Traces

Classics IV

Faded photographs, covered now with lines and creases
Tickets torn in half, memories in bits and pieces
Traces of love, long ago, that didn't work out right
Traces of love.Ribbons from her hair, souvenirs of days together
The ring she used to wear, pages from an old love letter
Traces of love, long ago, that didn't work out right
Traces of love, with me tonight.I close my eyes and say a prayer
That in her heart, she'll find, a trace of love still there,
Somewhere, oh.Traces of hope, in the night, that she'll come back and dry
These, traces of tears, from my eyes.
Oh oh oh oh

Songwriters
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