

Lawrence

William D. Drake

December it's usually a little colder
That's something that I'll learn as I get older
People walkin' by staring at the ground
Most of them walk on by some throw their paper down
Mama's tambourine yellow submarine
My daddy sings and then there's me
Christmas I guess it's gonna miss us
For all that I know it's just another day
Can you spare the time for me and mine
If you're down on your luck now's your turn to shine

For daddy's guitar strings me and Bobby McGee
My mama sings and then there's me
Am I the only one I wish I could ask someone
Well I just stare at the skylike there's nothing wrong
As that December wind starts to get strong
As I hum along to my people's song
What is it good for come you masters of war
My people sing mama's tambourine daddy's guitar strings
And then there's me and then there's me

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