

The Woods

Emmy the Great

December came faster than most
And before we knew it, it was cold
And you turned to me
As if to say that we should not have come this way
You didn't ask a question, so I had no reply
And we came upon a congregation
And we turned our faces to the constellation
Singing "we are both believers now"
But still there was no voice in the clouds
You see, the stars are not our conscience
They are just another light in our eyes
In our eyes
They are just another light keeping us blind
Long time I have left Umeah
Long time travelled in your company

But I see the road before us split
And I know that I should follow it
But I know that I will find you
When the morning spreads it's breath across the night
Find you
In the morning at the end of my life
December's roads are long and they're tough
And sometimes I get really tired and stuck
But I keep the thought that when I die
They will carry me and lay me by your side
They will carry me and lay me by your side
And there amongst the dirt
At last our roads again will merge