

The Very Last Time

The Alan Parsons Project

I need to remember the day
When we said goodbye for the very last time
There was still so much to say
But time came between us and quietly stole you away

Let me remember the day
We walk to the garden and sit for a while
The hours are slipping away
Still I try to hold them and freeze them in time
So leave me believing we'll meet here again
Promise me some kind of sign

As each day turns into night
I blow out the candle and turn down the sheet
And now that you've risen so high
I know that you watch over me as I sleep
Always believing we'll meet up again
Waiting for some kind of sign

So now I remember the day
When we said goodbye for the very last time
But no one can take you away
'Cause here in my memories there's never a very last time
Never a very last time...