

Letters and Drawings

Damien Jurado

Goodbye angel
Hands in your pockets
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe you'll come back sometimeShe boards a Greyhound
With a ticket to Jersey
A gray colored backpack
Full of all her belongingsA kiss from the window
Tells me she loves me
And how she's sending
Letters and drawings
But the letters never cameSo I waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ringGoodbye angel
Hands in your pockets
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe you'll call me sometimeSmall towns to cities
She one day calls me
Tells me that she's married
I took it badlyMoments of silence
Sounds of her laughing
When are you sending
Letters and drawings?
But the letters never cameSo I waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ringGoodbye angel
Hear you're successful
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe you'll come back sometimeHands in your pockets
Here's where you left me
Only with memories
When we were just 16
But the letters never cameSo I waited by the phone
To hear it ring

Waited by the phone
To hear it ringWaited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring

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