

# Four Classics, Traces

Album: Greatest Hits

Composer: Buddy Buie / James Cobb / Emory Gordy

Faded photographs, 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 she 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, ohhh oh

Traces of hope in the night  
That she'll come back and dry  
These, traces of tears  
From my eyes  
Ohh oh oh ohhhh