

# Broadcast, Message From Home

I hope that you kept the note  
That I left for you to read  
Or did you throw it away  
For passers by to stop and see  
And nothing can account for reasons why I'd be so mean  
Why did I open my mouth  
Where I know silence should have been

Now the leaves are off the trees  
The view is clear, this time of year  
And as I watch as you go out  
I see the breath side frome your mouth  
And nothing can account  
For reasons why I'd be so mean  
Why do I open my mouth  
Where silence should have been

You never kept the note  
That I left for you to read  
I know you threw it away  
I saw it blow around the streets  
And nothing can account  
For reasons why I'd be so mean  
Why do I open my mouth  
Where I know silence should have been