

Marty Robbins

"Among My Souvenirs"

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There's nothing left for me
Of days that used to be
There's just a memory
Among my souvenirs.
Some letters tied in 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.
I count them all apart
And as the teardrops start
I find a broken heart
Among my souvenirs...

