

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"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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