

Pages

James Hersey

I found a hidden postcard
She'd written to herself
With much love from overseas
But signed by somebody else
And I, I recognized the name as mine
And heavy my heart had sink
Her hopes so high and full of love

But all my pages are blank
All my pages blank
All my pages

I felt it in the moment
I'd have to let her go
As deeply as I believe
That she'd feed my bitter soul
But I oppose so strong and clear
And I [?] to ignore
And in the end to follow through

I couldn't be there anymore
I couldn't be there

So what is worse
To let it go
Or keep it to be sweet
To send it off in peace
Or to watch it crumble [?]
Tonight might be over
Abandoned in defeat
It's these questions and more

That keep me tired even when I sleep
Even when I sleep
That keep me tired even when I sleep
Even when I sleep
That keep me tired even when I