

Memory

Midnight. Not a sound from the pavement.
Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone.
In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet
And the wind begins to moan.

Memory, all alone in the moonlight.
I can smile at the old days, I was beautiful then.
I remember the time I knew what happiness was,
Let the memory live again.

Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning.
Someone mutters and the street lamp gutters,
And soon it will be morning.

Daylight. I must wait for the sunrise,
I must think of a new life, and I mustn't give in
When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too.
And a new day will begin.

Burnt out ends of smoky days,
The stale cold smell of morning.
The street lamp dies, another night is over,
Another day is dawning.

Touch me. It's so easy to leave me,
All alone with the memory of my days in the sun
If you'll touch me You'll understand what happiness is
Look, a new day has begun...

