

Electric pulse sent to my hand  
Pen to paper, paper sent to man  
2000 65 degrees  
Written in our house amongst the trees

We've lived here since summer '94  
Broken windows, hearts, maybe more  
I've licked the stamp and mailed it out  
Break the silence, can you hear me shout?

I hope they get it, oh I hope they get it

They're fine now. I'm copasetic.  
We've set up goals. I hope I met it.  
Absolution didn't seem so far away...

Finalize my favorite draft  
Isolation is making me laugh  
In these four walls I write it down  
Absolute control of it now

I waited three days to hear from you  
Wishing the words could stick like glue  
Inside your brain you see mistakes  
A forwarding address for my heartbreak