

Deb Talan, The Darkest Season

the last few golden leaves are clinging
tightly to their branches
like they don't want to let go
like they don't trust what
they don't know what
they don't know
'cause it's not quite winter
and it's not quite fall
and even though it's been a year
i cannot pass you by
not at all i tell myself enough
my heart can't feel the reason
why must we into the darkest season
it's cold getting colder
i dreamt last night of being older
i looked in the mirror there
was so much grey if i saw you tomorrow
what would i say what could you say
it's not quite winter
and it's not quite fall a
nd even though it's been a year
i cannot pass you by not at all
i tell myself enough my heart
can't feel the reason why must we into the darkest season the darkest season
it's not that i'm not thankful or grateful
for what we've grown
it's not that
i'm not living my life alright
on my own i still feel the empty space
i still feel the wind blow through
i still thought in any case that
i'd always know you
it's not quite fall
and even though
it's been a year
i cannot pass you by not at all
i tell myself enough my heart
can't feel the reason why
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