

December's Traditions

Frightened Rabbit

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 sheet The 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 sleep It'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 taste I 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 me It'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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