

Pretty Things, The Letter

She wrote me a letter,
From the green fields it came.
She wrote me a letter,
Trying to explain.
Now living came easy,
In velvet valleys of sun,
She wrote me a letter...

She wrote me a letter,
So many questions she asked,
She knew I just couldn't answer,
For they were all in the past,
City life was too heavy,
So she had run for the hills,
She wrote me a letter, in the rain