

Memory

Roger Whittaker

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, 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 at 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 the night will be a memory too
And a new day will begin

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

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
And a new day will begin