

Indigo Girls, Burn All The Letters

I am sorry that I set my sights on the things I read
Something meant for your husband maybe you left under the bed
Once upon a love those words blew free and secret but the pages lay around
Drifted to the hands of the publisher and the greedy generations on down
Burn all the letters (someone is always watching)
The government's on the phone (whether openly or secretly)
Burn all the letters (breathe life into your story)
Send them on to a safer home (burn it to secrecy)
Burn all the letters brand them in before you go
Soldiers are coming to plunder but there are some things they will never know
We made our love out of dignity, we dug our nails in the dirt
Hung out towel soaked souls out on the line we loved so hard that it hurt
To ease my pain I took a pen and paper, incarnate came the bleeding
Send it back before the public eye perverts it in the reading
Burn all the letters (someone is always watching)
The government's on the phone (whether openly or secretly)
Burn all the letters (breathe life into your story)
Send them on to a safer home (burn it into secrecy)
Burn all the letters from you to me
They're coming to take what they can but they cannot read
What they cannot see