

# Cold December (in Your Heart)

[Glen Campbell](#)

A touch of April in your smile  
July and August in your yellow hair  
A sweet September in your eyes  
November notions in the clothes you wear  
You're every season's work of art  
But there's a cold December in your heart  
It seemed to me the day we met that all  
The flowers had begun to bloom  
I thought you'd help me to forget  
The dusty shadows of my lonely room  
I should have known right from the start  
About the cold December in your heart  
I loved you more and more each day  
Through every season of the year  
Your lovin' laughter seemed to say  
Your life was empty when I wasn't near  
Old love would lead you to the grave  
I was a fool to think you loved me too  
You always took but you never gave  
Until you've taken all my love for you  
I feel a chill I must depart and leave  
The cold December in your heart  
In your heart, in your heart

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