

Allan Taylor

"Brighton Beach"

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Young girl, so pretty
Young boy, not a hair on his face
They're looking out at the big wide world
This was their time, this was their place
He said, one day I will make you mine
We'll be together till the end of time
Brighton Beach in 1959

Young woman, flowers in her hair
Young man, plays a mean guitar
So cosmic, but this is the 60s
Everything is far out, way too far
Revolution is in the air
But everyone is stoned and they don't care
'Cos it's New York in 1969

Everybody changes, as time goes by
But we can make it, if we try

Another city, bright lights
A winning streak, you're hitting the heights
Another face you wanna get to know
Everybody says it's the way to go
Maybe you came on just a little too strong
Maybe you played too hard and it all went wrong
But it was London town in 1979

Change partners, change of scene
Kids get stuck somewhere inbetween
No problem, we can work it out
But things get broken and people shout
She feels guilty thinking she should've stayed
And he gets scared 'cos the bills ain't paid
It was somewhere in suburbia in 1989

Everybody changes, as time goes by
But we can make it, if we try

Take it easy, take it slow
There's not much more you need to know
Looking back on the times you had

Hang on to the good, forget the bad
Take one last look down memory lane
It's good to be starting over again
On Brighton Beach in 1999
Brighton Beach in 1999

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