

Memory

Kimberley Walsh

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 of the old days, life 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 a streetlamp 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 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.