

Here I am, waiting for you  
To feel what you say you feel, can I believe in you?  
There's no reason for me to stay inside  
Waiting for my release when I don't have to hide  
Tuesday morning a letter came from you  
A picture of yourself telling me, what you want to do  
You're fifty eight, and I'm nineteen again  
You promised me a life outside  
You say you just want to be my friend

Having the best day of my life  
Until the day I met you  
Having the best day of my life  
Until I found out you were you

Where does it lead me, right back inside?  
Walking down for trial not the aisle as your bride  
Six feet under, a duvet under your head  
I'm lying in your flowery sheets in your four poster bed

Having the best day of my life  
Until the day I met you  
Having the best day of my life  
Until I found out you were you

I hope you'll understand this  
This wasn't planned you know  
It's hard for me to say this  
But you know you let me down  
I don't do well with pain Mr. Davies  
So I had to take you down  
To comfort me and help me  
I 'm safer inside  
So I can't harm anyone else again  
Sleep well Mr. Davies  
I'm back inside again  
Writing you another letter  
I hope you still want to be my friend  
I'll love you until the end