

## **Butch Walker**

# **"Thank-You Note"**

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As she woke up for the final injection  
The sickness was hard  
When there was no one around  
And it spread to her hands  
And it spread to her legs  
And they felt like the mud from the pond on the ground  
That she played in as a kid  
What she did to deserve this  
While her friends were at parties  
She was on the floor, with a mixture of blood  
Sweat and tears by her head  
That's when she said, can I be dead?  
Yeah I've heard that before

So as I'm writing this thank you note

There's just one thing she wanted you to know  
Just before she had to go, she said that she liked you

Just hung the painting that we found of London  
I never saw the beauty of that city before  
As it sat in our basement next to board games and year  
books  
With a faint smell of must, dust and dog food on the  
floor

So as I'm writing this thank you note  
There's just one thing she wanted you to know  
Just before she had to go, she said that she liked you

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