

Jim White, Pieces Of Heaven

Things that you know.
Places you won't go.
Faces where you see
traces of yourself.
Oooh, life's a big mystery.
In the puzzle of history,
I see pieces of heaven
in photographs of you and me.

Over mountains so high,
through shadows below,
the dreams you will dream,
the love you will show.
In the dust storm of memory,
of triumphs and tragedies,
I see pieces of heaven
in photographs of you and me.

From before you were born
till you're old as sin,
your wild oats strewn
across the fields of time,
my one prayer will always be,
that some day, you, like me
will see pieces of heaven
in photographs of you and me.