

# Emmy The Great, The Woods

December came faster than most  
And before we knew it, it was cold  
And you turned to me  
As if to say that we should not have come this way  
You didn't ask a question, so I had no reply  
And we came upon a congregation  
And we turned our faces to the constellation  
Singing we are both believers now  
But still there was no voice in the clouds  
You see, the stars are not our conscience  
They are just another light in our eyes  
In our eyes  
They are just another light keeping us blind  
Long time I have left Umeah  
Long time travelled in your company  
But I see the road before us split  
And I know that I should follow it  
But I know that I will find you  
When the morning spreads it's breath across the night  
Find you  
In the morning at the end of my life  
December's roads are long and they're tough  
And sometimes I get really tired and stuck  
But I keep the thought that when I die  
They will carry me and lay me by your side  
They will carry me and lay me by your side  
And there amongst the dirt  
At last our roads again will merge