

## November

Silverstein

Fragile leaves hit the ground.  
The cold air drifts into my lungs.  
I see your face through the fog.  
Reminds me of the dreams you lost.

I can see it in your eyes.  
You're broken down; your hands are tied.  
I can feel it in my side.  
Over and over and over I've tried.

I can see it in your eyes  
You're broken down; your hands are tied.

And I know you cannot hide.  
Over and over and over I've tried.

It broke my heart.

It felt so good to see you.  
I've never been one to put my trust in.  
When did I become so weak, or have I always been?  
I can't put all this back in place. (Back in place)

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This gaping hole in my chest is filled with deceit.  
I fear that all my cries fell upon deaf ears.  
I caress flesh with severed nerves.  
I go veiled in darkness and disease.  
This November swallows me whole.  
And this may be the closest thing that you'll ever receive to an apology.

I close my eyes and I can see you dead.  
I close my eyes and I can see you dead.  
I close my eyes and I can see you dead.  
I close my eyes and I can see you dead.