

Christmas Day

Jim White

Where in the world did you come from my dear?
Did some mysterious voice tell you I'd still be here?
I bought this ticket to Mobile, but I been stranded all day
P.a. said the bus broke down ten miles away from the station.

So seldom a door, so seldom a key, so seldom a hit like the hurt
you put on me.
But seldom comes happiness without the pain of the devil in the
details
Since I saw the smile on your face
As I was crying in a Greyhound station on Christmas Day, in 1998.

The burden of love is the fuel of bad grammar.
You stutter and stammer--what a bitch to convey the crux of the
matter,
When the words you must utter are hopelessly tangled
In the memories and scars you show no one.

So seldom...

I remember quite clearly, a bad Muzak version of James Taylor's
big hit,
Called "Fire and Rain" was playing as you crouched down and tearfully
kissed me,
And I thought, "Damn, what good fiction I will mold from this terrible
pain."

So seldom...

Amazing grace, how sweet the smile upon the face I never thought
I'd see you again
Especially here in this Greyhound station
On Christmas Day
In 1998.