

The Slip "Children Of December"

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All the parents of the children of December
Have a clutch
'Cause their birthdays are the hardest to remember
When you're born on Christmas
Or the day before new year's
They can sing out your birthday
But but but nobody hears
I was lucky I was born in the summer
Nineteen seventy five
It was as hot as an oven
Families that were lovin each other in November
By April were planning all the new family members
But save one for the empirical boy with his empirical
toys
The hots wheels the autobots and the deceptigons
Everyone's waiting to see what he's worth
But he is invincible like a breeze on the earth

I was holding something
In my hands so tightly
I was afraid to let it go
I was afraid to even know
I was holding something
In my heart so tightly
I was afraid to let it go

Oh when you're born in December
It's hard to remember
Well the 90s have ended
So what do you call this decade?

I hold every person I meet like a treasure
I defend the ones I love to whatever the end is
And that's why I take it to you through the music
'Cause when the music's connected it's like everyone's
protected
January is for Rosie
God bless Rosie
And February is for Tim
We all know about him
March is for my mama still winin' and dinin'
And April is for my my my my pop

May give to Jonas some
June is for the bass
Mine's July July July July July

All the parents of the children of December
Have a clutch
When you're born in christmas
Or the day after new year's
They can sing out your birthday but but but but but but
but
Make a little noise
Make a little sound

Oh when you're born in December
And no one remembers
Well the 90s have ended
So what do you call this decade?

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