

Dennis DeYoung, 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 a time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again

Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning
Someone mutters in 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 musn't give in
When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too
And a new day will begin

Burnt-out ends of smoky days
The stale, cold smell of morning
The street lamp dies
Another night is over
Another day is dawning

Touch me, it's so easy to leave me
All alone with the memory
Of my days in the sun
If you touch me you'll understand what happiness is
Look a new day has begun