

Krzysztof Kiljański, Precious Memories

Saw you walking in the rain
it brought back memories
of times we shared together
of that love- so wild and free.
We used to jump all fences,
there were no boundaries.
Now love is just a river
of precious memories.
I wondered if I should
just stop and say "Hallo".
After all these years
I still want to know
do you sometimes think about us,
when our hearts were wild and free?..
Now our love is just a river
of precious memories.
So I just stood and watched
as you slowly disappeared,
and that old familiar feeling
for a moment reappeared.
And I caught myself remembering
how you brought me to my knees,
turning love into a river
of precious memories.
I said a little prayer
through the pouring rain.
I wished you only happiness
and I whispered out your name.
If fate is forgiving
and an angel hears my please,
we'll meet again on that river
of precious memories.