

Elvis Costello "The Letter Home"

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Care of St. Ignatius House, Willoughby Drive
Parramatta, New South Wales, this fifth day of July
In the year of Our Lord
Nineteen hundred and thirty five

Why must I always apologize
Every time that I sit down to write
Through my own fault I may find
You're no longer living at this address

Please excuse the lack of news
The feeling of strange privilege
For the hour of trial in these times of distress
Mean more than years imprisoned by etiquette

I can remember when we were children
Though I could never imagine this day
Your brother told me we'd live forever
"I'll go on better", I heard myself say

And it seems so strange, now that he's gone
To recall all these games
Though the years have divided us
Friendships have strained and broken

Oh, by the way, how's that girl that you wed
I hated you then but I'm over the worst of it
I can't come home, I might as well say
Life is short, I shall not write again

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