

## Souvenirs

Deacon Blue

Only one song to sing now  
As you bring in these home chores  
And curtain over windows  
Dry your eyes on wornout clothes

You sing - I'm such a fool for loving you  
So low I might not hear it  
And the souvenirs they cover you  
From the danger of believing it

Things that made our world seem good  
Are stored in photo spiral pads  
And every one is saved by you  
To make our world seem glad