The Past Two

Planes Mistaken For Stars

and i swear i tried to find the light in this i held my breath for as long as i could hold on.
you've known i'm not much for complaining.
but there's not much left of me this winter got the best of me.
december killed the best of me.
and i'm sure it's been catching and gaining but how could you see.
and even if you spun cartwheels with sparklers in your hands it wouldn't be enough for me.
december killed the best of me.
and i just called and i just wrote to say goodbye.
'cause i'm afraid when the snow clears there won't be much left of me.
december killed the best of me

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