

# Neal McCoy, That's A Picture

My little boy kneelin' by his bed,  
Hands folded, sayin' his prayers.  
Talkin' to God, man to man:  
He don't know that I'm there.

That's a picture I'd like to frame.  
That's a picture only God can paint.  
That's the kind of beauty no camera can capture:  
That's a picture.

My daughter sittin' in her high chair,  
Ravioli all over her face.  
I stand an' stare at her innocence:  
I don't see the mess that she made.

That's a picture I'd like to frame.  
That's a picture only God can paint.  
That's the kind of beauty no camera can capture:  
Yeah, that's a picture.

I've seen snapshots of sunsets that take everyone's breath,  
An postcards of Paris in the spring.  
No paper or canvass compares what happens,  
To my heart in moments like these.

My perfect angel, her hair all up,  
Blastin' at her radio.  
She'd a-died if she knew I saw her,  
Dancin' while she folded the clothes.

That's a picture I'd like to frame.  
That's a picture only God can paint.  
That's the kind of beauty no camera can capture:  
Yeah, that's a picture.  
Oh, what a picture.  
That's a picture.