

# December's Traditions

## Frightened Rabbit

December's traditions  
Suck the last of summer from our cheeks  
Draw the curtains, strip the trees  
In so-called living rooms  
Scottish pastimes come to roost  
Love's labour stains a linen sheet

The ghostly body  
Who makes his bed beside you  
Is slowly losing teeth  
The boy needs sunlight  
And a shot of modesty  
He needs to get some sleep

It's not the answer  
A sticking plaster on a shattered bone  
What do you need?  
What do you need from me?

It's not the answer  
Keep treating cancer like a cold  
What do you need?  
What do you need from me?

After months of grieving  
Fuck the grief, I'm leaving  
Will you leave with me?  
The bloodloss, the towering cost  
Of mouth to mouth and tongue to tongue  
One lick brings warm metallic taste

I can't correct myself  
Convince you that there's no-one else  
In volumes of new leaves  
If you want a saint you don't want me

It's not the answer  
A sticking plaster on a shattered bone  
What do you need?  
What do you need from me?

It's not the answer  
Keep treating cancer like a cold  
What do you need?  
What do you need from me?

It's not the answer  
I'm just begging to be told  
What you need?  
What you need from me?

If I had the answer  
I'd write a book on what I know  
What do you need?  
What do you need from me?