

Only a Photograph

When we were young, so long ago,
we walked in fields of green;
hand in hand, together back then,
but another world stood in between.

Now all I have is a picture,
reminding me of you;
a faded photo in black and white,
of the love that we once knew.

*It's only a picture,
fading away,
just dreams of a love
we felt on that day:
only a picture, faded and torn,
a picture of lovers —
a picture of lovers —
one bright summer morn.*

Two young souls, adrift in the blue,
out on a summer day,
hand in hand, in a meadowland,
we were seeking to find the way.

Now all I have is this picture,
that's fading more each day;
a picture of children so in love,
in different shades of grey.

*It's only a picture,
fading away,
just dreams of a love
we felt on that day:
only a picture, faded and torn,
a picture of lovers —
a picture of lovers —
one bright summer morn.*

True love has gone, far, far away,
leaving our broken dreams,
all that's left is this photograph,
and nothing is quite as it seems.
Now all I have is a picture,
only a dying dream,
that two lovers shared, one summer day,
nothing is quite as it seems.

*It's only a picture,
fading away,
just dreams of a love
we felt on that day:*