

David Gray, December

All my tears will dry away
All my tears will dry away
All my tears will dry away Words don't bother me no more
Black money falling to the floor
Flags out on the balconies
Black money washing to the seas
Oh my mind
What happened to the time
December

All my house got blown away
All my house got blown away
All my house and all my home
Walls of glass and walls of stone
Got blown away

Stations in the neon light
Your body strange as dynamite
Killers underneath our skins
Black mirrors black hyacinths
Oh my eyes
What happened to the skies
December
December
December