

# Michael Ball, Memory (Cats)

(Andrew Lloyd Webber/Thomas Eliot/Trevor Nunn)

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement

Has the moon lost her memory?

She is smiling alone

In the 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 steet lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning

someone mutters and a street lamp gutters

and soon it will be morning

Day light, i mustwait 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 smokey 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