

## Among My Souvenirs

Marty Robbins

There's nothing left for me  
Of days that used to be  
I live in memory, among my souvenirs

Some letters tied in blue  
A photograph or two  
I find a rose for you  
Among my souvenirs

A few more tokens rest  
Down in 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 live in memories  
Among my souvenirs