

Girlyman, Carols At Christmas

A cold crash of metal and gears
Grip the wheel as I sit right here
Did she get away, a ghost of a deer
Am I in this all alone?

Well I'm nine, singing carols at Christmas
I am trying to make sense of your tenses
I know a word but not the rest of your sentence
There is nothing I can do
Because I don't understand you

Always felt like I was walking a maze
No one told me to go right or left
Blue or red, what colors disguise me
So I look like all the rest?

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Your eyes never change their watchful gaze on the T.V. set
They're already a day ahead in the east
Can an island mean more than me?
Well there you are, standing with people like you
It seems I've never seen you laugh like you do
I count the ways I could have been more like you

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