

The Fourteenth Of February

Billy Bragg

I wish that I could remember the first moment that we met
If only I could remember that sweet moment when we met
If I knew then that I
Would spend the rest of my life with you
I imagine I would have held your gaze a little longer
When first our eyes met

Did it rain or did sunshine attend our first meeting?
What words were said? what weight given to that first greeting?
My diary doesn't help
I don't even mention your name until that summer
When bloomed the
Seed sown on the first day that we met

I know the date, I know the place where it happened
Yet in my mind the scene I recall is imagined
As we grow old I'm sure
There will be moments that we will not forget
But I would
Remember something of the moment that we met