

# Duncan Sheik, November

The past we seek  
Some certainty  
The seasons we remember  
The light of May...and darkest days  
The month we call...November  
To leave behind  
The wasted time  
And every bad decision  
...and harder still  
Some force of will  
To feel we are forgiven  
But something stays  
So who am I to say  
There's nothing more between us  
...and I don't know the reasons  
Nothing's clear  
I've come to no conclusions  
Said and done  
Is it all said and done?  
So here we are  
Not very far  
From when we said  
Forever  
...and all we have  
This restless past  
This month we call...  
November