

20 Years

The Civil Wars

There's a note underneath your front door
That I wrote twenty years ago
Yellow paper and a faded picture
And a secret in an envelope
There's no reasons, no excuses
There's no secondhand alibis
Just some black ink on some blue lines
And a shadow you won't recognize
In the meantime I'll be waiting
For twenty years, twenty more
I'll be praying for redemption
And your note underneath my door