

Ingrid Michaelson, The Hat

I knitted you a hat all blue and gold
To keep your ears warm from the Binghamton cold.
It was my first one and it was too small.
It didn't fit you at all, but you wore it just the same.

I remember the first time we danced.
I remember tunneling through the snow like ants.
What I don't recall is why I said,
"I simply can't sleep in this tiny bed with you anymore."

I should tell you that you were my first love.

So it's Christmas time, it's been three years.
And someone else is knitting things for your ears.

I have come to learn I'll only see you interrupting my dreams at night
And that's alright. And that's alright. And that's alright. And that's alright.

I should tell you that you were my first love.

And it's alright. And it's alright. And it's alright.

(And it's alright.) We were seventeen again together.
(And it's alright.) We were seventeen again together.
(And it's alright.) We were seventeen again together.

I should tell you that you were my first love.
I should tell you that you were my first love.

We were seventeen again.
We were seventeen again.
We were seventeen again.