

# Her Name Was December

Matthew Mayfield

I can feel you hesitating  
as your breath begins to shake  
thread a needle and I'll weave my way  
in and out, your doubts unraveling

So long December, baby  
I am sinking in  
if you don't remember me, I hope you're listening  
yeah I miss you again, again  
yeah I miss you again, again

Caught a glimpse inside euphoria,  
a face willing to dream  
like a fire in a lover's veins  
your eyes will rise, then turn away

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All these memories parade...parade  
inside these boxes full of pacts we've made  
and our remains

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