

The Mountain Range In My Living Room

The Early November

With this being said
every petal's come off again
and fell to the floor,
every word again,
it's not like it ever meant,
everything we hoped.

All this said,
every word again.

It's never been harder to fall,
there's nothing to grab,
and that's all I want to hold on to.
Just another sweep and it'll be fine,
but this carpet's got hills
and I can't see this helping at all.

Throw away,
what you say
well then watch it all wash away,
well it washed ashore.
Who'd have thought it could float
even grow enough to make it's own
way back alone.

All this said,
every word again.

It's never been harder to fall,
there's nothing to grab,
and that's all I want to hold on to.
Just another sweep and it'll be fine,
but this carpet's got hills
and I can't see this helping at all.