

Planes Mistaken For Stars, The Past Two

and i swear i tried to find the light in this
i held my breath for as long as i could hold on
you've known i'm not much for complaining
but there's not much left of me this winter got the best of me
december killed the best of me
and i'm sure it's been catching and gaining but how could you see
and even if you spun cartwheels with sparklers in your hands it wouldn't be enough for me
december killed the best of me
and i just called and i just wrote to say goodbye
'cause i'm afraid when the snow clears there won't be much left of me
december killed the best of me