

Duncan Sheik, November

The past we seek
Some certainty
The seasons we remember
The light of May...and darkest days
The month we call...November
To leave behind
The wasted time
And every bad decision
...and harder still
Some force of will
To feel we are forgiven
But something stays
So who am I to say
There's nothing more between us
...and I don't know the reasons
Nothing's clear
I've come to no conclusions
Said and done
Is it all said and done?
So here we are
Not very far
From when we said
Forever
...and all we have
This restless past
This month we call...
November