

# Feist, The Park

Why would he come back through the park?  
You thought that you saw him, but no you did not  
It's not him who come across the sea to surprise you  
Not him who would know where in London to find you

With sadness so real that it populates  
The city and leaves you homeless again  
Steam from a cup and snow on the path  
The seasons have changed from the present to past

The past  
The past  
Turns whole to half  
The past

Why would he come back through the park?  
You thought that you saw him, but no you did not  
Who can be sure of anything through  
The distance that keeps you  
From knowing the truth

Why would you think your boy could become  
The man who could make you sure he was the one?  
The one...  
My one...  
My one...