

Hank Snow

"Among My Souvenirs"

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There's nothing left for me
Of days that used to be
I live in memory
Among my souvenirs

Some letters tied with blue
A photograph or two
I see a rose from you
Among my souvenirs

A few more tokens rest
Within my treasure chest
And though they do their best
To give me consolation

I count them all apart
And as the teardrops start
I find a broken heart
Among my souvenirs

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And as the teardrops start
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