

Bridget Kelly

"Special Delivery"

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Wrote him goodbye letter today
With conviction in every stroke
Licked the envelope and sent it away
Wanted to do it the old fashioned way
Didn't want no text or tweeting
Wanted him to feel every word that I say

Boy I hope these tears I cry
On the paper don't dry. Before it make it to your side
I want you to know what it feels like
When your heart is done I'm so tired
I hope when he reads these words
This hurt I feel bleeds through. Before the ink dry
I want you to know what it feels like
When your heart is done. I'm so tired
So I need you to
Hurry hurry please mr. mailman
Overnight it if you can
I need you to feel me, feel me
This is a special delivery
Hurry hurry now before I take it back
Before he cleans up his act
I need you to feel me, feel me
This is a special delivery
Got me saying ohhh, special delivery
This is a special delivery

Funny how words take a life on their own
When you said you love me
That's what I believed
But I was so wrong baby
Boy in your arms I never felt more alone
But now that I got me back
Got my heart on track
I'm moving on

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