

# The Park

Pomme

Why would he come  
Back through the park  
I thought that you saw him  
But no you did not  
It's not him who'd come and cross  
The sea to surprise you  
Not him who would know where  
In London to find it

Sadness so real  
That it populates  
The city and leave  
You homeless again  
Steam from the cup  
And snow on the pond  
The seasons have changed  
From the present to past

Your past  
Turns on to have  
The past  
Oh Lord, oh Lord

Why would he come  
Back through the park  
I thought that you saw him  
But no you did not  
Who can be sure  
Of anything through  
The distance that keeps you  
From knowing the truth

Why you think  
The boy could become  
The man who could make you sure  
He was the one