

# Ringo Starr, Photograph

Every time 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 'til 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 grey

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

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