Come Write Me Down 2

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(Lynn Noel)

I opened the bills when I got home
And I can't believe my telephone
Why must you live so far away
Why must I have so much to say
Why must I have so much to say?

Ah, where are the days when a parted pair
Would write fond letters their love to share
I dry my eyes and I sign my name
When I write the check-- but it's not the same
When I write the check it's not the same.

Perhaps someday when I'm old and grey
And the grandchildren have come to play
We will climb the stairs to the attic box
Where the old phone bills lie filed and locked
Where the old phone bills lie filed and locked.

Now (416) made me lose my head
And (617) said we'd soon be wed
And 251-4552
Was a love he swore forever true
Was a love he swore forever true.

Oh, where are the sketches and poetry
Of the grand love letters that used to be
And the tender words that I unfold
To warm my heart when a love grows cold
To warm my heart when a love grows cold.

So I tie these bills with a ribbon blue
I hear the phone, it must be you
And with all my heart, you'll hear me say
Hang up my love, write me today
Hang up my love, write me today.

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AJS