

Smell of This Place

The Early November

The smell of this place without you
The thought of your voice not here
The look in my eyes as I'm telling myself
that it's all been worth it So come on don't let me down
There's plenty of time left now
To tell myself that it's all in my head
and it's all been worth it
It has all been worth all the way. The smell of this room without you
The thought of you laying here
The look in my eyes as I'm begging myself
to be all this with it. So come on don't let me down
There's plenty of time left now
To tell myself that it's all in my head
and it's all been worth it
Yea it has all been worth all of it.

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