

Among My Souvenirs

Connie Francis

There's nothing left for me of days that used to be
There's just a memory 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
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 count them all apart and as the teardrops start
I find a broken heart among my souvenirs