

Je Ne M'en Souviens Pas

Better Than Ezra

We're all a scene in Mona's dream
A Paris street, a quiet stream
Far away from Gabrini Green
Forgotten love at seventeen
Where her children got a chance
Not a dead-end street 'Cause some got religion
Some got drugs
Some got money and
Some got love
All of her days in a dry-eyed haze
Just another scene in Mona's dream

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