

Traces

Bobby Vinton

Faded photograph
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

Traces of hope in the night
That she'll come back and dry
These traces of tears from my eyes