

## December Skies

Cowboy Junkies

September skies,  
Bodies falling  
Never again will you catch me admiring  
Those vast september skies.

October skies,  
Hate is flying.  
Crimson leaves slowly falling  
From azure october skies.

Time to kill our children  
And sing about it.  
Let's all kill our children  
And sing about it.

November skies,  
Heart is sinking.  
No telling where they're leading  
These grey november skies.

Time to kill our children  
And sing about it.  
Let's all kill our children  
And sing about it.

December skies, star will be rising.  
Will we heed those lessons ringing  
Through those dark december skies.

Time to kill our children  
And sing about it.  
Let's all kill our children  
And sing about it.