

Letter Never Sent

Mark Lanegan

A painful reflection was your sole intention
My imagination now leads to attention
The girls at the station, the freaks and their factions
The pimps and addicted want a piece of the action

Oh... you could have sent me a letter
Oh... a letter never sent

Murder or mass slaughter, stepson or stepdaughter
Picked for the patent where sickness is latent
The torch to the trash fire, ghost boys on death wire
Re-dredge the sweeter, my skull and your tire iron

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If sad introspection was my lone invention
Your blood-covered boots might have sparked my fixation
This minor infraction caused your wild reaction
My stripped naked wheels couldn't catch any traction

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