

# Nellie McKay, PS: I Love You

Dear, I thought I'd drop a line.  
The weather's cool. The folks are fine.  
I'm in bed each night at nine.

P.S. I love you.

Yesterday we had some rain,  
but all in all I can't complain.

Was it dusty on the train?

P.S. I love you.

Write to the Browns just as soon as you're able.

They came around to call.

I burned a hole in the dining room table.

And let me see, I guess that's all.

Nothing left to tell you, dear.

Except, each day seems like a year.

Everybody's thinking of you.

P.S. I love you.

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