

Memories

Janis Ian

Tomorrow is the birthday
of a lady dressed in blue
She don't have much to look forward to,
and nor do you
We live alone though we sleep
in the same old bed together
This is the home we built
before we lost forever
There are memories
within the walls and tapestries
There are memories...
Sitting alone at the station,
waiting for a train that never comes
The nights are cold
The days just fade away
Tomorrow never comes
Nothing to say but yesterdays
Do you remember my name?
I don't remember you
We live alone though we live
in the same old home
with the same old truth
There are memories
within the walls and tapestries
There are memories...
Sitting alone at the station
Waiting for a train that never comes