

I Remember

Barbra Streisand

I awake on a chilly Christmas morning
Watching choirs singing carols on TV
I gaze out through my window at a dozen other windows
Then I plug in my artificial tree
And like a dream I begin to remember every Christmas I used to
know
A thousand miles away, a million years ago
I remember sky.
It was blue as ink,
Or at least I think
I remember sky
I remember snow, soft as feathers, sharp as thumbtacks
Coming down like lint
And it made you squint when the wind would blow
And ice like vinyl on the streets
Cold as silver, white as sheets
Rain like strings and changing things
Like leaves
I remember leaves
Green as spearmint
Crisp as paper
I remember trees
Bare as coatsracks, spread like broken umbrellas
And parks and bridges, ponds and zoos
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes
Light and noise and bees and boys
And daaaaays, oh!
I remember days or at least I try
But as years go by, they're a sort of haze
And the bluest ink isn't really sky.
And at times I think I would gladly die
For a day of SKY!