

George Canyon, Bird In December

It sure is cold this morning
They're hangin' lights in the trees downtown
The Indian summer is over
The Fall fell away and blew out with the cold northern wind
He swore forever couldn't measure his love
But she's all alone under gray skies above

Like a bird in December
Who didn't fly South
Time just ran out
She's a bird in December
Hearts that love blind
Sometimes get left behind

Her feathers are too bright for this dull town
Her colors are all wasted here
She followed him here for the summer
But like seasons all disappear, suddenly he was gone
It's all so much clearer watching from the outside
We all saw it coming, she didn't get out in time

She's a bird in December
Who didn't fly South
Time just ran out
She's a bird in December
Hearts that love blind
Sometimes get left behind

Oh, the Winter won't last, the sun will come out
Well, I know she'll find love again, but right now

She's a bird in December
Like a bird in December
Who didn't fly South
Time just ran out
She's a bird in December
Hearts that love blind
Sometimes get left behind

The storm it won't last... December will pass