

The Avett Brothers, Denouncing November Blue

November came and went,
like a summer that I spent,
with a no name girl that walked in jelly shoes.
I returned to my home,
with a heart part made of stone,
and I cried all night for a girl I never knew.
From the east it comes,
her love and the rising sun,
and I pray each time they come, it's not the last.
You see I've got strong,
I made it through what came along,
but I can't move on for the beauty of the past.

Came across a pretty girl,
for about a month she was my world,
and I held her hand, and swore we'd never part.
I moved on, she stayed behind,
I said I'd call, she said she'd write,
we lost touch the moment I drove off.
I left town like a gambler with,
the sense of cashin' all the chips,
before I lost them all on a bad deal.
I made believe I was in a race,
drove ten thousand miles in seven days,
while writing a book called "Being A Free Man".
Met more people than the president,
the good times came and the good times went,
and I learned how to ignore my hunger pangs.
I looked ahead to the open road, thought about the people and what they know,
and wrote a book called "People Don't Know Nothin".
(no matter what they tell ya, man)

Once I spent my last dime,
and counted the ratio of miles to time,
I looked up to my disdain and my surprise.
I had driven my car around the world,
ended back in the town with the girl,
so I wrote a book called "Life in Prison".
(Volume. 1)
I see that girl every now and then,
and we drink to having such good friends,
and apologize for the way it did not last.
Funny thing that it's all true,
and I'll always love November Blue,
but I turned her down for the beauty of the past.

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