

Swingin' Utters, Letters To Yourself

Let your eyes promise me lies
Let your sigh be a sweet goodbye
And never even write to me a letter
I won't worry about tearful endeavors

There was no reason to return
I was told
Nobody waiting for me
to come back home
nothing is left
but the promise of praise
Nothing remains

No phone calls late at night
of pictures a constant reminder
no burning of impassioned pages
or returning them to sender

you send a letter to
the only one you can't deny
will never send you a reply
you never bother to sit back
and ask yourself why
Blinded by your own dim light

Tried but devout
Tortured the cherished
loved the unheralded

Bought up their trash
Brought to my knees
by beggars and braggarts
washed my laced sleeves
after each miscarriage

You fill your pen and
spill the words onto each line
your monogram in wax
seals another pathetic cry
You're so romantic
So cautious and tranquilized
is there anything behind your eyes