# That Christmas

## Peter Cincotti

Silver and gold
was the star above the tree
Far from the cold
by the fire
was you and meAs the sidewalks slept
beneath the sheet of snow
We let the mistletoe
watch us kissI dream about that Christmas
even though
it's not the mistletoe
I missThis memory is old
but it finds me every year
And when I think about
that Christmas long ago
it's almost like
you're still here

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