

Steve Forde "The Letter"

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Postman handed me a little red letter
Like the kind she use to give me back when we were still
together
Show how she cared, I knew that writing anywhere

Postmark said it got sent from up a Cairns
She always liked the warmer weather so I guess it
makes sense
Why she'd leave me, and life we'd lead

That she had the bluest eyes I'd ever seen
Now all of those good old days are just good old
memories

How I miss the moon lit nights
Wrapped up by a fire light
Her next to me, I could feel her breathe
That thing she did with her hair
I'd touch her lips and hold her near
I'm going crazy, Oh, I miss my baby
And the us we were making

I couldn't help but wonder as I pulled the flap from
under
If it might have been touched by those pretty red lips
Mine used to kiss, but no can only miss

A few lines of small talk it made me smile
And I hadn't been called butter cake in a while
It's hard to be sad, when she makes me laugh

It hit me like a shot from a gun
When the tone of her words changed
She said I've got something to tell you baby
And I hope you feel the same

How I miss the moon lit nights
Wrapped up by a fire light
Your holding me, I could feel you breathe
Oh, baby I miss my man
I'm going crazy, Oh, I miss my baby
And the us we were making

How I miss the moon lit nights
Wrapped up by a fire light
Her next to me, I could feel her breathe
That thing she did with her hair
I'd touch her lips and hold her near
I'm going crazy, Oh, I miss my baby
And the us we were making

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