Undeliverable

The Soviettes

I walked the stairs up to your floor, I was meaning to pay a long overdue call

A dark man opened up your door, "no English" he could say but t hat was all

And so Sarah take care, I know it's better that you'll never ge t this letter

You left us no address, I know you did what's best, I know it's best

Through silence I can hear somehow the echo of your screams There's memories in these walls, If he's not drunk he's crying now

He tore down all your dreams and made you small