

Glen Campbell, Cold December In Your Heart

A touch of April in your smile July and August in your yellow hair
A sweet September in your eyes November notions in the clothes you wear
You're every season's work of art but there's a cold December in your heart
It seemed to me the day we met that all the flowers had begun to bloom
I thought you'd help me to forget the dusty shadows of my lonely room
I should have known right from the start about the cold December in your heart

I loved you more and more each day through every season of the year
Your lovin' laughter seemed to say your life was empty when I wasn't near
Old love would lead you to the grave I was a fool to think you loved me too
You always took but you never gave until you've taken all my love for you
I feel a chill I must depart and leave the cold December in your heart
In your heart in your heart