

November

Tom Waits

No shadow
No stars
No moon
No cars
November
It only believes
In a pile of dead leaves
And a moon
That's the color of bone
No prayers for November
To linger longer
Stick your spoon in the wall
We'll slaughter them all
November has tied me
To an old dead tree
Get word to April
To rescue me
November's cold chain
Made of wet boots and rain
And shiny black ravens
On chimney smoke lanes
November seems odd
You're my firing squad
November
With my hair slicked back
With carrion shellac
With the blood from a pheasant
And the bone from a hare
Tied to the branches
Of a roebuck stag
Left to wave in the timber
Like a buck shot flag
Go away you rain
snout
Go away, blow your brains out
November

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