

Unwritten

Beth Orton

Oh my love, has there ever been a Spring?
How would we know, ever in the unknowing

There's an old man standing by the side of the road
Doesn't carry that weight no more
He's a real live wire but for all of his life
He's now somewhere that he does not know
Sifting through that old fall out
Waiting for the dust to land
I'm gonna throw my cards as far as I can
To know what's in my hand

And I wrote my love a letter just a moment ago
Said I'd be getting on the next train but I did not go
Yeah I wrote my love a letter just to tell her so
I was sure we made a promise
But you never know

And we tried to make it better
We tried to make it so
Oh that feeling was strong
You know nothing's wrong
It's just that I was getting unwritten

Oh my love, had there ever been a spring
How would we know, ever in the unknowing

There's an old man sitting by the side of the road
Doesn't carry that weight no more
He's a real live wire
Sure he knows what he like's
In the morning on the edge of the moor

Patient as a puzzle unsolved
Patient as a heart untold
He had to keep his cards as close as he can
To know which way they land

And he wrote his love a letter just a moment ago
Said he'd be getting on the next train
But he did not go
He wrote his love a letter
A whole lifetime ago
He was sure they made a promise
But you never know

They tried to make it better
They tried to make it so
And the feeling was strong
You know that ain't gone
It's just that he was getting unwritten
It's just that he was getting unwritten
But you know that this ain't getting undone