

Roark

"Letters"

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I hope this finds you well
I tried to force myself
To make a simple phone call
But there's not much to tell you
I really can't explain
Why I got on that plane
The truth is that the biggest part
Had left you well before then.

I'm writing you today
The words I could not say
It's curious but somehow things
Seem colder in this letter.
Instead of face to face
Your fingers hold this page.
And ink will never fade.

Your ring is on my shelf
I try to tell myself
That you had just forgotten
That you were overwhelmed.
As days turned into weeks
I tried to make believe
The one who left their coat behind them
Wouldn't leave without me

I'm writing you today
The words I could not say
It's bittersweet but somehow things
Seem over with, this letter.
Instead of face to face
Your fingers hold this page
And ink will never fade.

bum bum bum...
ba ba ba...

I'm writing you today
The words I could not say
It's interesting now that becomes
The body of a letter.

Instead of face to face
Your fingers hold this page
And ink will never fade.
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