

# R.E.M., Photograph

(Berry/Buck/Mills/Stipe/Natalie Merchant)

I found this photograph,  
Underneath the broken picture glass  
Tender face of black and white,  
Beautiful, a haunting sight  
Looked into an angel's smile,  
Captivated all the while  
From the hair and clothes she wore,  
I'd place her in between the wars

Was she willing when she sat  
And posed the pretty photograph?  
Save her flowering and fair,  
The days to come, the days to share  
A big smile for the camera,  
How did she know?  
The moment could be lost forever  
Forever more

I found this photograph,  
Stashed between the old joist walls,  
In a place where time is lost,  
Lost behind, where all things fall  
Broken books and calendars,  
Letters script in careful hand,  
Music too, a standard tune by  
Some forgotten big brass band

From the threshold what's to see  
Of our brave new century?  
The television's just a dream,  
The radio, the silver screen  
A big smile for the camera,  
How did she know?  
The moment could be lost forever  
Forever more

Was her childhood filled with rhymes,  
Stolen hooks, impassioned crimes?  
Was she innocent or blind  
To the cruelty of her time?  
Was she fearful in her day,  
Was she hopeful, did she pray?  
Were there skeletons inside,  
Family secrets, sworn to hide?  
Did she feel the beat that stirs,  
The fall from grace of wayward girls?  
Was she tempted to pretend,  
The love and laughter, 'til the end?