

# I Remember Her

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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