

Memories Of The Past

Tahiti 80

As I look back on some nights in the park,
Strange meetings in the dark,
I can see you talking to unknown shadow
As the black sky is coming down on us so low

And I wonder why
I always keep pleasant memories of the past
Why anything bad or good seems better,
Once it has passed

I'm facing the ceiling, alone in the dark
Remembering all the things
Which have left a mark
I find it hard to see what stands in the shadow
As if somebody didn't want me to know

This very personal story
May only make sense to me