

Ronna Reeves "The Letter"

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(Gary Heyde/Carolyn Swilley)

I found a letter in an old book,
I just bought from a second-hand shop.
It was pressed between two pages near the end,
And I read those secrets somebody never got.

She wrote about love,
She wrote about cheating.
She wrote about his wife, his kids:
An' she wrote about leavin'.

I took the letter to an old man on Maple Street.
His smile was bitter sweet.
As he held the tide of memories in his hands,
He finally knew the reason he never saw her again.

He read about love,
He read about cheating.
He read about his wife, his kids:
An' he read about leavin'.
As he folded the letter,
He talked about the mistakes he'd made in his younger
days.
Though he never meant to hurt her, she knew,
He'd do what he had to.
So she moved away.
And by the look in his eyes,
I knew that that love was still alive.
Hidden between the lines of the letter.

Oh, an' she wrote about love,
She wrote about cheating.
She wrote about his wife, his kids:
An' she wrote about leavin'.
In the letter.

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