

# The Way We Were

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Memories . . . like the corners of my mind  
misty, water-coloured, memories  
of the way we were!

Scattered pictures, of the smiles we left behind  
smiles we gave to one another  
for the way we were!

Can it be that it was all so simple then,  
or, has time rewritten every line?  
If we had the chance to do it all again,  
tell me, would we, could we?

Memories . . . may be beautiful, and yet,  
what's too painful to remember  
we simply choose to forget  
so it's the laughter, we will remember,  
whenever we remember,  
the way we were!

. . . the way we were!