

# 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!