

Souvenirs

Deacon Blue

Only one song to sing now
As you bring in these home chores
And curtain over windows
Dry your eyes on wornout clothes

You sing - I'm such a fool for loving you
So low I might not hear it
And the souvenirs they cover you
From the danger of believing it

Things that made our world seem good
Are stored in photo spiral pads
And every one is saved by you
To make our world seem glad