

Ryan Adams, Burning Photographs

I finally see the light
Down on the east side
Wasted like a memory
If I had a car I'd drive
Straight off the bridge into the river, it would empty me

Pretty pictures in a magazine
Everybody is so make believe, it's true
I used to be sad
Now I'm just bored with you
You're doomed to repeat the past
'Cause nothing is gonna last
I burned all of your photographs

Traffic sings the songs
Inviting me in to dodge the bullets from an empty gun
If I had a car I'd drive straight into the window of a bank I owed money to

Pretty pictures in a magazine
Everybody is so make believe, it's true
I used to be sad
Now I'm just bored with you
You're doomed to repeat the past
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And all the time you're so unhappy
And everything to you's so heavy
But oh my word, ain't you pretty now
There's nothing to make up now
No one to wake up now
She's starting to break up
WOW

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