

THE BANGLES, Return Post

Writing the lines as they come to me
Scratching them out almost immediately
Don't know what it's done to me
It's cold and it's wet it's been raining all night
And there's a letter I've been trying to write
Something better waiting somewhere for me
One of them is sitting on the wrong coast
One awaits an answer by return post
Waiting, waiting
Try to remember how long it's been
There was more to us than paper and pen
Think how easy it is to conceal
And I know when we're together again
We'll be strangers for an hour and then
We'll have to figure out if this thing is real
One of them is sitting on the East coast
One awaits an answer by return post
Waiting, waiting
Take a drink and staring out the window
Wondering how long this can continue
Waiting, waiting