

## December

Amy Grant

Dawn is cold and blurry  
Sunrise in the rain  
As a bird cries clearly  
Walking through the flurries  
On this Christmas Day  
You are nowhere near  
You are nowhere near, anymore

Seasons fade and tremble  
The sun wrestles the sky  
Just like late December  
Just like you and I

You may not remember  
Often I recall  
Love was like a song  
Looming like the winter  
Fleeting like the fall  
We have come and gone  
We have come and gone

Seasons fade and tremble  
The sun wrestles the sky  
Just like late December  
Just like you and I  
Just like late December  
Just like you and I