

## St. Paul's

Deaf Havana

It was November, and I was a mess  
And I was thinking of leaving her back then.  
As if by magic, you and I met  
And it brought me back to life again.

You've got a certain something about you  
And I've got a past I want to leave behind.  
It's been a long, long time since I met someone  
Who made me happy to be alive.

Now the bell's of St. Paul's ring out in my head  
Like the last few words she said.

I can't go back to living in silence.  
No, I can't go back to sleeping alone.  
All the years she made me live as a liar  
Ended up becoming all that I know.

And I know you can't stand winters here.  
You said you never felt that kind of cold.  
I guess when you're from another hemisphere,  
It can sometimes feel like another world.

You've got a way of making me hang on  
To every single word you say.  
We stay up all night talking shit about  
How I needed to get away.

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