

Mest, Paradise (122nd And Highland)

Shot memory and a fuct 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 it would be this way.
I can't remember what it was 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 was I wanted,
But maybe if I lose it then I won't forget.
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