

# 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  
'Cause nothing is gonna last  
I burned all of your photographs.