

# November Baby

Torres

This skin hangs on me like a lampshade  
Keeping all my light at bay  
That night I banged at winter's doorstep  
For just a look at your face  
Let me in, I said, I know someone inside  
I just haven't met them yet  
November, please don't make me beg  
Your big sad eyes  
Your crooked smile  
Your capped teeth  
Your widow's peak  
Oh, my November baby  
Now everywhere I go, I see you  
When I walk and when I sleep  
I hear you on the tongues of strangers  
I hang on every word they speak  
I try to be just where you are  
But summer takes you far from me  
So just for now I place an angel  
Atop an early Christmas tree  
Your big sad eyes  
Your crooked smile  
Your capped teeth  
Your widow's peak  
Oh, my November baby  
Oh, my November baby  
Your widow's peak  
Oh, my November baby  
Oh, my November baby

Songwriters

MACKENZIE RUTH SCOTT Published by

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