Souvenirs

Dan Fogelberg

Here is a poem that my lady sent down
Some morning while I was away
Wrote on the back of a leaf that she found
Somewhere around MontereyAnd here is the key to a house far away
Where I used to live as a child
They tore down the building when I moved away
And left the key unreconciledAnd down in the canyon, the smoke starts to rise
It rides on the wind till it reaches your eyes
When faced with the past
The strongest man cries, criesAnd down in the canyon, the smoke starts to rise
It rides on the wind till it reaches your eyes
When faced with the past
The strongest man cries, criesAnd here is a sunrise to set on your sill
The ghosts of the dawn moving near
They pass through your sorrow
And leave you quite still, sitting among souvenirs

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/