

Paradise

Jon Bryant

Walked out with no answers
Nobody callin' me
I feel I'm on the outskirts
Of California dreams
I'm asking every question
But no one seems to know why
I'll tell you all my secrets
I know you listen when you ask me if I mean it
Nobody cares enough but finally you see it
And now you wanna know why, wanna know why

Well, I don't wanna take the road of another
But I don't wanna be the last to arrive
I just wanna hold the hand of another
Like I'm living in my own paradise

One foot on the border
The vultures wait on every crux and every corner
I shook the hands of fate to step out of the order
Don't throw me back in the line
Days turn into seasons
I'm tryin' to change the pace
And give you all the reasons
This path is worth the pain
I know we'll finally see it
And maybe then you'll know why
Then you'll know why

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I can see it fill the horizon
Technicolor dreams coming to life

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(My own paradise)