

Hole Inside, A

"The Content Of A Letter"

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There was a letter on four pages and a bitter situation
we weren't on the same page at all
I wished you knew something about shame
I've been twisting every frame
Every frame about you

I should have burned every page
every memory of our days
I don't want to ask you this
did you really meant everything you said to me

From the pen to the paper, my heart opened like a
large gate
Transferred my feelings into words, your eyes read my
loaded ink
they didn't think of what to say to me

I should have turned when you looked away
instead I was waiting for a better day
a better day to get out of this mess
a better to get out of your show

You know what was in the letters and you know the
situation
we will never be on the same page
because we were never on the same page at all

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