

Scapegoat "November"

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I've come to look down on forever For every reason that was ever contrived Forever used to mean the two of us within our bed Your side left vacant since the day that you died And it hurts to be alone when growing older & seventeen feels like a lie In terms of hurt it feels like I've aged to 95 & it hurts even more to know you're alive But now you're not with me and nor will forever ever be on our side When you're so out of range, you're love for me was just a prospect of change Prosperous would simply be preposterous Never was relief free of charge & how am I not supposed to die when you kiss Knowing that its where I shoulda been All I ever wanted was an answer something easier bought by richest of richest, like a post card put your love into words. I can't say that I don't want to tell you that I still love you What's done is done, leave the rest for the birds If you can read my thoughts than tell me what I'm thinking I think you're scared that the words would be you still love me too Leave me in November Novembers where I'll stay Suddenly I have found my love again In November I will race the wind.

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