

# Asheville Skies

## The Milk Carton Kids

Good god, is it November?  
The leaves burn auburn red  
The Asheville skies and timber  
Are holding onto it But I cannot remember  
That fleeting hopeful song  
That rose of our September  
My word, what have we done? I'd love nothing more than to cover my face  
Forget who I am and get out of this place  
Pretend to be somebody other than me  
And go on living that way Till all the dreams that I had in mind  
Come back to me by next year this time  
Tell me whatever that came of what I left behind Could hope have sprung eternal on darkened, dreary roads?  
The heart that beats nocturnal knows not where it goes  
We listened for the signal to raise the dirt again  
Our livelihood is equal to the air that breathes us in I'd welcome you home just to turn you away  
Shuffle the cards by the light of the day  
Pretend that the worst of it got left behind  
And go on living that way Till all the dreams we left in our wake  
Come back to me as the joy we forsake  
Tell me whatever is burning the fires we made

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>