

# December

## Unwound

I guess I had my chance, I'm told it was my obligation  
At dusk I held the ground and prayed for morning to come quickly  
That night I held your hand, together we had bits and pieces  
On that December night, you cried and cried and cried, but  
We held our lives by the whims that govern conversations  
We held our lives by the whims that govern conversations  
Wait! hold on! I'm not finished... fine!  
Never again! will he ruin mine  
December night, I'm told I had my obligations  
December night, I tried and tried and tried, but  
We held our lives by the whims that govern conversations  
We held our lives by the whims that govern conversations  
Wait! hold on! I'm not finished... fine!  
Never again! will he ruin mine  
Wait! hold on! I'm not finished... fine!  
Never again! will he ruin mine  
(when we were on we were on  
When we were off we were way off)

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written by MARTINEE, LEWIS A/SOSA, FRO  
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