

# What You See

## Jingo De Lunch

Paradise

Just another sunny day on 4th Street  
Set my pace along the way, walking my beat  
Pawn shops and shoe stores in little Mexico  
Culture and contraband, no better place to go  
Faces like fixtures, dance around my mind  
Here she comes, another angel throws a sign

What you see is what you get  
Nothing more and nothing less  
What on earth did you expect, a party  
Mark my words you won't regret  
Promise me you don't forget  
What you see is what you get always

Paradise

Crossing Sycamore I feel my day is done  
(Well I've been)  
Searching high and low for shelter from the sun  
Lately I haven't been myself  
I can't justify my actions, can't shake this dizzy spell  
Voices beckon me as day turns into night  
Here she comes, another angel throws a sign

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You should know

You should know this life is paradise

Paradise

Like this

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