

Burning Heads, Tomorrow The Strike

Writing this down, my hand is shaking,
Hoping these words will get to you,
Sending my thoughts, on paper,
Sharing the things that make me scared,

It's just you and me, nobody knows,

And tomorrow'll be the day,
I send my love letter away,
Sticking four stamps should be okay,
I think it's gonna be alright this way,

Now my heart is, beating faster,
How can i write down my desire,
Time is running and, we're still waiting,
Wondering and wondering and wondering

But tomorrow'll be the day,
I send my love letter away,
Sticking four stamps should be okay,
I think it's gonna be alright this way,

Drowned among thousands,
Of other ones,
It'll find its way,
It's gotta find its way,

I think it's done, but hope is gone,
It's no use now, the strike is on,

And tomorrow never came,
My love letter lost its way,
Kicking boot stamps on the doorway,
The post office was closed today.