

November

Peter Mulvey

Close my door
Close my eyes
Press my fingers to the glass
Why does November drag its heels when October never seems to last? The television tells us love can make a
mute man speak or
make a closed man walk outside
But time sheds its light on all that I wanted to hide I get off the train I stumble 'round the Square
I look for the poems at my feet
You and I come home
And there we bitch and moan
'bout all the perfect lovers that we never seem to meet
You'd better let someone love you instead of pushing us all away
Until time rolls right over all that you wanted to say I know you are hurting
I see you tied up in knots over there
But these are the days we are given
They are precious we must live them I swear
This could be the last warm day in a cold and ugly November
When it's all over, what are you going to remember?

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