

Dear Marley

Ferron

Went to the lake
Where we used to take each other
When we felt we were young.
I stared at the water
'Til I got what I came for
When I turned to the moon
It was gone.

I write you this letter
I hope it does matter
I know that at one time
It's you I betrayed.
O-oh, Marley Jones
I'd give half of my freedom
To know you would roam.
I would steal the money
If it would bring you home.
I wanna see you again.

Heard from a mutual friend
You were doing quite well
Without selling your soul.
Me I run with the fast ones,
I lay down with the tired ones,
It's a method that has proved its own toll.
I think of that morning
All grey with your leaving
When you said, pretty sure,
That I never could give.
O-oh, Marley Jones
I'd give half of my freedom
To know you would roam.
I would steal the money
If it would bring you home.
I wanna see you again.

Write me a line
Whether bitter or giving;
I'm needing to know how we stand.
As sure as we parted
I could have stayed with you;
It's a lesson that burns holes in my hand.
What more can I tell you
With time so between us?
It's mostly I want you to know that I know.
O-oh Marley Jones
Choice carves a crevice
Where a river could flow.
It can seal up a highway
So a shadow can't grow.