

Deaf Havana, Boston Square

I know you met the devil once when you were young,
You let him in just enough to push you out,
You managed 21 years before he talked you round to giving up,
We traded knowledge in our fields of expertise
We parted ways and you gave up on everything

You think it's too hard to leave now?
You always were such a stubborn kid back then
I saw the words that you wrote down
On the back of your book in the room where we spent our days.

I remember you told me you threw your father's Jimmy Nail CD out the window of his car.
That didn't get you very far in his good books
Because I know when you got home, you bent your spine over the back of a kitchen chair
You left so many days in there

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In the room where we spent our days.

I thought I saw your reflection in the window of a passing car,
But I guess I was wrong.
All I am is wrong these days

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