

Mike Scott, December

December

December is the cruelest month
this time for once my cheeks are warm
After long years in the monkey-house
I am ready for the storm
Let them throw all their cannonballs
let all their strongmen come
I'm ready to go anywhere
through venom, sick and scum!

December isn't always cold
this year she's mine, I know why
Somewhere a flower has to grow
for every flower that dies
I'm stricken with fever
but my heart is strong as steel
I'm ready to go anywhere!
I can believe I can feel!

December is a trusted friend
I always recognise her face
It's a plague of fool thrown aside
forever by her soft and silent grace
She is reckless as a Mayday
gentle as a stone
She's ready to go anywhere
to carry me back home!

December fell deep in the bleak
winter time when Jesus Christ
Howled to save your baby's howl
primal truth as pure as ice
And though we crucified him on a cross
and dragged his word from payer to curse
He was able to go anywhere
he was almost one of us!