

Shoebox Greeting

A Day At The Fair

the ghost in the picture, the smile on the face, the absence of words, are taking the place of what's inside you,
what's inside me? the shoebox is open, to what we left behind, I kept all of your letters, do you have one of
mine? to remember the stories that pass through our lives do you remember the names as forgotten or fading
away I've tried holding your words in my heart and under my pillow to dream you will not be a stranger be a
stranger in my life it overflows with this box of you open and closing the life we had it's broken and fading
away the ghost in the picture is smiling and waving goodbye
the ghost in the picture, is smiling and waving goodbye
is this all we have now?
is this all we have now?

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