

# Jackie Greene, Write A Letter Home

Cigarettes are burning down to my fingers  
in my motel, where the smell still lingers  
from the night before...  
with a ten dollar whore who didn't even know my name

the TV says nothing, nothing to me  
and i feel so low in the highest degree  
like a tree with no root, like a gun that don't shoot  
like a dog outside on a chain

and theres no use for me to sit here an moan  
many a man has been more alone  
and i might feel better if i write a letter  
if i write a letter home

yeah i heard the news bout' that ol gang of mine  
they're all getting married, they're all doing fine  
they're all getting older, and needin' a shoulder  
that's easy to lean on...

but as for me, i'm half way to Denver  
how long has it been? I just can't remember  
it all starts to fade, cause' the life that i've made  
is the life that i dream on...

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many a man has been more alone  
and i might feel better if i write a letter  
if i write a letter home

now i can't help but to be who i am  
though i've let many women slip from my hands;  
i've let them all go, why? i don't know,  
it just made me feel like a man

but what i know now, though it may be too late  
you've got to love someone and let go the weight  
you've got to make do when you find love that's true  
this now i understand...

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many a man has been more alone  
but i might feel better if i write a letter  
if i write a letter home  
if i write a letter home