

November Rain

Blanco White

Feel the rhythm of the train
You trail on the platform's edge
Hoping for my hand instead of
A fading silhouette
For I always knew, that when
Our love was through after long lives run
We'd trail like the rail tracks
Not knowing who'd won

Don't you wish it was clear?
I've been thinking these thoughts for years now
No not all's been forgotten
Don't you wish you were here?

So is this why I couldn't stay?
Each word has found its edge
On the ground we know that's
Vanished and withered

The moth leaps in the darkened room
And the dog lies curled by the fire
It's cold outside
There she stands in the doorway
Snow on her boots
Red on those lips

Don't you wish it was clear?
I've been thinking these thoughts for years now
No not all's been forgotten
Don't you wish you were here?

So is this why I couldn't stay?
Each word has found its edge
On the ground we know that's
Vanished and withered
There's nothing left I owe
There's nothing left I owe

Behind two empty faces moves before us
A voice we cannot reach
A frozen vision of a river rowed out
Out to the sea
I long for the tide's straight line
Out on the shore
A bitter line, a solid wall
Never to fall

So is this why I couldn't stay?
Each word has found its edge
On the ground we know that's
Vanished and withered