

Letter to Hermione

David Bowie

The hand that wrote this letter sweeps the pillow clean
So rest your head and read a treasured dream
I care for no one else but you, I tear my soul to cease the pain
I think maybe you feel the same, what can we do? I'm not quite sure what we're supposed to do
So I've been writing just for you They say your life is going very well
They say you sparkle like a different girl
But something tells me that you hide
When all the world is warm and tired
You cry a little in the dark, well so do I I'm not quite sure what you're supposed to say
But I can see it's not okay He makes you laugh, he brings you out in style
He treats you well and makes you up real fine
And when he's strong, he's strong for you
And when you kiss it's something new
But did you ever call my name just by mistake? I'm not quite sure what I'm supposed to do
So I'll just write some love to you

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