

Michael McGuire

"Paragon Mills"

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PARAGON MILLS

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Paragon mills when I was a child was miles and miles
of woods, I used
to wander alone for hours at a time, across Citrus drive
up Pennfield
past the graveyard and then behind the school into the
woods, we used
to have huge football games behind the graveyard
there, I remember
skipping school one time and hiding in the bushes in
front of one of
the houses on Pennfield drive, a women came out of
the house with
cold cream all over her face, it scared me half to
death; I was very
young so she took me home and turned the truant into
it's mother, I
remember another time I skipped school and didn't
get caught, I sat up
high in a tree in the next door neighbors yard all day
long, I could see
the neighbor; Beverly thru the window; eye level with
the second story;
I must have really hated school, in the winter snow we
used to sled
down Gary drive and on down my steep driveway, we
would get going
so fast we could barely stop before we ran thru the
ditch and into the
fence at the end of the yard, we had some terrible
crashes; even left
some marks in the bricks on the side of the house,
there was a tree on
that side of the house that always raked across my
window at night, it
always scared me; so me and my little sister would
sleep together and
this gave great comfort, I remember the morning I
woke up when what
was left of hurricane Camille came so far inland, that
tree was

whipping around; scratching at the window and the sky
looked like a
scene in some horror movie, we had four giant white
oaks in our
backyard they were beautiful trees, two of them fell
during tornadoes
one on the Bennett's fence and the other on our
house, there was a
farm behind our house and during one of those
tornadoes the barn
was almost completely destroyed, and there was also
my favorite tree
in the front yard that I fell out of once and broke my
arm, my old
house is still there but it's all houses around it now,
the farm behind
my house the woods behind the school; all gone, I still
carry Paragon
mills in my secret soul, and though I don't think much
about those
days anymore; perhaps I should.

Dec00

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