

# Why Write a Letter That You'll Never Send

## The Drones

We don't write letters anymore  
there ain't the time or place  
but a friend of mine wrote something like  
a letter yesterdayIt was smuggled through my inbox  
just this morning, 3am  
more impotent than important  
but let me read it now, verbatimHe says "i got that same old feeling  
the one that turns the birds to brutes  
the sky is like a bad dream  
and the earth is in cahoots  
I don't believe no one no more  
I don't care what no one say's  
I just wanna make the world  
a much less painful placeWe look fonder on the good old days  
as they drift further away  
but why if everyone feels so homesick  
are they always setting sail?'Cause it's all bad news up there on deck  
and each headland masks the next  
i'd just as soon dive in the ocean  
and forego the blood and sweatForego all aspirations  
they just put everyone at odds  
if idle hands are the devil's work  
then where's the time for God's?And why write a letter that you'll never send away  
Why won't you stay with me, wait and see  
all you need to know  
nobody's perfect and their needs are always stark  
stay with me, wait you'll see  
all you need to know  
everybody's hurting and their needs are always starkAnd who cares about wars of choice lands  
where states indulge their passions  
and all the new shoots just jackbootscoot  
all dissent out of fashionLike Fred Astaires at a film premier  
that is all about them  
it's stirring stuff, transformative  
they don't care where they're sentThey're all kiss chasing childish  
dreams of privileged masculinity  
'till they're spent by shock and discharged  
home to small town and big cityThe rest are the type left dying or dead  
from trying to be useful

they've been handy in the years gone by  
and they'll be handy in the future  
And who cares for their survival  
and who cares about the yanks  
who cares if they get overrun  
by Chinese nukes and tanks  
Who cares about the holocaust  
man we didn't learn nothing there  
and all it's memory does is  
keep the History Channel on air  
Who cares about the Vatican  
man everybody knows  
and who's surprised they went and  
chose a nazi for a pope?  
Who cares about fakes like anarchists  
man they never went to dance  
let's mambo Mogadishu  
give anarchy a chance  
I'm saying life is cruel, you know it's true  
but all sides still try and recruit you  
for shangri-las as practical  
as doing the karma sutra  
Why write a letter that you'll never send away  
Why won't you stay with me, wait and  
see  
all you need know  
nobody's perfect and their needs are always stark  
stay with me, wait you'll see  
all you need to know  
everybody skirts the fact their needs are always stark  
And who cares if the starving millions  
know it's christmas or your birthday  
or what movie stars in Africa  
or the guy from U2 says  
Or all the statesmen never telling  
lies as truth or gospel  
who cares what true or false  
the truth's the world won't go to hospital  
But who needs to live forever  
who needs the extra miles  
we won't need bees or seed banks  
in the Arctic for a while  
We play the game to start again  
not to better life for all  
it's the appropriate opiate  
when a better way's impossible  
Some honesty now wouldn't go astray  
if not, then what's the use?  
we're animals, we can't help doing  
what all animals do  
So goodbye my friend, i'm hitting send  
forgive me talking straight  
I'm only trying to make the world  
a much less painful place  
And why write a letter that you'll never send away?"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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