

Ben Harper, Picture In A Frame

Now you can sell your soul
But you can't buy it back
I've spent my whole life
Working to give you everything you lack
Now I wish you were here so we could walk and talk
In the soft rain, in the soft rain
Now all that's left of us
Is a picture sitting in a frame
I would gladly trade
All of my sympathy for sorrow
If I could have you, if I could have you
Here with me tomorrow
I wish you were here so we could walk and talk
In the soft rain, in the soft rain
All that's left of us
Is a picture sitting in a frame, a picture in a frame

Everything I wish for is everything I see
I remember when your kisses were for me
So many wasted days
The past is so hard to get out from under
So many words that I wish I could say
The future rattles my bones weak, weak like thunder
And I wish you were here so we could walk and talk
In the soft rain, soft rain, soft rain
And all that's left of us
Is a picture, a picture in a frame
Everything I wish for is everything I see
And I remember when your kisses were for me
Everything I wish for, everything I see
I remember when your kisses, your kisses were for me, were for me