I came down the stairs And saw you standing there Looking across the crowded room And crying running your fingers Through your hair. And Auld Lang Syne was playing People singing sorrow From the year that has gone. And I'm still fooling myself I keep holding on. There were so many nights When we lay as close as thieves. Lying on the bed together laughing I'd feel your breath upon my cheek. But it all comes down to this One look into your eyes Tells me something has gone. I must be out of my mind. I keep holding on. All my life I've known Things must change Find a way of their own. History rolls along so slow. We never notice where it's going. I go out at night To waste a little time. People ask me how I'm doing now I say I'm doing fine. But Auld Lang Syne will ring As people sing the sorrows From the years that linger on. Will I still be fooling myself. Will I still be fooling myself. Will I still be fooling myself Still be holding on.