

## Count Souvenirs

Junior Boys

A pair of shoes  
Some old reviews  
That you kicked behind the door  
A calling card  
Is torn apart  
And it's wasted on the floor  
Some city scene  
You're like a preteen  
Chasing all the latest news  
We're back at home  
We fix old radios  
Wiping off the dusty tunes

So  
Please, please don't touch  
Please, please don't touch

I keep it warm  
At thirty-four  
Like the way it was before  
Your favorite shirt  
A little dirt  
Builds inside the bedroom drawer  
'Cause all the paint  
And the stains  
All the papers and the fumes  
They're all of you  
They stay alive  
And inside the things we knew

So  
Please, please don't touch  
Please, please don't touch

Empty stalls and shopping malls  
That we'll never see again  
Hotel lobbies like painful hobbies  
That linger on  
Time compares us, you feel embarrassed  
Like you drive your parent's car  
On another road, in another road  
Kept in a jar