

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 lose 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?
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
I can't remember what it is I wanted
But maybe if I lose it then I won't forget
I'm feeling sorry, getting older
Nights we spent there are now over
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Left my paradise for good
We had is changed, I look

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