

# Bill Anderson, Eight By Ten

(Bill Anderson)

(Eight by ten eight by ten)  
All that's left of all our love now  
Is just your picture, eight by ten  
(A souvenir of things that might have been.)

My lonely world is only eight by ten eight by ten eight by ten  
I remember the night that you gave me that picture I ought to  
I've relived it so many times I remember how I couldn't wait to get home  
Put it in a frame and tell everybody that you were mine.

Because you were mine at least until someone else came along  
And took you off out of my sight  
It's a good thing that you did leave me your picture to hold  
Because now I can cry on your shoulder every night.

(Eight by ten eight by ten)  
My lonely world is only eight by ten.

It's awful to be jealous of an old picture frame  
But I'm jealous of anything that's close to you  
And that picture frame seems to be holding you pretty tight  
That looks like more than I'll ever do.

I wish that I could just be the glass in that frame  
And be so close to the lips that I love  
I am glad that I've at least got your picture to hold  
But sometimes it's just not enough

(Eight by ten eight by ten)  
My lonely world is only eight by ten...