

Jenny's Souvenirs

Conway Twitty

Exchanging, yes, I do's
Forever's coming true
Two needing hearts unite
Captured in black and white

Gathered on yellowed walls
Sixty years says it all
The loving, the laughter, still after years
Are kept alive in Jenny's souvenirs

Tickets from picture shows
Dried roses, Christmas bows
Keepsakes from country fairs
Stocked up her vintage wears

She'd never throw them out
Things they could live without
He'd kid her and tell her, "You're silly, dear"
And he would laugh at Jenny's souvenirs

Shines on his shaking hand
That ageless wedding band
Reminds him and finds him without her near
And now he lives on Jenny's souvenirs

He gets by on Jenny's souvenirs