

25th December

Everything But the Girl

And I see forests and it's the 25th of December
And my old man plays the piano for Christmas
He plays the piano for Christmas And we're all there, all the aunties and uncles
And the angels on the top of the tree
Up there on the top of the tree And I never, no I never ever realized
And I never, no I never ever realized Have I enough time, have I just some time
To revisit, to go back, to return, to open my mouth again
And say something different this time And I see bags of newspaper and a car in the carport
And you're a grown up and still unsure
And I'm thirty and I don't know nothing no more And I never, no I never ever realized
And I never, no I never ever realized And I'm sittin', sittin' at the top of the stairs
And you're cryin' out on the towpath by the river
With all the swans and all the people walking by And all of a sudden I'm stuck with an urge to unlock a door
With a key that's too big for my hands
And I drop it, and it falls at your feet Come on, come on, it's there at your feet
And I never, no I never ever realized
See I never, no I never ever realized
Come on, come on, it's there at your feet
And I never, no I never ever realized Come on, come on, it's there at your feet
See I never, no I never ever realized
Come on, come on, it's there at your feet
And I never, no I never ever realized Come on, come on, it's there at your feet
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