

Classics IV "Traces"

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Faded photographs, covered now with lines and
creases
Tickets torn in half, memories in bits and pieces
Traces of love, long ago that didn't work out right
Traces of love

Ribbons from her hair, souvenirs of days together
The ring she used to wear, pages from an old love
letter
Traces of love, long ago that didn't work out right
Traces of love, with me tonight

I close my eyes and say a prayer that in her heart
She'll find a trace of love still there, somewhere, oh

Traces of hope in the night that she'll come back and
dry
These traces of tears from my eyes, oh yeah

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