

Letters

Matt Corby

Love is like a letter wrote
And life is like an envelope
You can choose who you give it to
But you can't choose who will give it to you

And you simply can't write back to everyone
Cause that would leave you so confused and harshly judged

And all of my dreams are in your hands
You hold all of my dreams and know my plans

So why don't you send me on my way

Love is like a letter wrote
And life is like an envelope
Be careful who you give it to
They might not give it back to you

And if everyone wrote back to everyone
The trees would disappear with our oxygen

And all of my dreams are in your hands
You know all of my strengths and weaknesses

So why don't you send me on my way
So why don't you send me on my way
So why don't you send me on my way