

Angels and Airwaves

"Letters To God Part II"

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All the phones have rung and rung
They're off the hook, all but one
And all the mail stacked up inside
Up from the floor, a mile high

And like one would, like a child
I'm asking
Like I could knock on your door
Will you let me in?

And dear God, I found out the same things we learn
when We die
I found out the truth is it's all a big lie
I find that the words are hard to describe
I tell you I'm lost here, awaiting reply

Climbing trees and paper planes
Life as a kid, were all the same
Tears of joy, and sullen hearts
Sticks and stones and broken arms

And like one would, like a child
I'm asking
Like I could knock on your door
Will you let me in?

And dear God, I found out the same things we learn
when We die
I found out the truth is it's all a big lie
I find that the words are hard to describe
I tell you I'm lost here, awaiting reply
I found out what's wrong, and it's not you or I
Or anyone else that you chose tonight
It seems like the madness of choice in the life
Has made it all clear if we run or we hide

And dear God, I found out the same things we learn
when We die
I found out the truth is it's all a big lie
I find that the words are hard to describe
I tell you I'm lost here, awaiting reply
I found out what's wrong, and it's not you or I

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