

## Souvenirs

John Prine

All the snow has turned to water  
Christmas days have come and gone  
Broken toys and faded colors  
Are all that's left to linger on  
I hate graveyards and old pawn shops  
For they always bring me tears  
I can't forgive the way they rob me  
Of my childhood souvenirs

Memories they can't be boughten  
They can't be won at carnivals for free  
Well it took me years  
To get those souvenirs  
And I don't know how they slipped away from me

Broken hearts and dirty windows  
Make life difficult to see  
That's why last night and this mornin'  
Always look the same to me

I hate reading old love letters  
For they always bring me tears  
I can't forgive the way they rob me  
Of my sweetheart's souvenirs

Memories they can't be boughten  
They can't be won at carnivals for free  
Well it took me years  
To get those souvenirs  
And I don't know how they slipped away from me