

My Reply

Brightwood

I got your letter and the poetry that you sent me
Postmarked in December of last year
I really hope you're doing better
All of your friends close by your side
One step closer to recovery

I wish there was something I could say
To erase each and every page that you've been through
Even though it's not my place to save you
I appreciate but can't accept this
Thank-you note that's sealed with your last breath
I won't stand aside and listen to you give up

If you just hold on for one more second
Just hold on to what you have
If you'll just hold on, just hold on
You will wake up tomorrow

These arms remained stretched out to you
Maybe someday you'll accept them
Or maybe it's too late to save
A young girl's heart that's long stopped beating

Wake up, wake up you've gotta believe
Wake up, wake up you can't give up
Time keeps going on without us
Long after we're dead and gone

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