

## Traces

Gloria Estefan

Faded photographs 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

Things we used to share, souvenirs of days together  
The ring he 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 his heart he'll find a trace of love still there somewh  
ere, oh woah

Traces of hope in the night that he'll come back and dry  
These traces of tears from my eyes, woah, woah, woah

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