

# Memory

John Barrowman

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 streetlamp

Seems to beat a fatalistic warning  
Someone mutters  
And the streetlamp gutters  
And soon it will be morning

Daylight

I must wait for the sunrise  
I must think of a new life  
And I musn'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 streetlamp 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 touch me  
You'll understand what happiness is  
Look  
A new day has begun