

# Honeyrods, Pictures

(R.J. Johnson/The Honeyrods)  
Pictures on the wall  
stop and stare  
let the moment take you there  
in my mind I can see  
See an empty sky  
blue and white  
doesn't matter if it's night  
I can see them  
Pictures on the wall  
and they're not far from the fall of falling  
it doesn't matter if they're  
held to something  
Pictures I love you  
and the colors of your hues are calling  
I searched in terms of things  
I'm not knowing  
It's your call  
I kept your pictures just because  
I love you  
It's your call  
it didn't matter at all  
Drawing in the sand  
falling objects from you hands  
I hope to be shown the side of things  
that release you  
Super magic cars  
rows of telepathic stars all seem to  
shoot like rockets from  
the walls inside you  
Color in the summer  
and it couldn't be much hotter  
painting on the sidewalk  
pictures made of water  
Color in the summer  
and it couldn't be much hotter  
why not hold what's real  
so we can fill this pictures place