

# Margaret, Memory Of Love

I recall dancing on the edge of the road  
Drink and smoke, with nowhere to go  
It's a miracle, miracle, we ever made it home (Yeah)  
Time had froze, but we were not afraid of the cold  
Just the thought of being alone  
It was physical, physical, the way you held me close

Moments that we can't replace  
Can't erase all our mistakes  
I think it's funny, yeah, I think it's funny, one day  
We'll tell these stories again

One more time before you go  
One more high before the low  
All these nights, I'm holding on  
To the memory of love  
One more time before you go  
One more life beside the phone  
All these nights, I'm holding on  
To the memory of love  
Memory of love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love  
Memory of love, love, love, love, love  
Memory of love

You and I, together is the time of our life  
We close our eyes, afraid of the light  
It's a ritual, ritual, to live before we die

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