

# The Mountain Range In My Living Room

## The Early November

With this being said  
Every petal's come off again  
And fell to the floor  
Every word again  
It's not like it ever meant  
Everything we'd hoped  
All this said  
Every word again  
It's never been harder to fall  
There's nothin' to grab and that's  
All I want to hold onto  
Just another sweep and it'll be fine  
But this carpet's got hills and I  
Can't see this helping at all  
Throw away what you say

Well then watch it all wash away  
Will it wash ashore?  
Who'd have thought it could float  
Even grow enough to make its own  
Way back alone  
All this said  
Every word again  
It's never been harder to fall  
There's nothin' to grab and that's  
All I want to hold onto  
Just another sweep and it'll be fine  
But this carpet's got hills and I  
Can't see this helping at all  
Ah, ah, ah, ah  
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah  
(2x)

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