

# Letter to Hermione

David Bowie

The hand that wrote this letter sweeps the pillow clean  
So rest your head and read a treasured dream  
I care for no one else but you, I tear my soul to cease the pain  
I think maybe you feel the same, what can we do? I'm not quite sure what we're supposed to do  
So I've been writing just for you They say your life is going very well  
They say you sparkle like a different girl  
But something tells me that you hide  
When all the world is warm and tired  
You cry a little in the dark, well so do I I'm not quite sure what you're supposed to say  
But I can see it's not okay He makes you laugh, he brings you out in style  
He treats you well and makes you up real fine  
And when he's strong, he's strong for you  
And when you kiss it's something new  
But did you ever call my name just by mistake? I'm not quite sure what I'm supposed to do  
So I'll just write some love to you

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