

Hayley Westenra, Memory

Midnight

Not a sound from the pavement
Has the moon lost her memory
She is smiling alone
In the lamp light
The withered leaves collect at my feet
And the wind begins to moan

Memory

All alone in the moonlight
I can smile like the old days
I was beautiful, then I remember
The time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again

Every street lamp 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 sun rise
I must think for the new life
And I mustn't give in

When the dawn comes
Tonight will be a memory too
And the new day will begin

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

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