

Old Fashioned Letters

Jason Reeves

You still write me old fashioned letters
Put your perfume on the pages
With crossed out words
That you took back like
Do you really miss me

In my own way
I take you everywhere I go
And it feels like home
'Cause I can hear you say
It's going to be okay
This waking life is a dream

But it's not right with me
To have to hear your voice
Reaching through the wire
But it's not fair to be
3000 miles away from California

Days like this I feel the distance
I want to run but I resist it
With cold reminders
All around me
Of what I've left behind

But it's not right with me
To have to hear your voice
Reaching through the wire
But it's not fair to be
3000 miles away from California
Oh

It doesn't feel the same
No, No
Nothing feels the same
Without you

But it's not right with me
To have to hear your voice
Reaching through the wire
But it's not fair to be
3000 miles away from California

In my own way
I take you everywhere I go
And it feels like home