

The Letters, Etc.

WHY?

Classic air is a vacuum
Where you are not
And I'm a can of Coke
Flattened by a thousand cars

How strange to be strangers
After what we was
In a soft separate life with heart
We held the center part of us

We met at your show, July 4th
At the park in the afternoon
We got together that next
Winter the magnolia bloomed

We made a home, we had a life
Florida, Spain, and Cancun
Then I had doubts, we rotted out
I acted like a fool

Then I was back on my own
Yeah, I'm being alone
I guess it's my own damn fault
I can not call

Maria
The letters were a last ditch effort
Rattle of death
Maria
You go east and I'll go west
Between us, breath
Maria

Now that I've simmered in the truth
I'm feeling stupid as hell
Took you to Ada Lea
To say my love for you is real. Still

But you had me looking silly
It only clicked right now—
It was just three days from
When you met Philly in Nashville

So now I'm back on my own
Yeah, I'm being alone
My heart is open, I leak it
Your art is 'Everything's a Secret'

Maria
Go see about the one you've found
I'll be around
Maria
Mars and me from here on out
Make us proud
Maria

When you see me

You know what we shared
Do you still care?
If you need me
I will be there
I will be there

Maria
Maybe I'm at bottom but
I'll climb the totem, yeah
Maria
Now I see you were right though
Your shift wasn't psycho
Maria
You met a nice beau at his
Hype show, that's just life bro
Maria