

Among My Souvenirs

Burl Ives

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

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And as the teardrops start
I find a broken heart
Among my souvenirs