

# 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.