

# Among My Souvenirs

Connie Francis

There's nothing left for me  
Of days that used to be  
They're just a memory  
Among my souvenirs  
Some letters sad and blue  
A photograph or two  
I see a rose from you  
Among my souvenirs  
A few more tokens rest  
Within 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 count them all apart  
And, as the teardrops start,  
I find a broken heart  
Among my souvenirs

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