

Among My Souvenirs

Connie Francis

There's nothing left for me of days that used to be
There's just a memory among my souvenirs
Some letters tied in 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 a broken heart among my souvenirs
I count them all apart and as the teardrops start
I find a broken heart among my souvenirs

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