

## Souvenirs

Dan Fogelberg

Here is a poem that my lady sent down  
Some morning while I was away  
Wrote on the back of a leaf that she found  
Somewhere around Monterey

And here is the key to a house far away  
Where I used to live as a child  
They tore down the building when I moved away  
And left the key unreconciled

And down in the canyon, the smoke starts to rise  
It rides on the wind till it reaches your eyes  
When faced with the past  
The strongest man cries, cries

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And here is a sunrise to set on your sill  
The ghosts of the dawn moving near  
They pass through your sorrow  
And leave you quite still, sitting among souvenirs