

# 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