

## David Sylvian

### "The Last Days of December"

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What shall we tell them?  
A honeymoon as brief  
As a walk in the park

What shall we tell them?  
When they ask?  
And they'll askâ€¦

Could you not see another way out?

Was the place without sun?  
Was it furnished in black?  
With the ache of the gas-oven  
There at your back

The death angel paces  
In boredom and waits  
It shrieks from dark corners  
Undermining your faith

What shall we tell them  
When they ask?  
And they will askâ€¦

Could you not see another way out?  
Where were the cape and the coastline?  
The wonderkid's sunshine?

Your sanity shattered  
And climbing the walls  
Wet towels at the floorline  
Stuffed under the doors

And the powder-black wings  
Left you blind  
The last days of December  
Are the loneliest kind

In the mess that you made  
There was no pause for thought  
Cause the lies that I told

Were the lies that you bought

There was no place to find you  
Nor you to be found  
In the margins of books you were reading  
There are stages to grieving  
That won't let you down

Where was the coastline?  
The wonderkid's sunshine?

Under northern skies  
Anonymous and free  
Your nightfisherman pushes a boat  
Out to sea

You'll surely meet yours  
Though his faith is unsound  
There are stages to grieving  
That won't let you down

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