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