

Tristan Prettyman "November"

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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 eyes cause its...

Its breaking me down, its breaking me down, its
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 wont 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...

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