

Roy Drusky, Portrait Of Me

Picture two arms as empty as trees without leaves
And two lips much colder than winter's first breeze
Fill two eyes with teardrops until they can't see then you'll have a portrait of me
Then fashion a frame from a heart that can't be free
Cause it's completely surrounded my old memories
Then hang it up high so the whole world can see and you'll have a portrait of me
[strings]
Then fashion a frame...
Then you'll have a portrait of me