Caroline

Douglas Dare

It's been countless days, since last we wrote
And countless more, since last we spoke
But now that's all that remains
The letters that make up your name
And I used to see every line that crossed
Your face, but now the lines are lost
In stories told and I've grown old
Let me read again the letters that you sentCaroline wrote to me
Every day of that July
But now that's all I have left
Just thirty-one pages of CarolineI waited all that time for you
To write me back, to write a new
Verse of our love but it never came
Just hoped my Caroline was safe
And just as I had always feared
Your precious words they disappeared
In to my mind as I went blind
Let me read again the letters that you sent,Caroline wrote to me
Every day of that July
But now that's all I have left
Just thirty-one pages of CarolineTo pick them up might cut my hands,
And blind me.
To pick them up might cut my hands,
And blind me.
Let me read again the letters that she sent.

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