

The Ataris, Unopened Letter To The World

If I died tomorrow would this song live on forever?
Here is my... unopened letter to a world
that never shall reply

If I died tomorrow would this song live on forever?
Here is my... unopened letter to a world
that never shall reply, never shall reply

From this second story window I can hear the church bells
calling out my name. This table is set for one
Even angels would be homesick in this forsaken town

On random notes of parchment I'm scrawling my existence,
Dressed in white. This candle radiates throughout the night
and it's never burning out, Never burning out

From this second story window I can hear the children
down on Main Street. They're singing their songs tonight
In the shadows, I will listen to their every movement

Mr. Higginson, am I not good enough for the world?
Am I destined only to die the same way that I lived...
in seclusion?

From high up on this mountain I can almost see
your lonely windowsill. They'll carry you off tonight
There's a ghost in your old bedroom
And a candle burning bright

If I died tomorrow
Would this song live on forever?