

# Keane, Early Winter

You, You have a face for fashion  
For style in the place of passion  
A rose in the garden

You, You looked like you really meant it  
Twisting the knife in my chest  
Stamping on what's left

But I never was  
I never was one for crying  
I never was one for tears

The map, the map of the world is on you  
The moon gravitates around you  
The seasons obey you

But I never was  
I never was one for crying  
I never was one for tears

And no sooner was I born  
Than I was dying  
What kind of a world is this?  
It's only a stone for throwing.

It looks like an early winter alright  
Looks like an early winter alright  
An early winter alright  
You turned me over

Why do you act so stupid  
When you know that you're always right?

It looks like an early winter alright  
Looks like an early winter alright  
An early winter alright  
You turned me over, alright

And it gets too much yeah it gets too much  
Starting over and over and over again  
And it gets too much yeah it gets too much  
Starting over and over and over again  
And it gets too much yeah it gets too much  
Starting over and over and over again  
Alright, you turned me over.