

# December's Traditions

## Frightened Rabbit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

December's traditions suck the last of summer from our cheeks  
Draws the curtains, strips the trees  
In so-called living rooms, Scottish pastimes come to roost  
Love's labors stain a linen sheetThe ghostly body who makes his bed beside you  
Is slowly losing teeth  
The boy needs sunlight and a shot of modesty  
He needs to get some sleepIt's not the answer, sticking plaster on a shattered bone  
What do you need? What do you need from me?  
It's not the answer, treating cancer like a cold  
What do you need? What do you need from me?After months of grieving, well fuck the grief I'm leaving  
Will you leave with me?  
The blood loss, the towering cost of mouth to mouth and tongue to tongue  
The lick brings warm, metallic tasteI can't correct myself  
Convince you that there's no-one else  
In volumes of new leaves  
If you want a saint, you don't want meIt's not the answer, sticking plaster on a shattered bone  
What do you need? What do you need from me?  
It's not the answer, treating cancer like a cold  
What do you need? What do you need from me?  
It's not the answer, well I'm just begging to be told  
What do you need? What do you need from me?  
If I had the answer, I'd write a book on what I know  
What do you need? What do you need from me?

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