## Thompson Richard Linda "Traces Of My Love"

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A songbird sings so clear like a voice upon my ear

I seem to hear traces of my love

The river rushes down, there's sweetness in the sound

I seem to hear traces of my love

When I lay on my bed, I find no rest

Instead I seem to see you here with me

Or will that sweet day ever be

Oh, traces of my love

Oh, traces of my love

In every crowded place, in every stranger's face

I seem to see traces of my love

Inside my darkest day when the world seems cold and grey

I seem to see traces of my love

If I try to turn my head or close my eyes

Instead I see you there, oh, everywhere

Shadows of a face so rare

Oh, traces of my love

Oh, traces of my love

Traces of my love

Traces of my love

If I try to turn my head or close my eyes

Instead I see you there, oh, everywhere

Shadows of a face so rare

Oh, traces of my love

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