The Early November

And I just can't get this off my mind my voice it yells inside It tells me all the time that I could leave right now oh, it tears me up to see this place green and a machined washed grey

But all we know is this...

I been trying for the past four years broken a lie to get this here it's not the heart that makes the man, it's the money in his hand it's been a struggle for the past few nights I had to quit to realize, that I can't waste no time on it in case this is all I get

One year, one month, and seven days to lose the love it takes and grow plastic from my hands so I can leave right now oh, it tears me up to see this place green and a machined washed grey

With all the shine and ritz...

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I get...