

25th December

Everything But the Girl

And I see forests and it's the 25th of December
and my old man plays the piano for Christmas
He plays the piano for Christmas

And we're all there, all the aunties and uncles
and the angel's on the top of the tree
Up there on the top of the tree

And I never, no I never ever realized
And I never, no I never ever realized

Have I enough time, have I just some time
to revisit, to go back, to return, to open my mouth again
and say something different this time

And I see bags of newspaper and a car in the carport
and you're a grown up and still unsure
and I'm thirty and I don't know nothin' no more

And I never, no I never ever realized
And I never, no I never ever realized

And I'm sitting, sitting on the top of the stairs
and you're crying out on the towpath by the river
with all the swans and all the people walking by

And all of a sudden I'm stuck with an urge to unlock a door
with a key that's too big for my hands
and I drop it, and it falls at your feet
Come on, come on, it's there at your feet

And I never, no I never ever realized
And I never, no I never ever realized