

Treaty Of Paris, Lanes And Avenues

The streets are getting shorter
We're only getting older
You've outgrown these lanes and avenues
They'll be behind you soon

I picked you up
In front of your place
Got your ticket
Packed a suitcase
Look me up sometime
Bet you won't even cross your mind
(It won't cross your mind)

'Cause I don't think
I don't think
I belong here
Anymore

The days have entered into you
Weeks and months before you know
It's four years later wondering
When we last sat alone
It must have been way back when
I could still call you my friend (hey friend)
It's ok - I'll be fine
Bet you this happens all the time
(It happens all the time)

'Cause I don't think
I don't think
I belong here
Anymore
I'm sorry
I know i don't
Belong here
Anymore

No no no
And I don't think
I don't think
I belong here
Anymore

No I don't think
I don't think
I belong here
Anymore
And I'm sorry
I know I don't
Belong here
Anymore
I don't think
I belong here
I don't think I
No I don't think I
Belong here
Anymore
I don't think
I belong here
I don't think
I belong here
I don't think
I belong here
Anymore

