

Good God, is it November?
The leaves burn auburn red
The Asheville skies and timber
Are holding on to it

But I cannot remember
That fleeting hopeful song
That rose of our September
My word, what have we done?

I'd love nothing more than to cover my face
Forget who I am and get out of this place
Pretend to be somebody other than me
And go on living that way

Till all the dreams that I had in mind
Come back to me by next year this time
Tell me whatever became of what I left behind

Could hope have sprung eternal on darkened, dreary roads?
The heart that beats nocturnal knows not where it goes
We listen for the signal to raise the dirt again
Our livelihood is equal to the air that breathes us in

I'd welcome you home just to turn you away
Shuffle the cards by the light of the day
Pretend that the worst of it got left behind
And go on living that way

Till all the dreams we left in our wake
Come back to me as the joy we forsake
Tell me whatever is burning the fires we made