

New Year's Day

The Bacon Brothers

We are sitting at a table in a bar in Baltimore

It's the last night of December

And the room is nearly full

And the front door pulls a draft in every time it opens wide

And you are telling me a story

From another time and life

And the waitress brings our order

And we're tucked in mighty close

And I feel like we belong among

The living and these ghosts

And I know that I am dreaming

As I memorize each part

In the telling lies a reverie

In the details lie the heart

Like the folds of summer dresses

Like the scent upon my wrist

Like the way you played guitar

Like a boxer punches with his fist

And taken or just lost to me

It's better now to say

I dwell in possibility

On New Year's Day

There's a jukebox or a bandstand

And we're on another round

And the night's just getting started

Or the night's just winding down

And your stories are not clouded yet by the ale

Or by the gin

They just make me feel as if I've known you

All my life again

Like the folds of summer dresses

Like the scent upon my wrist

Like the way you played guitar

Like a boxer punches with his fist

And taken or just lost to me

It's better now to say

I dwell in possibility

On New Year's Day

And this is what it looked like
When we started walking home
The night sky bleached to silver
 Against the city's bones
 In dreams or in our waking
 It's just enough to say
Love and grace and endless flowers
 Be ours on New Year's Day
And the folds of summer dresses
 And the bangles on my wrist
 And the way you played guitar
Like a boxer punches with his fist
 And taken or just lost to us
 It's better now to say
 We dwell in possibility
 On New Year's Day

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