

Adorable "Lettergo"

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In a room painted beige and blue
Some fifty-odd years ago
I'm lying here, recalling
Holding her tight at a fairground show
She blessed me with fire and candyfloss
And her sweet-salted lips
It never tasted like this
It never tasted like this

In a hollow tree of childhood games
Of hopes and promises missed
She promised me things
I never could understand
It was a pleasure and a privilege
Then as it is now
It was a pleasure and a privilege
But I'll guess you'll never know

On a visit on a whim
There was nobody home
Save an old lady

That didn't speak my language
So my scrawled note
Stayed in my tatty hand
"It was a pleasure
It was a privilege"

Too many letters don't get sent
Too many letters don't get read
There's too many letters that don't get sent
There's too many letters

Too many letters don't get sent
Too many letters don't get read
There's too many letters under my bed
There's too many letters

Too many letters don't get sent
Too many letters don't get read
There's too many letters that don't get sent
There's too many letters

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