

Wayne "Letterbox"

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Long, long way to go
Reading faces and trusting eyes
I realize talk is cheap and slow
Makes me choose from doors

I gravitate to worn out paint
Broken glass and dirty wooden floors
This daily routine slows to a crawl around here

Did you call my name?
Did you talk to me?
Did you write it down?
I'll look in the letterbox

Trying to bring it home
But I can't rewind and all this time
Is looking shorter than it ever did

Always a step behind
But I steal a little here
And there so I can use it at the end

This daily routine never stops at all around here

So I'll take it when it comes and share it if I can
Or give it all away
I'll take it to the sky just to see if it will fall
It just might float away

Did you call my name?
Did I just not hear?
Did you drop it off?
I'll look in the letterbox

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