

Warren Zanes, World Of Concrete

in an airport I heard a song you once played said it was such a good thing
you thought you would

fade the singer held us in her arms that day in a sequined suit she took
us worlds away sometimes I used to go to parties to find someone who'd
make me feel that way in

a world of concrete in frames of steel things come down but some stay on
for real the clearest memory like a photo fades faces blur but yours has
stayed the same when I

moved on and told you I'd changed that there was no room for you in
those days you wrote me letters I kept I saved I never read them but the
feeling stayed sometimes I

used to go to parties to find someone who'd make me feel that way in a
world of concrete in frames of steel things come down but some stay on
for real the clearest

memory like a photo fades faces blur but yours has stayed the same I
can't explain, might never know the reason why, the things I chose to
leave behind while they still glow

nostalgia makes us yearn for days we never knew but you're the day that
came to a world of concrete to frames of steel things come down, but
you're the one that's real