Andrew Lloyd Webber, Think Of Me

CHRISTINE:

Think of me.

Think of me fondly

When we've said goodbye

Remember me

Every so often

Please promise me you'll try

On that day,

That not so distant day

When you are far away and free

If you ever find a moment

Stop and think of me

Think of August,

Think of when trees were green

Don't think about

The way things might have been

Think of me

Think of me waking

Silent and resigned

Imagine me,

Trying to hard to put you from my mind

Think of me

Please say you'll think of me

Whatever else you may choose to do

There will never be a day

When I won't think

Of you!

RAOUL:

Can it be?

Can it be, Christine?

BRAVO!

Long ago,

It seems so long ago

How young and innocent we were

She may not remeber me,

But I remember

Her

CHRISTINE:

Flowers fade

The fruits of summer fade

They have their season, so do we

But please promise me

That sometimes you will

Think of me!