

Ernest Tubb, Just An Old Faded Photograph

Just an old faded photograph of you one I always will treasure more than gold
It always keeps my memories same as new dear a keepsake of a love that won't grow old
Though the old faded photograph is dim in my heart there's a picture same as new
As the years go passing by all alone I sit and cry over an old faded photograph of you
[steel]
Just an old faded photograph...