

Only In November

Ben Weasel

Silence now: I want it quiet now. I wanna feel the clock inside my brain start winding down. Don't you see I'm in a spaceship dream and the red light on your motorbike's a scream. When I get my bearings, soon it's always something new. Hating all the waiting for the day I won't remember you. There's never time to set things right - there's too much time to try. Only in November do I cry. I try to fly but when I go too high I see in seeking my own level I diminish. Misery doesn't want company and when it does I cut it right off at the knees. When I get my bearings, soon it's always something new. Missing, wishing hopelessly and hating myself for it too. There's never time to set things right - there's too much time to try. Only in November do I cry. Celebration of a lovesick nation that's surrounded by a shining sea of broken hearts. I'm still asleep, laughing inside my dream because the red light on your motorbike's a scream. When I get my bearings, soon it's always something new. Hating all the waiting for the day I won't remember you. There's never time to set things right - there's too much time to try. Only in November do I cry. There's never time to set things right - there's always time to try. Only in November do I cry. And the red light on your motorbike's a scream.