

I Remember Her

Ingrid Michaelson

There is a house
It's not on a hill
And the

There is a tree in the frontyard
It's older than me
Older than all of you

There is a smell at the heat
It reminds me of Christmas
And birthdays and December

I remember her, I remember her
I remember her, so well
I remember her, I remember her
I remember her, so well
But things, they fade

She would kiss my hand
She would kiss my hand
And she'd fall asleep on me
In my tiny bed

She would sing me lullabies
Gave me my hazel eyes
And then she called me beautiful
She made me beautiful

I remember her, I remember her
I remember her, so well
I remember her, I remember her
I remember her, so well
But things, they fade

Things turn to grey
As much as I try to save them
It turns to grey
Just like the house
It's not on a hill