

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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