

December's Traditions

Frightened Rabbit

December's traditions
Suck the last of summer from our cheeks
Draw the curtains, strip the trees
In so-called living rooms
Scottish pastimes come to roost
Love's labour stains a linen sheet

The ghostly body
Who makes his bed beside you
Is slowly losing teeth
The boy needs sunlight
And a shot of modesty
He needs to get some sleep

It's not the answer
A sticking plaster on a shattered bone
What do you need?
What do you need from me?

It's not the answer
Keep treating cancer like a cold
What do you need?
What do you need from me?

After months of grieving
Fuck the grief, I'm leaving
Will you leave with me?
The bloodloss, the towering cost
Of mouth to mouth and tongue to tongue
One lick brings warm metallic taste

I can't correct myself
Convince you that there's no-one else
In volumes of new leaves
If you want a saint you don't want me

It's not the answer
A sticking plaster on a shattered bone
What do you need?
What do you need from me?

It's not the answer
Keep treating cancer like a cold
What do you need?
What do you need from me?

It's not the answer
I'm just begging to be told
What you need?
What you need from me?

If I had the answer
I'd write a book on what I know
What do you need?
What do you need from me?