Memories Of The Past

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As I look back on some nights in the park
Strange meetings in the dark
I can see you talking to an unknown shadow
As the black sky is comin' down on us so lowAnd I wonder?
Why I always keep pleasant memories of the past?
Why anything bad or good seems better?
Once it has passedI'm facing the ceiling, alone in the dark
Remembering all the things which have left a mark
I find it's hard to see what stands in the shadow
As if somebody didn't want me to knowAnd I wonder?
Why I always keep pleasant memories of the past?
Why anything bad or good seems better?
Once it has passedThis very personal story
May only make sense to me
This very personal story
May only make sense to meThis very personal story
May only make sense to me
This very personal story
May only make sense to meAnd I wonder, why?
Why I always keep pleasant memories of the past?
Why anything bad or good seems better?
Once it has passed
Once it has passed
Once it has passed

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