

# Souvenirs

Dan Fogelberg

Here is a poem  
That my lady sent down  
Some morning while  
I was away.  
Wrote on the back of  
A leaf that she found  
Somewhere around Monterey. And here is the key  
To a house far away  
Where I used to live  
As a child.  
They tore down the building  
When I moved away  
And left the key unreconciled.  
And down in the canyon  
The smoke starts to rise.  
It rides on the wind  
Till it reaches your eyes.  
When faced with the past  
The strongest man cries... cries. And down in the canyon  
The smoke starts to rise.  
It rides on the wind  
Till it reaches your eyes.  
When faced with the past  
The strongest man cries... cries.  
And here is a sunrise  
To set on your sill.  
The ghosts of the dawn  
Moving near.  
They pass through your sorrow  
And leave you quite still...  
Sitting among souvenirs.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>