See her walking down the street She reads the signs that no one sees I ask myself if she'll remember me?

From Edge Lane to London Road I'd catch the bus there every Friday Hoping that I'd see her once again.

Heavy sighs and border lines
I'm a prisoner, when she's so fancy free
Will she remember me?
Will she remember me?

It seems like a month of Sundays Since I saw her cross the road The summer sun it never seemed so cold.

Then one day to my surprise
I spied her on the other side
I tried to speak but my tongue it was tied.

Heavy sighs and border lines
I'm a prisoner, when she's so fancy free
Will she remember me?
Will she remember me?

Heavy sighs and border lines
I'm a prisoner, when she's so fancy free
Will she remember me?
Will she remember me?

I met a friend who knew her mother He said he saw her yesterday He said she said that she went away.

Now she wears a diamond ring And glides across the crystal floor She doesn't walk down my street anymore.

Heavy sighs and border lines
I'm a prisoner, when she's so fancy free
Will she remember me?
Will she remember me?
Will she remember me?
Will she remember me?