

Mark Eitzel, Old Photographs

Old photographs
Black and white convictions
I remember the way you were facing this restriction
Old pieces of paper
Memories to fight over
Self-interest and loss
There's nothing to remember

We tried to look back
We never told your family
Nothing to keep back
We lived up to your memory

Sayonara, old Singapore
Dancing women in barrooms,
probably not around anymore
Tattoos of sinking ships
Silver, long bruised black
Some old photographs
Fixing history won't get it back

Never told anyone
We never told the family
We tried to live up,
to live up to your memory

I don't believe in anything I ever said or did
The pain you kept buried
Life you kept hid
I live up to nothing
There's nothing to live up to
Just a rage that's buried
and a silence to live through

We never told anyone
We never told a soul
Never saw you get free
We lived up to your memory
We lived up to your memory

I don't believe in anything
I ever said or did