

Some lonely, rainy day
 We will gently close our eyes
 And drift backwards through misty memories
 Of crowns and honors and trophies
 Of dances, banquets and people.
 Half-dreaming, we will relive that special night,
 Remember that special person, that special award,
 And then in the cob-webbed attics of our minds
 We will reminisce over each faded ribbon,
 Each yellowed invitation, and half-melted candle.
 We'll run a finger over a dust-covered trophy
 And smile to think that we were ever so young,
 So vibrant, and so full of life.
 Those special events are to keep forever
 And to warm our hearts on lonely, rainy days.

