The Wallflowers, Letters From The Wasteland

Now coming down
Out of this swandive to your arms
I make no sounds
WhenI 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 cloudI hear you breathing
Thru these barsI watch them bring more in

NowI 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

NowI 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 bridgeI 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

NowI 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
NowI send back letters from the wasteland home
From whereI slowdance to this romance on my own