

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