

Cowboy Junkies "Unanswered Letter"

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Her heart torn open
And left like an unanswered letter.

Words were not spoken
Just left in a spidery scrawl.

Twisted and gutted,
The last of the smoke in the air.

She gets up to leave
And idly fixes her hair.

Words from home, words from home.
What we miss are words from home.

I lost my heart
I left it alongside the river.

That blackbird clucking
Songs he knows nothing about.

That bird returning
To a home that makes him sing out.

Words from home, words from home.
What we need are words from home.

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