

Unwound

"December"

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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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