

PICTURE OF ME

Quietdrive

She said she always liked
A picture of me
It was something about the light
The blue of the sea
She said, the way that I smiled
A sparkle in my eyes made me shine
I remember all those times
I felt so confident
When the black was black
The white was white
The gray, I never saw
All the things we take for granted
We never think those changed but they change
They change
Time is changing almost everything I know
And I'm not sure where I stand
Or where I'll end
As black and white
Turn to gray
The picture of me
Starts to fade
Sometimes I see
As I look into her eyes
She wonders if I'll
Find another life
I'm not sure if she knows who
I am in my mind and she cries
She cries
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