

Boston Square

Deaf Havana

I know you met the devil once when you were young
You let him in, just to know to push away
You made it twenty one years
Before he turned you round
To giving up

We traded knowledge in
Our fields of expertise and we partied away
And you gave up on everything

Do you think you'd still want to leave now?
You always were just a stubborn kid back then.
I saw the words that you wrote down
On the back of your book in the room where we spent our days.

I remember you told me you threw
Your father's Jimmy Nail CD
Out of the window of his car
It didn't get you very far, in his good books
Because I know when you got home
He bent your spine over the back of a kitchen chair
You lost so many days in there

I thought I saw your reflection
In the window of a passing car
But I guess I was wrong
All I am is wrong these days