

Elvis Costello, The Letter Home

c/o St. Ignatus House, Willoughby Drive, Parrametta,
New South Wales

This fifth day of July, in the year of Our Lord nineteen
hundred and thirty five

Why must I apologize every time that I sit down to write

Through my own fault I may find

You're no longer living at this address

Please excuse the lack of news

The feeling of strange privilege

for the hour of trial, in these times of distress

Mean more than years imprisoned by etiquette.

I can remember when we were children

Though I could never imagine this day

Your brother told me we'd live forever

"I'll go one better," I heard myself say

And it seems so strange, now that he's gone to recall all these
games

While the years have divided us

Friendships have strained and broken

Oh, by the way, how's that girl that you wed

I hated you then, but I'm over the worst of it

I can't come home, I might as well say, life is short

I shall not write again