

# Barbra Streisand, I Remember

I awake on a chilly Christmas morning  
Watching choirs singing carols on TV  
I gaze out through my window at a dozen other windows  
Then I plug in my artificial tree  
And like a dream I begin to remember every Christmas I used to know  
A thousand miles away, a million years ago  
I remember sky.  
It was blue as ink,  
Or at least I think  
I remember sky  
I remember snow, soft as feathers, sharp as thumbtacks  
Coming down like lint  
And it made you squint when the wind would blow  
And ice like vinyl on the streets  
Cold as silver, white as sheets  
Rain like strings and changing things  
Like leaves  
I remember leaves  
Green as spearmint  
Crisp as paper  
I remember trees  
Bare as coatracks, spread like broken umbrellas  
And parks and bridges, ponds and zoos  
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes  
Light and noise and bees and boys  
And daaaaays, oh!  
I remember days or at least I try  
But as years go by, they're a sort of haze  
And the bluest ink isn't really sky.  
And at times I think I would gladly die  
For a day of SKY!