

## **Betty Buckley**

### **"Memory"**

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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

Midnight, 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

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

Every street lamp  
Seems to beat a fatalistic warning  
Someone mutters and the street lamp gutters  
And soon it will be morning

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

Burnt out ends of smoky days  
The stale cold smell of morning  
The street lamp dies, another night is over  
Another day is dawning

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

