

## Laura Veirs

# "Through December"

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Birds were falling from the sky, all leaves had turned to brown

The heartless cold froze everything and took my poor red down

Poor old red, she's dead and gone her eyes  
I do remember at least I have this old guitar  
To get me through December, through December

Her eyes were dark as winter's night both  
Somehow young and old, I loved her most  
The day she died her hair was colored gold

Poor old red, she's dead and gone her eyes  
I do remember at least I have this old guitar  
To get me through December, through December

Old man winter at my door, the sky heavy with snow,  
all's cold  
But my heart poor red it's hard to let you go

Poor old red, she's dead and gone her eyes  
I do remember at least I have this old guitar  
To get me through December, through December

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