

# Under The Moon

*Tekst og musik Ole Grønne/Jan Kaspersen*

I don't defend myself – ain't blaming anyone  
I just need to say a word before I'm done  
Outside Novembers rain seems as permanent  
As your excuses and disappearance once again  
I'm leaving you far behind  
And November state of mind

I'm leaving the pain  
I'm catching a plane  
I'm chased by a stoplight turning red  
Under the moon  
Over the rain  
Two dozen roses lying on your bed

Don't need to yell and shout  
Throwing cups and knives  
I know I'd never match your picture of a wife  
But there's a gate for me - nobody waits for me  
Except a ticket for a seat in another life  
I'm leaving you far behind  
And November state of mind

I'm leaving the pain...

Stuffy bag - an empty heart  
I'm bound for a brand new start  
I'm leaving you so far behind  
And November state of mind

I'm leaving the pain...