

# The Day After Christmas

Kate Miller-Heidke

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