

## Dear Robert Graves

### The Innocence Mission

Dear Robert Graves, I got your last letter  
Is it that bad? on your side of the ocean?  
You seem to live under the clouds above us  
Clouds that are made. End of my toes bleed.  
Raining on you  
Raining on you Robert Graves  
Raining down on all your joy  
Things are the same in American society  
These clothes have souls convincing other souls to close the ru  
mor place  
No wonder they're unhappy. No room for life.  
End of my toes bleed.  
Raining on us  
Raining on us everywhere  
Raining down on all your joy  
Raining on us  
Raining on us everywhere  
Raining down on all our joy  
Oh I can see you, I'm sitting on my river  
I'm looking into your yard. I didn't mean to look down.  
I was actually thinking of myself when I said those things.  
I have my days, believe me there are days when  
I cannot see the purpose of my own life  
But I know flags must be faced, the pills must be swallowed  
Here comes the sea, a sea of hope to wash them down.  
Raining on us  
Raining on us Robert Graves  
Soaking us from head to toe.  
Raining on us  
Raining on us Robert Graves  
There we are with all our joy, all our joy.