

December Day

Willie Nelson

This looks like a December day
This looks like a "time to remember" day
And I remember the spring, such a sweet tender thing
And love's summer college,
Where the green leaves of knowledge,
Were waiting to fall with the fall And where September wine,
Numbed the measure of time
Through the tears of October, now November's over,
And this looks like a December day This looks like a December day
It looks like we've come to the end of the way
And as my memories race back to love's eager beginning,
Reluctant to play with the thoughts of the ending
The ending that won't go away And as my memories race back to love's eager beginning,
Reluctant to play with the thoughts of the ending
The ending that won't go away

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