

So here we are, or rather, here I am, quite alone,
I'm seeing things that were shared before, long ago ...
my memory stretches and I am dazed: you know I know
how good the time was and how I laughed ..
Times have changed, now you're far away, I can't complain:
I had all my chances but they slipped right through my hands-
like so much sand;
I know I'll never dance like I used to

I'll just wait till day breaks upon the land and the sea.
hoping that I can catch all of the memories,
then I must crawl off upon my way, all of me
listening hard for the final words.
But there are none; the sunrise calls, I've lingered on
too close for comfort and I don't know quite why
I feel like crying -
I know we'll never dance like we used to.

I look up, I'm almost blinded by the warmth of what's inside me
and the taste that's in my soul,
but I'm dead inside as I stand alone