

Among My Souvenirs

Marty Robbins

There's nothing left for me
Of days that used to be
I live in memory, among my souvenirs

Some letters tied in blue
A photograph or two
I find a rose for you
Among my souvenirs

A few more tokens rest
Down in 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 live in memories
Among my souvenirs