

# My Broken Souvenirs

## Pussycat

For each moment of tears  
I still had my souvenirs  
Cherished in a pocket full of dreams  
I could hold I could feel  
Kept pretending they were real  
Long time after lovers stayed away.  
Now a picture of you  
I had cherished so true  
Even kissed 'till I'd seen you again  
But when I've been crying today  
Threw my memories away  
Something died as I cried  
For my broken souvenirs.  
Can I reach for the sun  
Find a place I belong  
Now you're one of my broken souvenirs.  
If you'll need me again  
There's no way you really can  
Pasted pieces never make a whole  
And if you leave your room  
On some windy afternoon  
Try to see where all the pieces flew.  
It was hard to get on  
Since my memories were gone  
But if you'll ever see me again  
I can't have been crying today

Songwriters

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