

December

Greg Laswell

December is gone and on and on
I swore that I'd go to the end of this one!
But January it ended my buzz
with just enough to finish me off...

Could I be loosing my angle on you?
With everyday that I don't come through
Could I be loosing my angle on you?
With everyday that I don't come through

The best laid plans always lay me out
But this time of year I was going to be an astronaut
My words weigh less, and less I fear soon
They'll just float up to the moon with you

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With everyday that I don't come through
Could I be loosing my angle on you?
With everyday that I don't come through
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