

## The Picture

Loudon Wainwright III

**C** **C/B** **Am**  
There are pictures on the piano  
**F** **G**  
Pictures of the family  
**C** **C/B** **Am**  
Mostly my kids but there s an old  
**F** **C**  
Picture of you and me  
**Em** **F** **Fadd9**  
You were five and I was six  
**Em** **G**  
In 1952  
**C** **C/B** **Am**  
That was forty years ago  
**G** **C**  
How could it be true?

**C** **C/B** **Am**  
We were sitting outside drawing  
**F** **G**  
At a table meant for cards  
**C** **C/B** **Am**  
And it must have been in autumn  
**F** **G**  
Falling leaves in the front yard  
**Em** **F** **Fadd9**  
With a shoe box full of crayons  
**Em** **G**  
Full of colors oh so bright  
**C** **C/B** **Am**  
In a picture in a plastic frame  
**G** **C**  
A snapshot black and white

**C** **C/B** **Am**  
You were looking at my paper  
**F** **G**  
Watching what I drew  
**C** **C/B** **Am**  
It was natural: I was older  
**F** **C**  
Thirteen months more than you  
**Em** **F** **Fadd9**  
A brother and a sister  
**Em** **G**  
A little boy and girl  
**C** **C/B** **Am**

And whoever took that picture

**G** **C**

Captured our own world

**C** **C/B** **Am**

A brother needs a sister

**F** **G**

To watch what he can do

**C** **C/B** **Am**

To protect and to torture

**F** **C**

To boss around it s true

**Em** **F** **Fadd9**

But a brother will defend her

**Em** **G**

For a sister s love is pure

**C** **C/B** **Am**

Because she thinks he s wonderful

**G** **C**

When he is not so sure

**C** **C/B** **Am**

In the picture there s a fender

**F** **G**

Of our old Chevrolet

**C** **C/B** **Am**

Or Pontiac, our dad would know

**F** **G**

Surely he could say

**Em** **F** **Fadd9**

But dad is dead and we grow old

**Em** **G**

It s true that time flies by

**C** **C/B** **Am**

And in forty years the world has changed

**G** **C**

As well as you and I