

Paradise (122nd and Highland)

Mest

Shot memory and a fucked up mind.
Can't remember what I left behind.
A dead-end street nights with no sleep.
Have I left my paradise for good?
122 and highland street,
This is where we used to meet.

I knew that we'd move on someday,
But I didn't think that it would be this way.

I can't remember what it is I wanted,
But maybe if I loose it then I won't forget.

I'm feeling sorry getting older
Nights we spent there are now over.
What's the purpose if I move on
All i had is now all gone.
Have I left my paradise for good?

Now I return but it's not the same,
Somehow what we had is changed.
I stare at you with my blurry eyes
But you're not a face I recognize.

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But maybe if I lose it then I won't forget.

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