Tahiti 80, Memories Of The Past

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

(Chorus)
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

(Chorus)

This very personal story May only make sense to me

(Chorus)