

# November (featuring Bushwalla)

Tristan Prettyman

Beneath the fog is a city I know too well  
and it melts like ice and it burns like hell  
and the freeways always stopped at 6 o'clock  
so we're leaving without you whether you like it or not  
And the wind blows the leaves off the trees  
another sign of spring bringing winter to its knees  
and they say, the grass is greener on the other side  
well I want to know all about the darkness that lights your eyes cause its....Its breaking me down, its breaking  
me down, its breaking me down, down, down, down, down....And the change...is so constant over me...take me  
and show me..who I need to be....The asphalt a little bit darker and it helps you to remember when  
the rain fell, in sweet November and  
be careful who you fall in love with, 'cause someone somewhere wont approve  
and the prettiest girls always seem to keep their eyes on you  
Cause they're breaking you down, breaking me  
down, breaking me down, down, down, down, down  
So come on break me...  
I dare you..  
.break me I swear...  
breakin me down, down..  
so come on break me  
I dare you..  
.break me I swear...  
come on break me down, down, down...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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