

Teddy Thompson

"Days In The Park"

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I bet you think it's over
The misery is gone
Turn your back and promise
Days in the park

The hours that we wasted
Reading our lines
Ribbons that I gave you
Fall like pine needles to the ground
Your heart is safe, it can't be found

And the postcards that you send
Excuses for the letters you can't write

And don't you think I care
When you don't come home at night

It's always something special
That brings you home
You're better on occasions
To let me know

The pleasures of your new life
Lead you away
The path of least resistance
There's always a safe way to let me see
The things you try your best to feel

And the postcards that you send
Excuses for the letters that you can't write
And don't you think I care
When you don't come home at night

I wonder if you see it
As something you've done
Turn your back and promise
Days in the park

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