

# Connie Francis, Among my souvenirs

There's nothing left for me of days that used to be  
There's just a memory among my souvenirs  
Some letters tied in 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