

The Letter Home

Elvis Costello

St. Ignatus House, Willoughby Drive, Parrametta,
New South Wales
This fifth day of July, in the year of Our Lord nineteen
hundred and thirty five
Why must I apologize every time that I sit down to write
Through my own fault I may find
You're no longer living at this address
Please excuse the lack of news
The feeling of strange privilege
for the hour of trial, in these times of distress
Mean more than years imprisoned by etiquette.

I can remember when we were children
Though I could never imagine this day
Your brother told me we'd live forever
"I'll go one better," I heard myself say
And it seems so strange, now that he's gone to recall all these
games
While the years have divided us
Friendships have strained and broken

Oh, by the way, how's that girl that you wed
I hated you then, but I'm over the worst of it
I can't come home, I might as well say, life is short
I shall not write again