

# Sixpence None the Richer, I Won't Stay Long

Leaves are falling,  
and something's calling me here.  
The state of depression  
That I'm walking in, got  
the impression that I won't  
stay here long

I know I am like this, but  
still I don't know what to do.

The sky is darkening, I can  
feel it in the air. My heart is sinking.  
I know winter's on its way

I know I am like this,  
but still I don't know what to do.

I know I am like this. Oh sister,  
show me what to do

I know there's a way to get this  
another day  
When will I know if there's a way for me?

I want to lie in the sand and have  
the sun shine on me.  
Is that way too much to ask?