Counting Stars

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

Every year I think about coming back
Seems like so much more
Time goes by than that
Hard to believe it's all real timeI'm sorry I can't be there with everyone on Christmas
To help bring in wood for the fire
And carry a stack of warm plates
To the table where the goose is servedI got in damned trouble again
It's like every year I get in trouble at Christmas time
Is to where I expect in the rain and the darkness of November
Leaves me feeling lost and hopelessSo I went to a bar by myself to try and forget
That I had nothing and no one
And I got into a fight with a big loud jock
He left me counting stars on the floorEvery damn year is the same
I say I'll come home
Once I got a little more to show for myself
Than just getting in troubleWe were counting stars on the ski slopes
Wearing all our clothes up against winter's snap
Scampering up hell to steal a run
On the Mohawk tobogganAnd later on we watched the hockey game
With beer and cigarettes
And finally we lay down to sleep
In the small beds of our childhoodCounting stars with the wavy glass
Of the old storm windows
On the big, long, crazy
Mohawk toboggan

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/