

Kings Road Ghosts

Deaf Havana

I drove my car along the old bus route to my parents house today
And on my way I saw the places I once loved begin to fade
The recreation grounds I knew so well have been replaced
With worn out football pitches, tennis courts and empty space

I miss the days I used to know, I had a place
Where all the friends I thought I loved, weren't far away
Before I lost my way and these streets still knew my name
I miss the days I knew I had a place, a place in everything

Now there are ghosts in the eyes of the checkout girls and the boys that run the bars
Who 5 years ago were aspiring artists or poets with guitars
We wore our hearts so far down our sleeves that we lost them day to day
But this place, isn't the same you see
And these streets, don't feel like home to me

I miss the days I used to know, I had a place
Where all the friends I thought I loved, weren't far away
Before I lost my way and these streets still knew my name
I miss you days I knew I had a place, a place in everything

I parked the car and made my way down closer to the sea.
I inhaled the summer breeze and I felt free.
I forgot how much I missed the way, the sun lit up the east coast bays
And made the north sea come alive, and at night we'd pass the lighthouse by
On the our way to drown ourselves in illegal wine.
And we'd stay awake til the morning cars went by,
With nothing but a bus fare and a smile
And I couldn't help but smile.