

Ingrid Michaelson, December Baby

The colored lights, they brightly shine.
Unlike your eyes avoiding mine.
The snow is folding sheet upon sheet.
Our hands not holding as we cross the street.

You have had your fill your fill of me.
You have had your fill your fill of me.

I wore the dress I thought you loved.
But my boots are filling with snow you shoved
Off of the car we climb into.
You finished first, I must catch up to you.

You have had your fill your fill of me.
You have had your fill your fill of me.

How can I catch up when I don't don't want to?
How can I catch up when I still want you?

You have had your fill your fill of me.
You have had your fill your fill of me.

December baby, you are my,
December baby, you are my,
December baby, you are my,
December baby, you are mine.