

# Blue October, Artha

She paints an empty canvas  
when she is afraid  
she built a falling castle  
with her body of sand  
and although lost she found love in the eyes of him  
shoulder she could fall on  
was never taken in  
and all the rain is falling  
and the side walks are stained  
with roses from her brushes and  
the pictures from her hands  
oh  
she cries a little harder  
she only cried to me  
now if she called my name  
I would have ran to catch her  
And the only tear left now comes from me  
So now I say these words to say to you  
I find it so hard to lose her  
The greatest gift that God ever gave to me  
was a girl I named December  
she was a girl that I need  
December