

Thea Gilmore "Old December"

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Bring, bring, bring it to me
Bright stars on another gilded tree
And for all of this time
There's a greater surprise
Sing, sing, sing for old December

Time, time, tell me there's still time
Season, always warmth and crooked lines
Any joy that's been sown
Can hold a candle to the grown
Sing, sing, sing for old December
Old December
Old December
Home, home, I am coming home
Run, run, said the wheel and the microphone
And whoever you praise
Raise a glass to these days
Sing, sing, sing for old December

Yeah, whoever you praise
Raise a glass to these days
Sing, sing, sing for old December
Sing, sing, sing for old December
Sing, sing, sing for old December

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