

November

Christopher Cross

Moth on the windowpane
Could be alive or dead
You across the room lost in your head
All that's left is the storm outside
Water beating stone
And we hang in a web of stillness all our own
Two hearts
Bundled to the cold
Closed eyes
Watching love grow old
Dear friend
Can it really be november
Season of goodbye under an angry topaz sky
Neap tide and a waning moon gone mad
Like a song I heard as a little boy
That I did not understand
But somehow I knew it was sad
Two hearts
Bundled to the cold
Closed eyes
Watching love grow old
Dear friend
Can it really be november
Time wills
Oh and time kills
Bare trees won't remember
Two hearts
In the failing light
No blame
Doing what seems right
But the rain won't stop
Can it really be...