

Undeliverable

The Soviettes

I walked the stairs up to your floor, I was meaning to pay a long overdue call
A dark man opened up your door, "no English" he could say but that was all
And so Sarah take care, I know it's better that you'll never get this letter
You left us no address, I know you did what's best, I know it's best
Through silence I can hear somehow the echo of your screams
There's memories in these walls, If he's not drunk he's crying now
He tore down all your dreams and made you small