

# Call Off the Bells

The Early November

Something in the way I say your name  
Sends blood rushing too my face  
Exiting my legs, I have colder feet  
When they're flooded, my eyes won't see

That you've grown from the fairytale and need a little  
more  
You say, "Call off all of the wedding bells  
I needed a little time"

Whatever I mean  
Well, what's holding me?  
If it's the bottom I'm rooted in  
You take me by the hand and ball my feet  
You say you'll never get rid of me

Till you've broke from the fairytale and just need a  
little more  
You say, "Call off all of the wedding bells  
I needed a little time"

Once upon a time  
Once upon a time  
Once upon a time, we were meant to be  
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