

The Power of Broadway Poetry

"Memory" (Cats)

by Andrew Lloyd Webber/T.S. Eliot

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 dream of the old days
I was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again

Every streetlamp 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
A streetlamp 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.