

Margaret, Memory Of Love

I recall dancing on the edge of the road
Drink and smoke, with nowhere to go
It's a miracle, miracle, we ever made it home (Yeah)
Time had froze, but we were not afraid of the cold
Just the thought of being alone
It was physical, physical, the way you held me close

Moments that we can't replace
Can't erase all our mistakes
I think it's funny, yeah, I think it's funny, one day
We'll tell these stories again

One more time before you go
One more high before the low
All these nights, I'm holding on
To the memory of love
One more time before you go
One more life beside the phone
All these nights, I'm holding on
To the memory of love
Memory of love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love
Memory of love, love, love, love, love
Memory of love

You and I, together is the time of our life
We close our eyes, afraid of the light
It's a ritual, ritual, to live before we die

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