

# Something For Kate, Old Pictures

let these pages fly away  
flagpoles in the sun  
same saturday  
and reflected off a window is where you'll stay  
where you'll stay  
i turned you in  
i turned you into whispers  
i turned you in  
i turned you into old pictures  
i build you out of nothing to have you near  
i remembered you on trains  
so now you're on every train i hear  
(repeat chorus)  
i wished that you were gone  
so you're gone  
(repeat first verse)  
(repeat chorus)