

Among My Souvenirs

Don McLean

There's nothing left for me of days that used to be
I live in memories among my souvenirs

Some letters tied in blue, a photograph or two
I see a rose from you among my souvenirs

A few more tokens rest within my treasure chest
Although they do their best to give me consolation

I count them all apart and as the teardrops start
You find a broken heart among my souvenirs