

The girl writes on the last page
And the pencil is nearly dry
There can't be no mistakes
'Cause these words will be final
He's been waiting for a letter for days
The inspiration is gone, the wind flew away
All the trees that once were green
Are all ready for bed

All the great symphonies, all the great poems and books
They've been sung, they've been said, they've been written
And they have been read
Close your eyes fold your hands I can see you are tired
Let him wait just another day more
He won't die, he won't cry still the night may be sad
But it's better with nothing than bad

The sun flirts with the ocean
And soon a whole new day will rise
Smile to the paper, lay down your hand
I am sure he will understand
Lick the envelope, put a stamp on the corner
And I promise you that it won't be long
Before the letter is finally there

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