

# James Morrison, The Letter

It's got my name on it  
And it's just waiting there for me  
I feel the cold run through my veins  
And it's got her shame on it  
She couldn't say it to my face  
But I won't waste time placing blame

I know that I'll move on, I tell myself I'll find me something better  
I'll let go and just forget her

She was no good for me  
Deep down I know that's the way it has to be so  
How come I still can't open this letter  
I can't forget her...

There must be a name for it  
Whatever this is you've done to me  
I'm all twisted up inside  
Well who's gonna pay for it?  
If it's not you I guess it's me  
You left with your life  
And took mine

Oh I really wish I could  
Really wish I could  
Oh yeah

It's got my name on it  
And it's just waiting there for me...