

Memory

3'50"
326

Andrew Lloyd Webber

mp

J=54

Mid - night. Not a sound from the pave - ment. Has the moon lost her
Mem - ory. All a - lone in the moon - light I can smile at the

4

wid & bravly

mem - ory? She is smi - ling a - lone. In the lamp - light the with - ered leaves col -
old days. Life was beau - ti - ful then. I re - mem - ber the time I knew what

7

1. *moan* 2.

- lect at my feet and the wind be - gins to moan. mem - ory live a - gain.
hap - pi - ness was let the

12

ndt

Ev - ry street lamp seems to beat a fa - ta - lis - tic war - ning. Some - one mut - ters and a

17

street lamp gut - ters and soon it will be mor - ning. Day - light, I must wait for the

21

sun - rise, I must think of a new life, and I must - n't give in. When the dawn comes to - night will be a

25

me-mo-ry too! And a new day will be - gin. U

31

Burnt out ends of smo - ky days the stale cold smell of mor - ning. The

35

street lamp dies, no - ther nights is o - ver. Ah ah

39

Touch me. It's so ea - sy to leave me all a - lone with the mem - ory of my days in the sun. If you

43

touch me you'll un - der - stand what hap - pi - ness is. Look, a new day has be - gun, has be -

47

gun, *pp* has be - gun.