

Love Letter

Lisa Mitchell

I'd like a flat white, a day of pale skies
And a real kiss

Inside an old house, by the seaside
You can take off my blouse

but take it from me;
I'm disorderly and you'd be off better
writing someone else your love letter
cause I'm always on the road

And of course I wanna know you better
But you know the way it goes

Well a telegram's no substitute
when it comes to living proof

oh go on
and write somebody else,
oh somebody else,
oh anybody...

Your love letter.

(shoosha shoosha shoosha)
(shoosha)

So I need a flight home
There's no day to argue
no I need my pillow

Well inside an old house, by the seaside
You can take off my blouse
But take it from me;

I'm disorderly and you'd be off better
Writing someone else your love letter
cause I'm always on the road

(shoosha shoosha shoosha)

And of course I wanna know you better
But you know the way it goes

(shoosha shoosha shoosha)

And a telegram's no substitute
When it comes to living proof

(shoosha shoosha shoosha)

Go on and write somebody else,
somebody else
somebody else a love letter

Oh, living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start

Living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start

Oh, living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start

Oh, living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start

Go on, write somebody else your love letter
'Cause I'm always on the road

And of course, of course I wanna know you better
But you know the way it goes.