

The Wallflowers

"Letters From Watseland"

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Now coming down
From out of this swan dive
To your arms
I make no sounds
When I move through your reservoir
But I wake up quick
And I wake up sick
As you abandon me
Into these fields of rank and file
Through this crowd
I hear you breathing
And through these bars
I watch them bring more in
Now I send back letters
From the wasteland home
Where I slow dance
To this romance on my own
It may take two to tango
But boy, just one to let go
It's just one to let go
Now boy keep still

Don't spread yourself around
Get back in line
Eat your bread and just work the plow
'Cause you're not through
They're not done with you
Did you think you were
The only one that's been let down
So sleep tight
Little boys of the new damned
Another drop in the
Tidal wave of quicksand
Now I send back letters
From the wasteland home
Where I slow dance
To this romance on my own
It may take two to tango
But boy, just one to let go
It's just one to let go
Now another bad idea gets through
Down this assembly line to you
You're every bridge I should have burned
Every lesson I've unlearned
In this smoke-filled waiting room
With incarcerated love sick fools
I will wait for you to cut me loose

Till then I...

Send back letters

From the wasteland home

Where I slow dance

To this romance on my own

Now I send back letters

From the Wasteland home

Where I slow dance

To this romance on my own

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