

Photograph
by Ringo Starr

Everytime I see your face
It reminds me of the places we used to go
But all I've got is a photograph
And I realize you're not coming back anymore

I thought I'd make it
The day you went away
But I can't make it
Till you come home again to stay

I can't get used to living here
While my heart is broke, my tears I cry for you
I want you here to have and hold
As the years go by, and we grow old and gray

Now you're expecting me to live without you
But that's not something that I'm looking forwrad to

I can't get used to living here
While my heart is broke, my tears I cry for you
I want you here to have and hold
As the years go by, and we grow old and gray

Everytime I see your face
It reminds me of the places we used to go
But all I've got is a photograph
And I realize you're not coming back anymore