Photograph

Nickelback

Look at this photograph
Every time I do it makes me laugh
How did our eyes get so red?
And what the hell is on Joey's head?And this is where I grew up
I think the present owner fixed it up
I never knew we'd ever went without
The second floor is hard to sneakin' outAnd this is where I went to school
Most of the time had better things to do
Criminal records says I broke in twice
I must have done it half a dozen times
I wonder if it's too late
Should I go back and try to graduate?
Life's better now than it was back then
If I was them I wouldn't let me in
Oh, whoa, whoa, oh God, I, IEvery memory of lookin' at the back door
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor
It's hard to say it, time to say it
Goodbye, goodbye
Every memory of walkin' at the front door
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for
It's hard to say it, time to say it
Goodbye, goodbye
(Goodbye)
Remember the old arcade?
Blew every dollar that we ever made
The cops hated us hangin' out
They said somebody went and burned it down
We used to listen to the radio
And sing along with every song we knowWe said someday we'd find out how it feels
To sing to more than just a steering wheel
Kim's the first girl I kissed
I was so nervous that I nearly missedShe's had a couple of kids since then
I haven't seen her since God knows when
Oh, whoa, whoa, oh God, I, I
Every memory of lookin' at the back door
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floorIt's hard to say it, time to say itGoodbye, goodbye
Every memory of walkin' out the front door
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for
It's hard to say it, time to say it
Goodbye, goodbye
I, I miss that town

I miss their facesYou can't erase
You can't replace itI miss it nowI can't believe it
So hard to stay
Too hard to leave it
If I could relieve those days
I know the one thing that would never change
Every memory of lookin' at the back door
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor
It's hard to say it, time to say it
Goodbye, goodbye
Every memory of walkin' out the front door
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for
It's hard to say it, time to say it
Goodbye, goodbye
Look at this photograph
Every time I do it makes me laugh
Every time I do it makes me...

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/