

Classics IV, Traces

Faded photograph
Covered now with lines and creases
Tickets torn in half
Memories in bits and pieces
Traces of love long ago
That didn't work out right
Traces of love

Ribbons from her hair
Souvenirs of days together
The ring he used to wear
Pages from an old love letter
Traces of love long ago
That didn't work out right
Traces of love
With me tonight

I close my eyes and say a prayer
That in her heart
she'll find
A trace of love still there
Somewhere, ooooh, oh

[Instrumental Interlude]

Traces of hope in the night
that she'll come back and dry
These traces of tears
From my eyes
Whoooo, ooh, oh, ooh