

MEMORY

Webber/Nunn 1981 Cats 82

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Mid-night, not a sound from the pave-ment has the moon lost her mem-'ry. She is smil-ing a-
Mem-'ry, all a-lone in the moon-light, I can smile at the old days, I was beau-ti-ful
Day-light I must wait for the sun-rise, I must think of a new life and I must-n't give



lone. In the lamp-light where with-ered leaves col-lect at my feet and the
then. I re-mem-ber the time I knew what hap-pi-ness was let the
in when the dawn comes to-night will be a mem-o-ry too and a



wind be-gins to moan. Ev-'ry street lamp seems to beat a
mem-'ry live a-gain. Burnt out ends of smok-ey days the
new day will be-gin.



fa-ta-list-ic warn-ing. Some one mut-ters and a street lamp sput-ters
stale cold smell of the morn-ing. The street lamp dies a-noth-er night is o-ver,



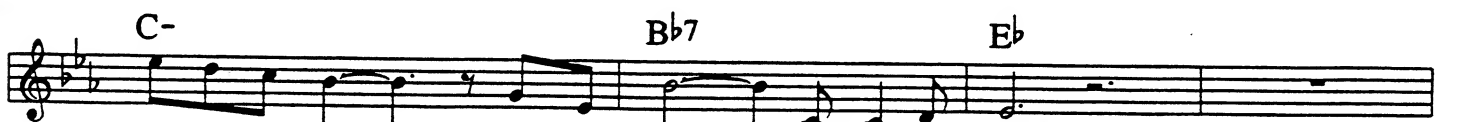
and soon it will be morn-ing.
a-noth-er day is



dawn-ing Touch me. it's so ea-sy to leave me all a-lone with the



mem-'ry of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll un-der-stand what



hap-pi-ness is, look! a new day has be-gun *Fine*