

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 brown from 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, oh, oh

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