

# J.J. Cale, Traces

(J.J. Cale)

Traces of loving a life I remember  
Already grown by December  
By spring it was gone  
Traces of people and things, and places  
So much a part of my life  
Where did it go  
Time has brought some changes  
Caught us by surprise  
Where is the seed, that we need  
Keeps our love alive  
Traces of lines that lead back to nowhere  
Forgotten memories of yesteryear  
That's all gone  
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