

Laura Nyro, December's Boudoir

Kisses from you in the flames of December's boudoir,

They fill me like melons,

Touch me with chivalry;

Truly I know, truly I know who you are,

December will bear our affair,

Running on streets of delight and Decemberry ice,

They'll see me; I'm ageless,

Loving you timelessly,

Love-colored soul, love-colored soul kissing spice,

Yes, my love, I take my coffee in the morning,

And all your love,

A spoonful or so make us grow,

Mama was clever, my mama was clever,

And my daddy loved her forever;

Forever!

Kisses from you I'll remember,

Kisses from you in the flames of December,

Kisses from you, true they are,

Kisses from you in the flames of December's boudoir;

Oh, mainstream marzipan sweet,

Baking out in December heat.