

Keane, Early Winter

You, You have a face for fashion
For style in the place of passion
A rose in the garden

You, You looked like you really meant it
Twisting the knife in my chest
Stamping on what's left

But I never was
I never was one for crying
I never was one for tears

The map, the map of the world is on you
The moon gravitates around you
The seasons obey you

But I never was
I never was one for crying
I never was one for tears

And no sooner was I born
Than I was dying
What kind of a world is this?
It's only a stone for throwing.

It looks like an early winter alright
Looks like an early winter alright
An early winter alright
You turned me over

Why do you act so stupid
When you know that you're always right?

It looks like an early winter alright
Looks like an early winter alright
An early winter alright
You turned me over, alright

And it gets too much yeah it gets too much
Starting over and over and over again
And it gets too much yeah it gets too much
Starting over and over and over again
And it gets too much yeah it gets too much
Starting over and over and over again
Alright, you turned me over.