

Fleming And John, Letters In My Head

To whom it may concern, you've got a lot to learn
What makes you think that you can talk to me that way?
You know I just kind of stood there, smiling very politely
But now I've got a few words I'd like to say
You ever come near me again, I'll have to hit you in the chin

I'm writing letters in my head, about the things I should have said
While I lie awake in bed, I'm writing letters in my head

Dear John, okay I'll admit I was wrong
When I said that you always get your way
Well you know I can be mean, and sometimes I like to scream
About all of the things that you know I'll never change
May be a dreamer and a little lazy, but you gotta know I'm just crazy

I'm writing letters in my head, about the things I should have said
While I lie awake in bed, I'm writing letters in my head

I wish I had a wire hooked to my brain, so I could send you a letter this way
But by the time I pick up the pen, I don't say what I should have said
I don't like to write, and I don't like to phone
Someday I'm gonna be all alone
No one will write me or ever call
What if no one comes to my funeral?

I'm writing letters in my head, about the things I should have said
While I lie awake in bed, I'm writing letters in my head
Tossing turning in my bed, I'm writing letters in my head