

Soviettes, The "Undeliverable"

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I walked the stairs up to your floor,
I was meaning to pay a long overdue call
A dark man opened up your door, "no english" he
could say but that was all
And so sarah take care, I know it's better that you'll
never get this letter
You left us no address, I know you did what's best, I
know it's best
Through silence I can hear somehow the echo of your
screams
There's memories in these walls, If he's not drunk he's
crying now
He tore down all your dreams and made you small

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