

# 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 time I'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 served I 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 hopeless So 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 floor Every 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 trouble We 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 toboggan And later on we watched the hockey game  
With beer and cigarettes  
And finally we lay down to sleep  
In the small beds of our childhood Counting stars with the wavy glass  
Of the old storm windows  
On the big, long, crazy  
Mohawk toboggan

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