

# Through December

[Laura Veirs](#)

Birds were falling from the sky, all leaves had turned to brown  
The heartless cold froze everything and took my poor red down  
Poor old red, she's dead and gone her eyes  
I do remember at least I have this old guitar  
To get me through December, through December  
Her eyes were dark as winter's night both  
Somehow young and old, I loved her most  
The day she died her hair was colored gold  
Poor old red, she's dead and gone her eyes  
I do remember at least I have this old guitar  
To get me through December, through December  
Old man winter at my door, the sky heavy with snow, all's cold  
But my heart poor red it's hard to let you go  
Poor old red, she's dead and gone her eyes  
I do remember at least I have this old guitar  
To get me through December, through December

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