Zdzisława Sośnicka, Memory

Midnight, Not a sound from the pavement Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone in the lamp light 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 warming Someone mutters and a street lamp sputters 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.