

# Memory

Michael Crawford

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement  
Has the moon lost her memory  
She is shining alone.  
In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet  
And the wind begins to moan.  
Daylight, see the dew on the sunflower  
And a rose that is fading  
Roses wither away  
Like the sunflower I yearn to turn my face to the dawn  
I am waiting for the day  
Now Old Deuteronomy, just before dawn  
Through a silence you feel you could cut with a knife  
Announces the cat who can now be reborn  
And come back to a different jellicle life  
Memory, turn your face to the moonlight  
Let your memory lead you  
Open up, enter in  
If you find there the meaning of what happiness is  
Then a new life will begin  
Memory, all alone in the moonlight  
I can smile at the old days  
I was beautiful then  
I remember the time I knew what happiness was  
Let the memory live again  
Burnt out ends of smokey days  
The stale cold smell of morning  
The streetlamp dies, another night is over  
Another day is dawning  
Daylight, I must wait for the sunrise  
I must think of a new life  
And I mustn't give in  
When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too  
And a new day will begin  
Sunlight, through the trees in the summer  
Endless masquerading  
Like a flower as the dawn is breaking  
The memory is fading  
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

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