

December, December

Said the Whale

Wasn't just any fawn

It was the way the snow reflected

That made the sky pink

The silence of snow

The sound of the rain

The comedy of human error

And I said

"Sunshine or no sunshine

This is my (?) "

Cursed at the clouds

Bringing me down

You can get dark early

You can get light late

Find the biggest icicle

Stand beneath it and wait

You can scare the leaves off

And send the birds down south

And soak my skin, soak my skin

Soak my skin, soak my skin

I won't go south...

I won't go south...

Wasn't just any winter

It was the kind that makes you

Want to slip down the stairs