

St. Paul's

Deaf Havana

It was November, and I was a mess
And I was thinking of leaving her back then.
As if by magic, you and I met
And it brought me back to life again.

You've got a certain something about you
And I've got a past I want to leave behind.
It's been a long, long time since I met someone
Who made me happy to be alive.

Now the bell's of St. Paul's ring out in my head
Like the last few words she said.

I can't go back to living in silence.
No, I can't go back to sleeping alone.
All the years she made me live as a liar
Ended up becoming all that I know.

And I know you can't stand winters here.
You said you never felt that kind of cold.
I guess when you're from another hemisphere,
It can sometimes feel like another world.

You've got a way of making me hang on
To every single word you say.
We stay up all night talking shit about
How I needed to get away.

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