

# Krzysztof Kiljański, Precious Memories

Saw you walking in the rain  
it brought back memories  
of times we shared together  
of that love- so wild and free.  
We used to jump all fences,  
there were no boundaries.  
Now love is just a river  
of precious memories.  
I wondered if I should  
just stop and say "Hallo".  
After all these years  
I still want to know  
do you sometimes think about us,  
when our hearts were wild and free?..  
Now our love is just a river  
of precious memories.  
So I just stood and watched  
as you slowly disappeared,  
and that old familiar feeling  
for a moment reappeared.  
And I caught myself remembering  
how you brought me to my knees,  
turning love into a river  
of precious memories.  
I said a little prayer  
through the pouring rain.  
I wished you only happiness  
and I whispered out your name.  
If fate is forgiving  
and an angel hears my please,  
we'll meet again on that river  
of precious memories.