

Brenda Lee, Traces

Faded for grabs covered now with lines and creases
Tickets torn in half, memories in bits and pieces
Traces of love long ago that didn't work out right
Traces love ribbons in my hair
Silver mingles the pins together
The ring he used to wear, pages from an old love
Traces love long ago that didn't work out right
Trace love with me tonight
You know I close my eyes and I say a little prayer
That in his heart he'll find
A trace of love still there, somewhere
Traces love I hold in the night that he'll come back and dry
Theses traces of love from my eyes, traces oh oh oh yeah, traces