

Classics Four, Traces

Faded photographs, 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 of love.

Ribbons from her hair, souvenirs of days together.
The ring she used to wear, pages from an old love letter.
Traces of love, long ago, that didn't work out right,

traces of love....with me, tonight.

(Bridge)

I close my eyes...and say a prayer,

That in her heart she'll find,

A trace of love still there...somewhere, ohhh oh.

(Instrumental 8 measures)

Traces of hope...in the night, that she'll come back and dry, (Submitted by the
these, traces of tears, from my eyes. Ohh oh oh ohhhh... Voice of Romance)