

They Might Be Giants, Will You Love Me In December

Now, in the summer of life, sweetheart
You say you love but me
Gladly I give all my heart to you
Throbbing with ecstasy
But last night I saw, while a-dreaming
, The future old and gray,
And I wondered if you'll love me then, dear
Just as you do today?

Will you love me in December as you do in May?
Will you love me in the good old-fashioned way?
When my hair has all turned gray,
Will you kiss me then and say,
That you love me in December as you do in May?

You say the glow on my cheek, sweetheart
Is like the rose so sweet
But when the bloom of fair youth has flown
Then will our lips still meet?
When life's setting sun fades away, dear,
And all is said and done,
Will you arms still entwine and caress me?
Will our hearts beat as one?

Will you love me in December as you do in May?
Will you love me in the good old-fashioned way?
When my hair has all turned gray,
Will you kiss me then and say,
That you love me in December as you do in May?