

Feist "Park"

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Why would he come back through the park?
You thought that you saw him but, no, you did not
It's not him who'd come across the sea to surprise you
Not him who would know where in London to find you

With sadness so real that it populates
The city and leaves you homeless again
Steam from the cup and snow on the path
The seasons have changed from the present to past
The past, the past, turns whole to half the past

Why would he come back through the park?
You just 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 would you think, your boy could become
The man who could make you sure he was the one?
The one, my one, my one

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