

David Fridlund

"November"

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Let me ask you a question,
though I know what the answer will be;
isn't it time to make peace between yourself and the
world
before everything comes caving in?
all the things you said
I kept it in my head
but the things I said to you
- you forgot it
so pull out the drawers, turn over the table
and start looking for the door
of all your longings, this one is the final
and it's not coming to you anymore
all those pretty lies that came to you at night
you were blinded by the light
but you'll forget it
well, maybe you'll know me for the rest of your life
and maybe I'm gone by November
maybe a storm comes to blow us apart
and maybe it'll mend us together
anyway, please forget it
will I wake up in the morning to find my world colliding
with
yours?

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