

# Memories

Janis Ian

Tomorrow is the birthday  
of a lady dressed in blue  
She don't have much to look forward to,  
and nor do you  
We live alone though we sleep  
in the same old bed together  
This is the home we built  
before we lost forever  
There are memories  
within the walls and tapestries  
There are memories...  
Sitting alone at the station,  
waiting for a train that never comes  
The nights are cold  
The days just fade away  
Tomorrow never comes  
Nothing to say but yesterdays  
Do you remember my name?  
I don't remember you  
We live alone though we live  
in the same old home  
with the same old truth  
There are memories  
within the walls and tapestries  
There are memories...  
Sitting alone at the station  
Waiting for a train that never comes