

## November

Tristan Prettyman

Beneath the fog is a city I know too well  
And it melts like ice and it burns like hell  
And the freeways always stopped at 6 o'clock  
So we're leaving without you whether you like it or not

And the wind blows the leaves off the trees  
Another sign of spring bringing winter to its knees  
And they say, the grass is greener on the other side  
Well I want to know all about the darkness that lights your eye  
s 'cause it's...

It's breaking me down, it's breaking me down  
It's breaking me down, down, down, down, down...

And the change  
Is so constant over me  
Take me and show me  
Who I need to be

The asphalt a little bit darker and it helps you to remember when  
The rain fell, in sweet November and  
Be careful who you fall in love with, 'cause someone somewhere  
won't approve  
And the prettiest girls always seem to keep their eyes on you

'Cause they're breaking you down, breaking me down  
Breaking me down, down, down, down, down

So come on break me  
I dare you  
Break me I swear  
Breakin' me down, down

So come on break me  
I dare you  
Break me I swear  
Come on break me down, down, down...