

Memory

Michael Crawford

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement
Has the moon lost her memory?
She is smiling alone

In the lamp light 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
I 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 street lamp gutters
and soon it will be morning

Day light, 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 a smoky days
the stale cold smell of morning

the street lamp 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