

Secondhand Paradise

Trying to repeat the lines
trying to recall it all
looking beyond the confines
with my back against the wall

Secondhand paradise
worn out happiness

Broken piece of yesterday
fragments that were never used
walking through a pile of scrap
never thought it was a trap

Secondhand paradise
worn out happiness

Sinking in the slimy bog
wandering in a hazy fog
thought that I could mend the past
thought that I could make it last

Secondhand paradise
worn out happiness
secondhand paradise
you know where I've been