

My Broken Souvenirs

Pussycat

For each moment of tears
I still had my souvenirs
Cherished in a pocket full of dreams
I could hold I could feel
Kept pretending they were real
Long time after lovers stayed away.
Now a picture of you
I had cherished so true
Even kissed 'till I'd seen you again
But when

I've been crying today
Threw my memories away
Something died as I cried
For my broken souvenirs.
Can I reach for the sun
Find a place I belong
Now you're one of my broken souvenirs.
If you'll need me again
There's no way you really can
Pasted pieces never make a whole
And if you leave your room
On some windy afternoon
Try to see where all the pieces flew.
It was hard to get on
Since my memories were gone
But if you'll ever see me again
I can

I've been crying today...