

Jackie Greene "Write A Letter Home"

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Cigarettes are burning down to my fingers
in my motel, where the smell still lingers
from the night before...
with a ten dollar whore who didn't even know my name

the TV says nothing, nothing to me
and i feel so low in the highest degree
like a tree with no root, like a gun that don't shoot
like a dog outside on a chain

and theres no use for me to sit here an moan
many a man has been more alone
and i might feel better if i write a letter
if i write a letter home

yeah i heard the news bout' that ol gang of mine
they're all getting married, they're all doing fine
they're all getting older, and needin' a shoulder
that's easy to lean on...

but as for me, i'm half way to Denver
how long has it been? I just can't remember
it all starts to fade, cause' the life that i've made
is the life that i dream on...

and there's no use for me to sit here and moan
many a man has been more alone
and i might feel better if i write a letter
if i write a letter home

now i can't help but to be who i am
though i've let many women slip from my hands

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