

The Way The Picture Reads

words: R. Neal Gracey
music: John Dandrea

**You're telling me you've got to go
and this I must believe
you know sweetheart, that it's a bitter blow
and I beg you not to leave. . . .**

**I say that you don't know your mind
I see you headed for the door
but you should know that I am not the kind
who changes back and forth. . . .**

**Tell you how the story stands
I'm a victim in your hands
you've got me pleading on my knees -
that's the way the picture reads.**

**You say that you won't change your mind
and this I can't accept
but we'll meet in some other place and time
and this I can't regret. . . .**

**Tell you how the story stands
I'm a victim in your hands
you've got me pleading on my knees -
that's the way the picture reads.**



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