White Lies, Roll December

Night out, and no moving Life under streetlight brooding Low sound, oh how soothing Summer caught with red-hand looting All this talk of missing Could make a man wanna die if he was ever alive

No crown, no new king Dread in a worn eye proving Old heart fit new wings Just never been good at losing All this feeble wishing Could make a kid wanna cry if he was ever alive

It's getting harder to remember How a good time used to feel When the pit of cracked November Is always tricking out my feet This is something monumental A stain on a linen sheet so I pray Roll, roll December But the waves are whipping me

Right thought, but wrong feeling Cards cut and moonlight dealing White chalk, hope peeling Dead earth and a diamond ceiling All this empty living Could make a kid wanna cry if he was ever alive

Cut fruit, old papers Look how a life-line tapers If she's bored, engage her A little chore can sometimes save you All this aimless kicking Could make a man wanna die if he was ever alive

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Are you gonna get it? You paid your way to heaven Paid your way to heaven Paid your way to heaven With a messed-out credit

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