

# Eight Letters

**Paul Baribeau**

The first letter I wrote you was way too long  
Way too crazy, way too scary, way too sad  
The second one I wrote you was way too short  
Just said, "I love you, baby. Please come back."  
The third one that I wrote you was right down the middle  
Somehow it didn't quite sum it all up.  
The fourth one that I wrote you, I did the best that I could do  
We both know that was never enough. I had nothing nice to say,  
I said it anyway.  
Somehow it made me feel better.  
Oh, but in the end, I guess,  
It was probably for the best  
That I never sent you those letters. The fifth one that I wrote you was one big, long joke  
You probably wouldn't think was very funny  
The sixth one that I wrote you was a strictly business note  
Requesting you pay me back that last two months rent money  
The seventh one was magic, it was totally romantic  
it would have made your little boxer shorts melt  
But the eighth time that I tried, I swear I couldn't even write.  
I just curled up and cried all by myself I had nothing nice to say,  
I said it anyway.  
Somehow it made me feel better.  
Oh, but in the end, I guess,  
it was probably for the best  
That I never sent you those letters.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>