

November

Trampled by Turtles

It's alright momma, it's so good to see you.
We've been out hiding for such a long time.
Lonesome hillsides so brown in November,
But you'll stay the same for your whole life.

The tragic churchbells rang for free,
hollowed out for you and me.

I was drunk sunday so I don't remember,
Images come flowing like a river so wide.
I was on a rooftop when I first discovered,
That you hold all your pain like a cannon inside.

Under revolution clouds,
you fight to come up and I fight to come down.

Every time we find something peaceful,
I have to go and tear it all down.
But the weather don't lie, babe, and you can't either,
Ever since you came to this faithless town.

Your darkened debt [?] don't bother me,
It blinds me like the morning sun.