

# Everything But The Girl, 25th December

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 angle's on the top of the tree.  
Up there o the top of the tree.

And I never, no I never ever realised.  
And I never, no I never ever realised.

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 realised.  
And I never, no I never ever realised.

And I'm sitting, sitting on the top of the stairs,  
And you're crying 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 realised.  
And I never, no I never ever realised.