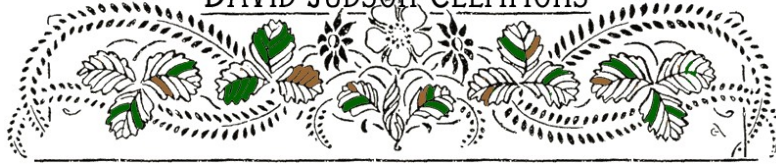


DAVID JUDSON CLEMMONS



December's Tree

You own the bloody hands
Your family is dying, you can't do anything at all
erase your childhood, reverse the days
let our babies sleep, let our babies cry

so give me hope, or give me death
you may have won a few more breaths
do your time in the line, show what you've got
the spinning rock never cared

the spinning rock never will
fix your thought with a pill
or bleed the love out of your mind
if you never take the time
if you can never take the time

my boys are painting pictures
with doorways to heaven and hell
they've got alot on their minds
my boys turned out fine

the devil's nature's way
of poisoning our minds
refine your will, sharpen your skill
get your feet up on that hill
where's your loyalty now
hang it high, upon december's tree

how can it be
that I've survived them all
it's me deserving to die, got my place reserved
I'm gonna lie down in the cold white earth

my girls are stained with scripture
their trapped like water in a well
I say my girls are stained with scripture
their trapped like water in a well
they'll drink when they're thirsty enough
my girls turned out just fine

you own the bloody hands
your family's dying, you didn't do anything at all
erase your childhood, reverse your days

let our babies sleep, let our babies cry

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