

Tadaram Maradas

"Dear John Letter"

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1st Verse

Walls of purple morning glory's smelling sweet and
fresh from the afternoon rain,
the warmth of sunlight tells the story, as I reflect upon
my pain,

Humid is the air that I breathe,
as I remember times that were better,
times that I didn't bear this pain that I write in this Dear
John letter,

Distant Saxophone solo

As I stand here and wipe the raindrops from the
morning
glory's, I recall a time in my mind,
not so long ago in history,
when you welcomed me each morning I walked by, and
you were a mystery to me

But on this day, as I wipe your tears away,
I can see a time when things can be much better,
without the pain found this Dear John letter.

Xylophone and chimes solo outro

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