

Among My Souvenirs

Slim Whitman

There's nothing left for me of days that used to be
I live in memory among my souvenirs

Some letters tied with 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 my broken heart among my souvenirs

Mmmm Mmm Mmm

I find my broken heart among my souvenirs