

Ellis Paul, Conversation With A Ghost

I'll respond to you in letters
Sorry so slow, sorry so few
In a nutshell, I'm much better
So far the complaints I hear are few

So how have you been? Have you been to the races? Did you take my mother --
Is your sister in braces? I wish I could've been there to see you through
Hey, are all those things you told me once still true?

Do you remember that time
It was cold in the park
You were running a race, I was there on a lark
Who would've thought that New York could be such a small town

Margaret is tired,
let's let her get some sleep
Bored with these letters,
let her count her sheep
So goodbye love, goodbye love...