

November Day

Keane

November day
Another year begins to show its age
Begins to grey

November love
The sky is dark
The river still and grey
November day

But we were on our way somewhere
A little spark of beauty in the air
To show that something good can come
From all the tears
The fruit that hard times bear

November day
Were you just wasting my time?
Was nothing we felt real?
Were you just wasting my time?

I wish I'd kept a list of all
The stupid things you said
Beside my bed
I'd look at it each time I built
You up as something perfect
In my head

November day
Were you just wasting my time?
Was nothing we felt real?
Is there some meaning that hides
Waiting to be revealed?

Do you now sit there and smile
At how naïve we were
November day
November day
November day

And oh, the dream that we came back to life
And kissed on the ground where we lay
Framed by the magical light
Of this November day