

I Remember Her

Ingrid Michaelson

There is a house
That's not on a hill
And the paint's chipping off of the old windowsill
There's a tree in the front yard
That's older than me,
And older than all of you
There is a smell that the heat makes
It reminds me of Christmas
And birthdays in December
I remember her, I remember her
I remember her so well
I remember her, I remember her
I remember her so well
But things they fade...
She would kiss my hand
She would kiss my head
And she'd fall asleep with me
In my tiny bed
She would sing me lullabies
Gave me my hazel eyes
And then she called me beautiful
She made me beautiful
I remember her, I remember her
I remember her so well
I remember her, I remember her
I remember her so well
But things they fade...
Things turn to grey
As much as I try to save them
It turned to grey
Just like the house
That's not on a hill
With all of the rust on the gate,
The chips on the sill
But I love it still

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