Souvenirs

John Prine

All the snow has turned to water
Christmas days have come and gone
Broken toys and faded colors
Are all that's left to linger onI hate graveyards and old pawn shops
For they always bring me tears
I can't forgive the way they rob me
Of my childhood souvenirsMemories they can't be boughten
They can't be won at carnivals for free
Well it took me years to get those souvenirs
And I don't know how they slipped away from meBroken hearts and dirty windows
Make life difficult to see
That's why last night and this mornin'
Always look the same to meI hate reading old love letters
For they always bring me tears
I can't forgive the way they rob me
Of my sweetheart's souvenirsMemories they can't be boughten
They can't be won at carnivals for free
Well it took me years to get those souvenirs
And I don't know how they slipped away from me

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