

## Friedman Dean "The Letter"

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Autumn seems awful lonely here whenever we think of  
you  
Last night the sky was purple and we wanted to share  
the view  
The leaves on the trees are turning and the woods are  
all ablaze  
The smell of the timber burning in the fireplace  
Sunday we woke up early and we drove out to Tyson's  
farms  
Gorging ourselves on all the cider and donuts we could  
fit under both  
our arms  
Picking out penny candy in the country store  
Until we collapsed on the porch with our bellies sore  
So what's it like to be on your own  
A roamin' vagabond  
Away from home in search of some forgotten door  
Is it half as good as it sounds  
And tell me have you really found  
The peace and calm we've all been lookin' for  
Freckles still misses you, she always sleeps on the floor  
in your room  
Ruth says she smells but you know it's just her very  
unique perfume  
The tree in the back bore apples but they're green and  
full of worms  
I guess we'll sit tight and wait until the cider turns

Everyone sends their love, they still don't really believe  
you're gone  
Everyone's jealous of this crazy oddyssey that you're on  
Hoping this finds you happy and healthy and sane  
Pray that your strength will ease you through the  
growing pains  
So what's it like to be on your own  
A roamin' vagabond  
Away from home in search of some forgotten door  
Is it half as good as it sounds  
And tell me have you really found  
The peace and calm we've all been lookin' for  
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