20 Years

Harries '89

There's a note underneath your front door
That I wrote twenty years ago
Yellow paper and a faded picture
And a secret in an envelope
There's no reasons, no excuses
There's no secondhand alibis
Just some black ink on some blue lines
And a shadow you won't recognize
In the meantime, I'll be waiting
For twenty years and twenty more
I'll be praying for redemption
And your note underneath my door
And your note underneath my door

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