

# Photograph (feat. Bea Miller)

## Boyce Avenue

Loving can hurt, loving can hurt  
sometimes  
But it's the only thing that I know  
When it gets hard, you know it can get hard sometimes  
It's the only thing that makes us feel  
alive  
We keep this love in a photograph  
We made these memories for ourselves  
Where our eyes are never closing  
Our hearts were never broken  
And times forever frozen still  
So you can keep me  
Inside the pocket of your ripped jeans  
Holding me close until our eyes meet  
You won't ever be alone, wait for me to come home  
Loving can heal, loving can mend  
your soul  
And it's the only thing that I know (know)  
I swear it will get easier, remember that with every peace of ya  
And it's the only thing to take with  
us when we die  
We keep this love in a photograph  
We made these memories for  
ourselves  
Where our eyes are never closing  
Our hearts were never broken  
And times forever frozen still  
So you can keep me  
Inside the pocket of your ripped jeans  
Holding me close until our eyes meet  
You won't ever be alone  
And if you hurt me  
Well that's okay baby, only words bleed  
Inside these pages you just hold me  
And I won't ever let you go  
Wait for me to come home  
Wait for me to come home  
Wait for me to come home  
Wait for me to come home  
You can keep me  
Inside the necklace you bought when  
you were sixteen  
Next to your heartbeat where I should

be  
Keep it deep within your soul  
And if you hurt me  
Well that's okay baby, only words bleed  
Inside these pages you just hold me  
And I won't ever let you go  
When I'm away, I will remember how  
you kissed me  
Under the lamppost back on Sixth  
street  
Hearing you whisper through the  
phone  
Wait for me to come home  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>