Photographs

I’m going through these photographs

Of clouds and stones

People and homes

I’m going through this picture book

Of flowers and friends

Beginnings and ends

And I know if I could go

Back to that place again

I could find the trace again

Of the joy I had

Going round in circles on the earth

And it makes me sad

Knowing that all that I have left

Is photographs

I’m going through miles of files

A thousand smiles

Of day gone by

I’m trying to remember the seconds

But they slip through my hands

Like water and sand

And I know if I could go

Back to that place again

I could find the trace again

Of the joy I had

Going round in circles on the earth

And it makes me sad

Knowing that all that I have left

Is photographs

I remember the time

I made that apple pie

When we sang Sweet Child of Mine

The times we said goodbye

I remember the time

When we went to that concert

We were so much younger

The days before we met

And I know

I’ll never go back again

I only go on

Round and around we go

I know

The places I remember

All my life, though some will change

And it makes me sad

Knowing that all that I have left

Is photographs