

Connie Francis

"Among My Souvenirs"

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There's nothing left for me
Of days that used to be
They're just a memory
Among my souvenirs
Some letters sad and 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

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