

# Tommy Page, Paintings In My Mind

Picture this: You and me  
Walking down a white sand beach  
We're holding hands the warm winds blow  
We're all alone

All these dreams are fantasies  
They're not real, not reality  
And now I cry over you  
Nearly die over you  
And all the bits and pieces of us  
That I try to find

Are only paintings in my mind  
Faded memories of another place and time  
We were happy as can be  
You were loving me  
And now it's just an image that I find  
Like the paintings in my mind

When you left I fell apart  
I was torn, you broke my heart  
And now I cry over you  
Nearly die over you  
And all the bits and pieces of us  
That I try to find

Exist as paintings in my mind  
Faded memories of another place and time  
We were happy as can be  
You were loving me  
And now it's just an image that I find  
Like the paintings in my mind

Impressions of the way it was  
Long ago, somewhere back in time...

Are only paintings in my mind (paintings in my mind)  
Faded memories of another place and time  
We were happy as can be  
You were loving me  
And now it's just an image that I find  
Like the paintings in my mind