

# Letters

Lera Lynn

Watching leaves fall in September  
The last time that I can remember  
You smiling down on me  
And the photographs that I had taken of  
You in our old kitchen making love  
Inside and I, you're in pain  
Smell of your left smoking fingers  
Bruised and bleeding all still lingers on  
Inside this head of mine  
And when I hear your music playing  
Again I hear your sad voice saying  
You were never satisfied  
Oh no, you were never satisfied

Come by if you're downtown  
We'll drink and celebrate the moon  
And all the things you left behind, oh woo-oo  
I've forgiven you for all that you did  
Still all I can do is write these letters  
that will never get to you, oh woo-oo

I thought I smelled your Marlboro burning  
As I rinsed my hair this morning  
When I called out, you weren't there  
And the diesel truck the neighbor drives  
Fools me into thinking you're alive  
And coming home to stay  
But you were running like a chalkboard scratch  
Up all night long, no turning back  
Or guilt would eat your heart alive  
And so you've left me here in pain and wonder  
Regretting never pushing you like thunder coming from the gods  
Oh, it might have saved you from the dark

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