

# Old Fashioned Letters

Jason Reeves

You still write me old fashioned letters  
Put your perfume on the pages  
With crossed out words that you took back like  
'Do you really miss me?'  
But in my own way I take you everywhere I go  
And it feels like home  
'Cause I can hear you say, "It's gonna be okay"  
This waking life's a dream  
But it's not right with me to have to hear your voice  
Reaching through the wire  
And it's not fair to be 3000 miles away  
From California  
Days like this I feel the distance  
I wanna run but I resist it  
With cold reminders all around me  
Of what I left behind  
But it's not right with me to have to hear your voice  
Reaching through the wire  
And it's not fair to be 3000 miles away  
From California  
It doesn't feel the same  
Nothing feels the same without you  
It's not right with me to have to hear your voice  
Reaching through the wire  
And it's not fair to be 3000 miles away  
From California  
But in my own way I take you everywhere I go  
And it feels like home

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