

# Letters From The Wasteland

## The Wallflowers

Now coming down out of this swan dive to your arms  
I make no sounds when I move through your reservoirs.  
But I wake up quick, and I wake up sick as you abandon me into these fields of rank and file.  
Through this cloud I hear you breathing.  
Through these bars I watch them bring more in. Now I send back letters from the wasteland home.  
I slow dance to this romance on my own.  
It may be two to tango but, boy, it's 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 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.  
I slow dance to this romance on my own.  
It may be two to tango but, boy, it's one to let go.  
It's just one to let go. Now another bad idea gets through  
down the 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 lovesick fools  
I wait for you to cut me loose. But till then I send back letters from the wasteland home.  
Last slow dance to this romance on my own.  
It may take two to tango but, boy, it's one to let go.  
From the wasteland home I slow dance to this romance on my own.

Songwriters

DYLAN, JAKOB Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>