

# Boulevard Of Souvenirs

Tina Charles

Springtime in Paris, so many memories  
Where love first begun  
And even though he's gone away  
He'll always be the one

I walk the boulevard of souvenirs  
Imagining that he's still here  
The stairs that led up to his door  
The small room on the second floor

The corner café still the same  
But no ones seems to know his name  
But I remember yesteryear  
Along the boulevard of souvenirs

Walk on a Sunday down the Champs Ellyse  
Soft candlelight and wine  
And hand in hand along the Seine  
I thought that he was mine