

December

David Gray

All my tears will dry away
All my tears will dry away
All my tears will dry away Words don't bother me no more
Black money falling to the floor
Flags out on the balconies
Black money washing to the seas
Oh my mind What happened
To the time December All my house got blown away
All my house got blown away
All my house and all my home
Walls of glass and walls of stone
Got blown away Stations in the neon light
Your body strange as dynamite
Killers underneath our skins
Black mirrors, black hyacinths

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