

# Tom T. Hall, Souvenirs

Take these arms of mine, throw them away  
They're just souvenirs of some other day  
Take these lips of mine, they're useless to me  
They're just souvenirs of things that used to be  
(Chorus)

They're just souvenirs and who needs 'em now  
They're just bits and pieces of my yesterday, anyhow  
Take this old heart of mine, it's been beating too long  
It's just a souvenir of something that went wrong  
Take my yesterdays, the minutes, the hours  
They're just souvenirs, they'll fade like the flowers  
Take these eyes before I see her again  
They're just souvenirs of things that might have been  
(Chorus)  
O! T's just a souvenir of something that went wrong