

# Nana Mouskouri, Photographs

Photographs  
Of long ago  
The colours fade  
The wrinkles show  
I loved you then  
I love you still  
I guess I always will

Aging hearts  
And shaking knees  
Aching parts  
Still bend with ease  
I loved you young  
And age improves  
The love I feel for you

You grow more beautiful  
Each passing day  
The lines that time withstood  
You grow more beautiful  
I hate to say  
Well I told you so  
But I knew you would

Close the light  
Still the flames  
Candles light  
The empty frames  
A photograph  
Can never be  
The song you are to me  
The song you are to me