

Reba McEntire, This Picture

(S. Alan Taylor/Lisa Palas)

That old picture with my arm around you
Tore it to pieces this morning at two
Score one for me
I took your portrait off the living room wall
Then I started on the ones in the hall
Had a bonfire
I decided it was time to forget
So I got rid of every picture you left

But what do I do with this picture of you in my mind
I close my eyes and I still see you saying goodbye
I know I'd be okay if I could just throw away
This picture

I walk alone down a crowded street
And see your face in everybody I meet
When's it gonna end
Every single night I crawl into bed
Hoping sleep will keep you out of my head
I should know better
Everytime I turn around there you are
I never thought your memory would go this far

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