

## Late December

Maria McKee

I always stood out on Dream Street  
Set up to fall down on Dream Street  
Diamond branches, crack upon the dawn  
I keep holdin' on, why do I keep holdin' on

And from your window the lamplight golden  
Falls frozen round my shivering shoulders

This late December (baby baby when can we)  
When can we start over

Been the season of naivety  
I search for reason in epiphany  
Rubber bangles tangled up my home  
Strands of amber glowing warm  
Strangle like a reef of thorn

Dragged down trees in the icy lots  
And the relics of the holy found their sacred spots

This late December (baby baby when can we)  
When can we start over

Ooh...

Down by the river the wind kicks up  
And it sits down Christopher hoggin' it up  
Lord knows how the city has changed  
But things down here kinda stay the same  
And the Westside boys singin' ode to joy  
The Westside boys singin' ode to joy

This late December (baby baby when can we)  
When can we start over

Late, late December (baby baby when can we)  
When can we start over