

The Day After Christmas

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I'm thinking of when I first touched you
Your skin was electric
Now I'm far too wise to dwell on such things
And far too sentimental to forget them
I read somewhere memories are stories you write for yourself
To explain who you are, and how you got there
And to blame it on somebody else

Now the gifts are open
The toys are broken
The speeches are all spoken
And the dishes cleared away
The stream keeps flowing
My doubts are growing
'Cause I've got no way of knowing if it'll be damned or reach t
he sea
For you and me

I met a man twice my age
Half joking, he said 'I should warn you.
You're a fish on the line, and the lines pulling in, and there'
s a frying pan coming to warm you'.
And while I smiled, it occurred to me
I'm just gristle and blood
And I've spent half my life with the sun in my eyes
Chasing rainbows through the mud

When I was a child in a little kid's world
My heart was the same as the one I have now
But it amazes me how much everything else has changed