

Casey DieneI

"The La La Song"

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Knowing you makes all the difference
Don't it darling
Knowing all your if's and why's
Your when's and how's

December comes in as a short procession
A little punctured, a little heartbroken
But not forever and not for long

In New York, the vagabonds have fled
To your dusty wings
The play bill tramps are
Starving for a little warmth

It seems I've held my arms like this for ages
But I am done waiting, I am lowering them down
Like a white flag, like a sail

It's Clementine season, my peach, my little
You are gone, but now I like all my parts

It's funny how when we're whole, we feel hollow
It's funny, I like me best with a broken heart

So, when winter started to thaw
You may be tempted to come around
And it's likely to be too late

La la la...
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