

Stroke 9, Letters

You're leaving me here, dear
Alone with all your letters
You're letting it go, no
Like innocence and feathers
You're putting it down
Sounds slipping into songs
You're leaving me here, dear
Alone with all my wrongs
You're pulling away
Pray you're making the right choice
You're pulling away
Stay and listen to my voice
To my voice

Sooner or later you will long
When you wake you will see
Sooner or later all the songs
That make you shake will be by me
Sooner or later all the throngs of feelings
We used to appreciate will come rushing back

You're thinking about
How you thought you knew me better
You're looking around town
And wondering how I met her
You're pulling away
Pray you're making the right choice
You're pulling away
Stay and listen to my voice
To my voice

Sooner or later all the throngs or feelings
We used to appreciate will come rushing back
When you wake you will see

Don't wake me as you leave
Don't make me believe I have a chance in hell
Don't tell me what I know too well
Don't wake me

As you're leaving me here dear
Alone with all your letters
Don't let it go of your innocence and feathers
Now I find that every sound reminds me of our song
Since you left me here dear
Alone with all my wrongs
With my wrongs