

# Photograph

## Nickelback

Look at this photograph  
Every time I do it makes me laugh  
How did our eyes get so red?  
And what the hell is on Joey's head? And this is where I grew up  
I think the present owner fixed it up  
I never knew we'd ever went without  
The second floor is hard to sneakin' out And this is where I went to school  
Most of the time had better things to do  
Criminal records says I broke in twice  
I must have done it half a dozen times  
I wonder if it's too late  
Should I go back and try to graduate?  
Life's better now than it was back then  
If I was them I wouldn't let me in  
Oh, whoa, whoa, oh God, I, I Every memory of lookin' at the back door  
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor  
It's hard to say it, time to say it  
Goodbye, goodbye  
Every memory of walkin' at the front door  
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for  
It's hard to say it, time to say it  
Goodbye, goodbye  
(Goodbye)  
Remember the old arcade?  
Blew every dollar that we ever made  
The cops hated us hangin' out  
They said somebody went and burned it down  
We used to listen to the radio  
And sing along with every song we know We said someday we'd find out how it feels  
To sing to more than just a steering wheel  
Kim's the first girl I kissed  
I was so nervous that I nearly missed She's had a couple of kids since then  
I haven't seen her since God knows when  
Oh, whoa, whoa, oh God, I, I  
Every memory of lookin' at the back door  
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor It's hard to say it, time to say  
it Goodbye, goodbye  
Every memory of walkin' out the front door  
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for  
It's hard to say it, time to say it  
Goodbye, goodbye  
I, I miss that town

I miss their faces You can't erase  
You can't replace it I miss it now I can't believe it  
So hard to stay  
Too hard to leave it  
If I could relieve those days  
I know the one thing that would never change  
Every memory of lookin' at the back door  
I have the photo album spread out on my bedroom floor  
It's hard to say it, time to say it  
Goodbye, goodbye  
Every memory of walkin' out the front door  
I found the photo of the friend that I was lookin' for  
It's hard to say it, time to say it  
Goodbye, goodbye  
Look at this photograph  
Every time I do it makes me laugh  
Every time I do it makes me...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>