



Down Memory Lane

It's at night
When of your mind, I take control

I leave behind, a mental album
Full of pictures from a town
called "down memory lane"

It's got the most beautiful skies
Filled with chubby white clouds

There, love has no disguise
Smiles are loud and full of melodies

Faces have no frowns
Lies are not allowed
Cries are sold for happy energies

Beautiful memories
That I control, so that I may console
and preserve the sweetness of your brain