

Donna Hughes "Letters"

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When I was young, my grandma lived two hours away
When I first learned to write, I had a lot to say
I wrote her a letter every week
She couldn't wait to get them, she couldn't wait to
see
What I was doing
And all about my friends
What I was dreaming
Places I had been
What I was hoping
That I could be some day
I wrote it in my letters
And I mailed them all away She always wrote me back
Every single week
And how I loved to get her letters
From the time I could read
Years later I was going through her things
And I found all the letters, she had saved from me
When she went to Heaven, I cried so many tears
But she's here in these letters, after all these years
What she was doing
And all about her friends
What she was dreaming
Places she had been
What she had hoped for
And things she'd like to see
She wrote it in her letters,
And she mailed them off to me

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