December in New York

Thea Gilmore

Friday's humming summer
And the whiskey sun is running
out the night sky
I am here watching your form
Slowly pacing in the dawn
as all the stars die
Yeah you're like a hit you are tailored just to fit
the changing season
Baby what is this we are two star crossed bits
of an equationIs it that you're shining
Is it your endgame talk
You're like a suntan in November
Or December in New YorkI will tune in to the radio
To hear some guy on some show
sing like chocolate
No its not my job to be sentimental
Yeah, I swear it was accidental
it just turned out like thatIs it that you're shining
Is it your endgame talk
You're like a suntan in November
Or December in New YorkI know I should be spitting bitter
Just for interest it's more fitting
for a girl like me
But I am standing here
Amid politics and tears
and I'm shouting loudly
The dustcart is slugging
Its way around the corner
in the morning
And if you listen close
You'll hear the fairylights and smoke
of the East Coast callingIs it that you're shining
Is it your endgame talk
You're like a suntan in November
Or December in New York
December in New York
December in New York

Songwriters

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