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Brooke Fraser "Ice On Her Lashes"

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The lone woman stands in the turning December
She's got ice on her lashes, white at her winter coat
The trees stand like soldiers around her
Dutiful wooden curse
And the heart she feared frozen
Still beats and still marches on

Oh, Annie I will think of you each time I see the sun Didn't want a day without you

But somehow I've lived through another one

A gentlemen waits on a platform in a haze of gray and grief

Now he's sold up his assets, starting over at 70 The steam blasts like trumpets around him Salutes on the colonnade

As he thinks to himself:

"We're all waiting for our train to come"

Oh, Annie I will think of you each time I see the sun Didn't want a year without you But somehow I've lived through another one

Did you find it hard to breathe at first?

Were you wounded and in disbelief at how much it hurt?

Now the ache's still burning, but the world's still turning

Isn't it?

Oh, Annie I still think of you each time I see the sun Didn't want a life without you But here I am living one

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