

Willie Nelson, December Day

This looks like a December day.
This looks like a "time to remember" day.
And I remember the spring, such a sweet tender thing.
And love's summer college,
Where the green leaves of knowledge,
Were waiting to fall with the Fall.

And where September wine,
Numbed the measure of time.
Through the tears of October, now November's over,
And this looks like a December day.

This looks like a December day.
It looks like we've come to the end of the way.
And as my memories race back to love's eager beginning,
Reluctant to play with the thoughts of the ending:
The ending that won't go away.

And as my memories race back to love's eager beginning,
Reluctant to play with the thoughts of the ending:
The ending that won't go away.

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