

TIME IS HERE, FELLOWS, FOR MEMORY LANE. TIME TO LIVE THE DAYS OF THE PAST OVER AGAIN - AND TIME TO WISH AND HOPE THAT WE WILL BE ABLE TO RE-LIVE, IN SOME MEASURE, THOSE DAYS OF YESTERDAY WHICH WE MISS SO MUCH. YES, THOSE DAYS ARE PRETTY CLOSE TO US, AREN'T THEY? WE DREAM ABOUT THEM, AND RE-LIVE THEM OVER AND OVER AGAIN, BUT WE NEVER TIRE OF THEM, DO WE? AND THE MOST WISTFUL THOUGHTS ARE FOR HER - THE GIRL WE LEFT BEHIND.

THERE ISN'T A DAY THAT PASSES, JIM, THAT SHE DOESN'T CALL FOR YOU. MARGE YEARNS FOR YOU JIM, PRAYING AND HOPING THAT YOU'LL COME BACK TO HER, UNHURT, UNCHANGED.

REMEMBER, JIM, THE FIRST DATE YOU HAD WITH MARGE? REMEMBER HOW YOU'D SEE HER SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE, BUT YOU HADN'T DARED TO ASK HER OUT? REMEMBER HOW, WHEN YOU SAT NEAR HER, THAT YOUR EYES WOULD WANDER TO HER - AND HOW YOU WERE SURPRISED WHEN YOU SAW HER EYES FIXED ON YOU TOO? IT HAD TO HAPPEN, AND IT DID. IT WAS RATHER SUDDEN, WASN'T IT, THE WAY YOU SAID, "I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF TICKETS FOR THE SHOW - WOULD YOU CARE TO GO?" AND SHE ANSWERED, "I'D LOVE TO!"

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING, WASN'T IT JIM. AND AT THE SHOW, YOU SOMEHOW FOUND YOURSELVES HOLDING HANDS. CHILDISH, WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT NOW, BUT IT WAS PRETTY NICE THEN, WASN'T IT. EVEN THEN, IT WAS LIKE A DREAM - THAT YOU'D SUDDENLY AWAKE AND FIND IT WASN'T REAL. BUT IT WAS REAL, AND AFTER THE SHOW AS YOU WALKED ALONG WITH ARMS LINKED IN EACH OTHERS, YOU STOPPED, AND YOU KISSED HER.

NEITHER OF YOU SAID ANYTHING, DID YOU - BUT YOU BOTH KNEW. THERE WASN'T ANY NEED, WAS THERE, TO SAY "I LOVE YOU." AND LATER, WHEN YOU TWO WERE IN THAT LITTLE RESTAURANT GETTING A BITE TO EAT, YOU FOUND YOURSELVES SAYING LOVELY SILLY THINGS. AND WHEN YOU WALKED HOME - THE TWO OF YOU - YOU WERE SURE OF YOUR LOVE FOR HER AND SHE OF HER LOVE FOR YOU.

JIM, YOU'RE AWAY NOW, BUT THAT LOVE LIVES ON. JIM, YOU AREN'T FORGETTING, ARE YOU? SURE YOU'RE NOT. AND MARGE ISN'T EITHER.
JIMI

JIM, SHE'S WAITING FAITHFULLY FOR YOU. WAITING FOR YOU TO COME BACK TO HER SAFE AND SOUND. SHE HAS HER "MEMORY LANE" TOO, JIM, AND SHE RE-LIVES THE HOURS SHE SPENT WITH YOU. SHE REMEMBERS THE LITTLE THINGS YOU SAID, THE SWEET THINGS YOU DID AND SHE WAITS TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN AND THE FEEL OF HER ARMS AROUND YOU. SHE'S WAITING,
JIM.

(FADE IN WITH AULD LANG SYNE)