

Return Post

The Bangles

Writing the lines as they come to me
Scratching them out almost immediatelly
Don't know what it's done to me
Well, it's cold, it's wet
And it's been raining all night
And there's a letter I've been trying to write
Something better waiting somewhere for me
One of them is sitting on the wrong coast
One awaits an answer by return post, waiting

Try to remember how long it's been
When there was more
To us than paper and pen
Think how easy it is to conceal
And I know when we're together again
We'll be strangers for an hour and then
We'll have to figure out if this thing is real
One of them is sitting on the wrong coast
One awaits an answer by return post, waiting

Cold and wet and rain all night
There's a letter I gotta write
Something better is waiting for me
One of them is sitting on the east coast
One awaits an answer by return post, waiting
And take a drink and staring out the window
Wondering how long this can continue, waiting