

A Stain On The Carpet

The Early November

It was a long night drinking whiskey
And I don't drink so my head is turned around
After a long flight to another city
I can't think cause my head is off the ground
But that night came falling down.
I spilled red wine on the carpet
Letting it sink in deep for days
So if you ever fall in to dementia,
It won't let you forget.
I spent a long time swimming to depression
It's a state that never leave my hands.
Never a hard time more like motivation
Now I blink take a breath and climb the stairs

And the night gets lost in air
I spilled red wine on your carpet
Letting it sink in deep for days
And if you ever fall in to dementia,
It won't let you forget,
Oh yeah,
It won't let it forget.
Wine on your carpet...
Wine on your carpet...
Wine on your carpet...
I spilled red wine on the carpet,
It won't let you forget,
Let you forget...

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