

# Letter from Omaha

[Josh Ritter](#)

Well I can't sleep with all these hand-me-downs  
Battered up chests and faded dreams  
Every new life seems to spin away  
Like sand escaping through the seams  
Send me a letter from Omaha  
Said a needle or thread could mend the tears  
But tonight the cotton fields, they  
Smell like calico  
And the color of your hair  
Stars stand against the lonely blue  
Like pin-pricks made by midnight hands  
They tried to sew you a pure white dress  
Got tied up in the misdeeds and demands  
Cotton burned all brown and wasted  
Like an innocence fell to disrepair  
But tonight the ashes, they  
Smell like calico  
And the color of your hair  
If I could have my one and only wish  
I'd sew your hair all to the lining of my shirt  
I'd stand in the noon day clean and golden  
Not the color of the dry land dirt

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