

Demis Roussos, From Souvenirs To Souvenirs

A lonely room and empty chair
Another day so hard to bear
The things around me that I see remind me of
The past and how it all used to be

From souvenirs to more souvenirs I live
With days gone by when our hearts had all to give
From souvenirs to more souvenirs I live
With dreams you left behind
I'll keep on turning in my mind

There'll never be another you
No one will share the worlds we knew
And now that loneliness has come to take your place
I close my eyes and see your face