

Phil Haynes**"Nostalgia"**

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I don't feel any different
After all these years
Still got the same tastes
Still got the same fears

Looking at my youth
Through nostalgia lense
Memories distort
Glimmer and bend

Still imprisoned
My mind under lock
My faith gets tested
My wrath is sloth

The time that I've spent
Is more important than now
Circular memory goes round
And round and round

Present don't fit me right
Somewhere else in my mind
Present don't fit me right
The future's a dimming light

A dimming light
(Round and round and round)

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