

Wonderful And Sad

Hawksley Workman

I wish the telephone had not been invented
Because I keep picking it up to say
Stupid things to you

The rain has stopped for now
But I know it's not ended

No sense in trying
I cannot be protected
No sense in worrying
I can't be protected

Wonderful and sad
How can you be so?

I wish that happiness could just be pretended
The closest thing to that is
A bottle of whiskey dear

I'd write a letter home
But I don't know where to send it.

Wonderful and sad
How can you be so?