John Prine, Souvenirs

All the snow has turned to water Christmas days have come and gone Broken toys and faded colors Are all that's left to linger on I hate graveyards and old pawn shops For they always bring me tears I can't forgive the way they rob me Of my childhood souvenirs

Chorus:

Memories they can't be boughten
They can't be won at carnivals for free
Well it took me years
To get those souvenirs
And I don't know how they slipped away from me

Broken hearts and dirty windows Make life difficult to see That's why last night and this mornin' Always look the same to me

I hate reading old love letters For they always bring me tears I can't forgive the way they rob me Of my sweetheart's souvenirs

(Repeat chorus)