

# November

## Young Fresh Fellows

Here's to the gang  
We've gathered all together  
All the oaths that we swore  
The more accursed the better  
Memories are getting  
so hard to remember  
They say 'it's not dark yet'  
But it's almost November

Here's to the records  
We slathered on at night  
Battered and caressed  
Sometimes higher than ten kites  
If it's a club of fools  
I'm cool to be a member  
No, it's not dark yet  
But it's almost November

Time is long and short  
Not wont to mess around  
Our mission won't abort  
Death cheated by a clown  
Despite the blood and blather  
They'll never cut us down  
(Because we're) locked up  
in a cell of sound

Here's to Jerry Mathers  
and good flatmates gone astray  
Some devoured by rats  
Others just rattling in place  
Songs car more than matter  
They crackle in the embers  
What's gone comes 'round again  
Every year a new November

Time is torn and tattered  
Pile-driven to the ground  
A fate you can't erase  
The grand chaos of renown

We're lucky with each other  
Falling here just to be found  
With the music of the chains  
in which we're bound

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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