

# MEMORY

Andrew Lloyd Webber  
"The Cats"

*A mp*

Mid - night. Not a sound from the pave-ment. Has the moon lost her  
mem - 'ry? She is smiling a-lone. In the  
lamp - light the withered leaves collect at my feet and the  
noe - - - - *B D*  
wind be-gins to moan. Mem - 'ry. All alone in the  
and the wind begins to moan. *mf*  
moon - light, I can smile at the old days, I was beautiful  
then. I re - mem - ber the times I knew what  
noe - - - -  
happiness was, Let the mem - 'ry live a- gain.  
Let the mem'ry live a- gain.

*C E f*

Burnt out ends of smo-ky days, stale cold smell of

*mf* The street - lamp dies, an - ot-her  
mor - ning. Ah.

*mf*

night is o-ver , *poco rit.*  
, an - ot-her day is dawn-ing.

*F<sup>f</sup> a tempo*  
Touch me. It's so easy to leave me all a-lone with the  
Touch me. Leave me.

mem-'ry of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll understand what  
mem-'ry of my days in the sun.

*rit.*  
hap-pi-nes is. Look a new day has be - gun.  
a new day has be - gun.