

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.