

# Omd, Messages

It worries me this kind of thing  
How you hope to live alone  
And occupy your waking hours  
We're taking sides again  
I just wept I couldn't understand  
Why you started this again  
And every day you send me more  
It makes it worse is this a plan of yours  
To ensure I don't forget  
I'd write and tell you that I've burnt them all  
But you never send me your address  
And I've, I've kept them anyway  
So don't ask me if I think it's true  
That communication can bring hope to those  
Who have gone their separate ways  
It hardly touched me when it should have then  
But memories are uncertain friends  
When recalled by messages  
Coded messages  
Poison letters