

# Small December

## White Sea

Small December's on the loose  
It's wrecking hearts and it's wrecking suits  
Try to push your love away  
But it'll haunt me 'til my dying dayThe city burns in winter's night  
I greet the cold but I ache to fight  
Try to push my love away  
But it'll haunt you 'til your dying dayAnd it's high time  
And it's high time  
For the wrecking ball to comeYour voice, it haunts this place  
Folding time and tearing space  
I lost my mind to find my way  
And I will love you 'til my dying dayAnd it's high time  
And it's high time  
For the wrecking ball to comeAnd it's high time  
And it's high time  
For the wrecking ball to comeAnd I don't want  
To feel you anymore  
You're haunting me  
I'm sure 'til the day I dieAnd it's high time  
And it's high time  
For the wrecking ball to comeAnd it's high time  
And it's high time  
For the wrecking ball to comeSmall December's on the loose  
It's wrecking hearts and it's wrecking suits  
We try to push the love away  
But it'll haunt us 'til our dying day

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