

# 20 Years

## The Civil Wars

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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