

Sleeping At Last, Seven Mile December

I fell asleep to the sound of the snow
Brushing against my window,
With thoughts of you, my Dear.

And how you were so gentle with my heart.
Just as you always are.

When I see your face then I know
That you're the one that I will always know.

Roses hang like paintings of you.
Oh, How beautiful you are.

And how you were so gentle with my heart.
Just as you always are.

When I see your face then I know
That you're the one that I will always know.

December days,
With my heart like the weather,
Cold and unpredictable
To me.

Unpredictable to you

The best of me,
The best of you
Is noticed when it's too far away from our hands.
And from our hearts.