

This Letter

Material Issue

Oh, yes, it's me writing this letter
And God how I hope that it makes me feel better
And yeah, it's me, the end of your line
Though I don't say a word, I call all the time
And I'd like to tell you the way I feel for you
But it'd only be lying to myself
Oh, yes, it's me, I'm drivin' past your house again
I drive by all the time but I never stop in
Oh, yeah, it's me, I'm wavin' hello again
I'm only pretending, you're someone I know again
I'd like to show you the plans I've made for you
But I don't need anyone but myself

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