

## December In New York

Thea Gilmore

Friday's humming summer  
And the whiskey sun is running  
out the night sky  
I am here watching your form  
Slowly pacing in the dawn  
as all the stars die  
Yeah you're like a hit you are tailored just to fit  
the changing season  
Baby what is this we are two star crossed bits  
of an equation

Is it that you're shining  
Is it your endgame talk  
You're like a suntan in November  
Or December in New York

I will tune in to the radio  
To hear some guy on some show  
sing like chocolate  
No its not my job to be sentimental  
Yeah, I swear it was accidental  
it just turned out like that

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I know I should be spitting bitter  
Just for interest it's more fitting  
for a girl like me  
But I am standing here  
Amid politics and tears  
and I'm shouting loudly  
The dustcart is slugging  
Its way around the corner  
in the morning  
And if you listen close  
You'll hear the fairylights and smoke  
of the East Coast calling

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