

Traces

J. J. Cale

Traces of loving a life I remember
Already grown by December
By spring it was gone

Traces of people and things, and places
So much a part of my life
Where did it go

Time has brought some changes
Caught us by surprise
Where is the seed, that we need
Keeps our love alive

Traces of lines that lead back to nowhere
Forgotten memories of yesteryear
That's all gone

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