

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?