with nothing left to give
Nothing left to give