I wrote a letter on a nothing day
I asked somebody "Could you send my letter away?"
"You are too young to put all of your hopes in just one envelope"

I said goodbye to someone that I love
It's not just me, I tell you it's the both of us
And it was hard
Like coming off the pills that you take to stay happy

Someone above has seen me do alright Someone above is looking with a tender eye Upon her face, you may think you're alone but you may think aga in

If I could do just one near perfect thing I'd be happy
They'd write it on my grave, or when they scattered my ashes
On second thoughts I'd rather hang about and be there with my b
est friend
If she wants me

And far away somebody read the letter
He condescends to read the words I wrote about him
And if he smiles, it's no more than a genius deserves
For all his curious nerve and his passion

I'm going deaf, you're growing melancholy
Things fall apart, I don't know why we bother at all
But life is good and "It's always worth living at least for a w
hile"

If I could do just one near perfect thing I'd be happy
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If she wants me

If you think to yourself "What should I do now?"

Then take the baton, girl, you better run with it

There is no point in standing in the past cause it's over and d one with

I took a book and went into the forest
I climbed the hill, I wanted to look down on you
But all I saw was twenty miles of wilderness so I went home