

## December

Basia Bulat

I touched the ink on my paper,  
a permanant scar i'm gonna carry forever to remember your arms  
and though your eyes were december when you had june in your he  
art

and now your hands are so restless,  
I never knew how you felt  
and now i'm crossing my fingers, cause nothing else helps,  
and I don't want to forget you but I can't help myself

I want to hang on even though you're gone  
and it wont be long 'til winter's gone again

oh, oh, I want to hang on even though you're gone  
and it wont be long 'til winter's gone again