I have a letter from her When she worked for the "woman's realm" And all the things she promised me She promised herself as well

She said, "I want my freedom"
And ran off along the beach
It's hard to love a girl so near
Yet so far out of reach

She came back when the tide came in And introduced her friend to me She said, "don't ring while he is here" And gave me back my poetry

She expected me to understand
As she's always done this before
And now she asks me
"why don't you send me poems anymore?"

And she steals more than she buys You can see it in her eyes And she'll come back as soon as she's ready She's a bad penny

Then she comes back and asks me To sing all her favourite songs As if she's never been away As if she's done nothing wrong

But I've come to the conclusion
That she doesn't realise a thing
And she probably still thinks I love her
And she doesn't know that it's a sin