

Webber Andrew Lloyd

"Grizabella"

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You see the border of her coat is torn and stained with
sand

And you see the corner of her eye twist like a crooked
pin

Silence-not a sound from the pavement

Has the moon lost her memory

She is smiling alone

In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet

And the wind begins to moan

Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning

Someone mutters and the streetlamp gutters

And soon it will be morning

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

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