Melody

Diane Hidy

She knows I can't read
She knows I can't write
But these are the letters from melody
Show me how to read
Show me how to write
These are the things you can do for me
These are the things you can do for me
These are the things you can do for me
Why did you kill that poor old man, melody

Why did you kill that poor old man, melody
She said
He was never good to me
She said
He was never kind to me
Tell me how she was dressed that day, my melody
Don't show me how she touched her face, my melody
She said, I would never do it again. Give me another chance.
I said Why didn't you come to me?
I said Why didn't you talk to me?

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