

Four Classics, Traces

Album: Greatest Hits

Composer: Buddy Buie / James Cobb / Emory Gordy

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

I close my eyes and say a prayer
That in her heart she'll find
A trace of love still there somewhere, ohhh oh

Traces of hope in the night
That she'll come back and dry
These, traces of tears
From my eyes
Ohh oh oh ohhhh