

There's a Victorian tin, I keep my memories in,  
I found it up in the attic.  
After looking inside, I find the things that I'm hiding  
The leaves saved from a mistletoe kiss,  
Only nostalgia has me feeling like this  
Like I miss you,  
It must be the time of year.

Remember December,  
It's like a wintergreen beside a diamond stream,  
Remember December,  
A fall of snow and the afterglow.  
It could be taking our breath away  
But the years stand in the way,  
Remember December,  
How does it make you feel inside ?

Beneath a Valentine, I see a locket is shining  
I think it must be the wine,  
Makes me feel it's all real.  
Where nothing seems to rhyme  
To breathe life into the dust of a keepsake  
I might as well try to fix a chain on a snowflake  
Or a heartache,  
It must be the time of year.  
Remember

Should I feel this alone, should I pick up the phone  
Should I call you up and wish you 'Happy Christmas' ?  
I feel so alone, should I pick up the phone  
Take my heart in my hand  
And ask if you remember