

# The Wallflowers, Letters From The Wasteland

Now coming down  
Out of this swandive to your arms  
I make no sounds  
When I move thru your reservoirs  
I wake up quick  
I wake up sick  
As you abandon me  
Into these fields of rank and file  
Thru this cloud I hear you breathing  
Thru these bars I watch them bring more in

Now I send back letters from the wasteland home  
Last slowdance to this romance on my own  
May take two to tango, but boy it takes one to let go  
It just takes one to let go.

Now boy keep still  
Don't spread yourself around  
Get back in line  
Eat your bread  
And just work the ground

'Cause you're not through  
They're not done with with you  
Did you think you were  
The only one who's been let down  
So sleep tight little boys of the new dam  
Let them drop in the quicksand

Now I send back letters from the wasteland home  
Last slowdance to this romance on my own  
May take two to tango, but boy it takes one to let go

Now another bad idea gets thru  
Down they send me unto you  
Every bridge I should have burned  
Every lesson I've unlearned  
When the smoke give way to ruins  
Incarcerated lovesick fools  
I wait for you to cut me loose  
But until then

Now I send back letters from the wasteland home  
Last slowdance to this romance on my own  
May take two to tango, but boy it takes one to let go  
Now I send back letters from the wasteland home  
From where I slowdance to this romance on my own