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 downPoor 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 DecemberHer eyes were dark as winter's night both
Somehow young and old, I loved her most
The day she died her hair was colored goldPoor 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 DecemberOld man winter at my door, the sky heavy with snow, all's cold
But my heart poor red it's hard to let you goPoor 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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