

## Early November

### "Mountain Range In My Living Room"

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With this being said,  
Every petal's come off again,  
And fell to the floor.  
Every word again,  
It's not like it ever meant,  
Everything we'd hoped.

All these said,  
Every word again.  
It's never been harder to fall.  
There's nothing to grab and that's,  
All I want to hold onto.  
Just another sweep and it'll be fine.  
But this carpet's got hills and I,  
Can't see this helping at all.

Throw away what you say.  
Well then watch it all wash away.  
Will it wash ashore?  
Who'd have thought it could float,  
Even grow enough to make its own,  
Way back alone.

All these said,  
Every word again.  
It's never been harder to fall.  
There's nothing to grab and that's,  
All I want to hold onto.  
Just another sweep and it'll be fine.  
But this carpet's got hills and I,  
Can't see this helping at all.

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