

Mr. November

The National

This is nothing like it was in my room
In my best clothes, trying to think of you
This is nothing like it was in my room
In my best clothes

The English are waiting and I don't know what to do
In my best clothes, this is when I need you
The English are waiting and I don't know what to do
In my best clothes

I'm the new blue-blood
I'm the great white hope
I'm the new blue-blood

I won't fuck us over, I'm Mr. November
I'm Mr. November, I won't fuck us over
I won't fuck us over, I'm Mr. November
I'm Mr. November, I won't fuck us over

I wish that I believed in fate, I wish I didn't sleep so late
I used to be carried in the arms of cheerleaders
I used to be carried in the arms of cheerleaders
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