

# 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

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

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

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  
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

(My own paradise)