

Dean Friedman "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 odyssey that you're on

Hoping this finds you happy and healthy and sane

Pray that your strength will ease you through the
growing pains

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