

Possum Dixon

"December"

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December, driving to Montclair
You drove us both ways through frozen pouring rain
And you drove me crazy, it's always been that way
Cause when you're at your best there's just not much I
can say

But you've changed so much
That you can't measure up
You've changed so much that you can't measure up
To the memories I have of you

And I think that I miss winter the most
Right at home in the bitter cold
The temperature to match my soul
And you could tell me everything but I'd know
Its time to go

You look so much older
You've cut and dyed your hair
A couple of tattoo's
And some stars behind your ears
But you'll still drive me crazy
I guess some things never change
Even when you're not at your best
There's still not much I can say

But you've changed so much
That you can't measure up
You've changed so much that you can't measure up
To the memories I have of you

Decembers will never be the same way
So lets just forget I brought it up anyway
I'll wish the best of luck
Cause I've missed this so much
I wish I could have took those chances then
Fought off this regret and just hope for the best
And I fought for so long and I kept holding on
With the patients of a saint
And now all that remains
Is this sun bleached memory too washed out to see

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