

Cowboy Junkies, December Skies

September skies,
Bodies falling
Never again will you catch me admiring
Those vast september skies.

October skies,
Hate is flying.
Crimson leaves slowly falling
From azure october skies.

Time to kill our children
And sing about it.
Let's all kill our children
And sing about it.

November skies,
Heart is sinking.
No telling where they're leading
These grey november skies.

Time to kill our children
And sing about it.
Let's all kill our children
And sing about it.

December skies, star will be rising.
Will we heed those lessons ringing
Through those dark december skies.

Time to kill our children
And sing about it.
Let's all kill our children
And sing about it.