Andrew Lloyd Webber, Memory

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement

Has the moon lost her memory?

She is smiling alone

In the lamplight, 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 streetlamp seems to beat

A fatalistic warning

Someone mutters and the street lamp gutters

And soon

It will be morning

Daylight

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 smokey days

The stale cold smell of morning

The streetlamp dies, another night is over

Another day is dawning...

Optional verse:

Sunlight through the trees in summer,

endless masquerading...

Like a flower, as the day is breaking,

The memory is fading...

Touch me,

It's so easy to leave me

All alone with my memory

Of my days in the sun...

If you touch me, you'll understand what happiness is

Look, a new day has begun.