November

Gabrielle Aplin

The past we seek some certainty
The seasons we remember
The light of May and darkest days
The month we call November
To leave behind the wasted time
And every bad decision
And harder still, what force of will
To feel we are forgiven
But something stays
So who am I to say
There's nothing more between us?
And I don't know the reasons
Nothing's clear
I've come to no conclusions
Said and done
Is it all said and done?
So here we are, not very far
From when we said forever
And all we have, this restless past
The month we call November

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