

Farewell, December

Matt Nathanson

I like the way the streetlights finger paint your body.
Fireworks off the roof glowing in your eyes.
Wearing my jacket, voice like an angel h-hey hey.
I felt alive, for the first time in my life.
I held you tight, and the crowd sang Auld Lang Syne.
Where gearing meets the sea, you turned and said to me, this year was ours.
Farewell December.
Ship lights look like stars stars out in the distance.
We're as young now as we're ever gonna be.
Your hand in my pocket, heart like a rocket, h-hey hey.
I felt alive, for the first time in my life.
I held you tight, and the crowd sang Auld Lang Syne.
The sky was turning blue, like movie endings do, this year was Ours, ours, ours.
Farewell December.
Faster faster, slip this disaster.
We go faster faster, slip this disaster.
We go faster faster, slip this disaster.
Faster faster, lost in your laughter.
Oh.
I felt alive for the first time in my life.
I held you tight, and the crowd sang Auld Lang Syne.
The sky was turning blue, like movie endings do, this year was Ours, ours, ours.
Farewell December.

Oh oh oh
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