

Late December

Maria McKee

I always stood out on Dream Street
Set up to fall down on Dream Street
Diamond branches, crack upon the dawn
I keep holdin' on, why do I keep holdin' on

And from your window the lamplight golden
Falls frozen round my shivering shoulders

This late December (baby baby when can we)
When can we start over

Been the season of naivety
I search for reason in epiphany
Rubber bangles tangled up my home
Strands of amber glowing warm
Strangle like a reef of thorn

Dragged down trees in the icy lots
And the relics of the holy found their sacred spots

This late December (baby baby when can we)
When can we start over

Ooh...

Down by the river the wind kicks up
And it sits down Christopher hoggin' it up
Lord knows how the city has changed
But things down here kinda stay the same
And the Westside boys singin' ode to joy
The Westside boys singin' ode to joy

This late December (baby baby when can we)
When can we start over

Late, late December (baby baby when can we)
When can we start over