

Souvenirs

John Prine

All the snow has turned to water,
Christmas days have come and gone.
Broken toys and faded colours 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 robbed me of my childhood souvenirs. 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 morning
Always look the same to me.
And I hate reading old love letters
For they always bring me tears.
I can't forget the way they robbed me,
Of my sweetheart's souvenirs.
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.

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