

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