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)
Ol' T's just a souvenir of something that went wrong