

# Lydia, December

So it was four or five of everything, as you are no good.  
I saw it through the frame and through my face.  
Covering my eyes, because we are nothing,  
and never quite the same from a black and white summer.  
With photographs that showed our rails and razorblades.  
I think it cured my pain, again.

Promise you will go down my neck.  
Just like those pills and your cigarette.

So as my fingers curl,  
I move my lips just so you wont have to.  
Damn it you clever girl,  
your style is keeping us from sleep.

It's one more and I'm free,  
oh we've been so lucky,  
yeah we've been so likely to lose.  
So give in, let's give in.

It's all suicide if I hide.  
Because you are everywhere I look and in my skin.  
I taste your neck and lips just from breathing in.  
Let's call it off kid.

But through the window you reach for the cold.  
But the door is so much closer,  
and the sun has sold itself to the land  
and all over my skin. No! No!  
Stop it, stop him.

So what, so what, we all were all afraid.  
So this I swear I know, it's not the chemicals.  
You are off my mind I finally got away.  
You said it's such a life to remember,  
so come on, and we'll sleep away December.

It was you, bringing your white company.  
Bringing the night so it seemed.  
And we will never sleep again.  
So as you walk through the door,  
and yell I'm never coming back here.  
It's over we are still nothing.