



That's why last night and this morning

D

Always look the same to me.

G A7

And I hate reading old love letters

D

For they always bring me tears.

G A7

I can't forget the way they robbed me

D

Of my sweetheart's souvenirs.

Chorus

A7

D

Memories, they can't be boughten.

A7

D

They can't be won at carnivals for free.

A7

D

Well it took me years to get those souvenirs,

G

A7

And I don't know how they slipped away from me.