

Love Letter

Lisa Mitchell

I'd like a flat white, a day of pale skies
And a real kiss Inside an old house, by the seaside
You can take off my blouse but take it from me;
I'm disorderly and you'd be off better
writing someone else your love letter
cause I'm always on the road And of course I wanna know you better
But you know the way it goes Well a telegram's no substitute
when it comes to living proof oh go on
and write somebody else,
oh somebody else,
oh anybody...
Your love letter. (shoosha shoosha shoosha)
(shoosha) So I need a flight home
There's no day to argue
no I need my pillow Well inside an old house, by the seaside
You can take off my blouse
But take it from me; I'm disorderly and you'd be off better
Writing someone else your love letter
cause I'm always on the road (shoosha shoosha shoosha) And of course I wanna know you better
But you know the way it goes (shoosha shoosha shoosha)
And a telegram's no substitute
When it comes to living proof (shoosha shoosha shoosha) Go on and write somebody else,
somebody else
somebody else a love letter Oh, living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start Living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start Oh, living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start Oh, living in that chest is a big, big heart
one that I've known from the very start Go on, write somebody else your love letter
'Cause I'm always on the road And of course, of course I wanna know you better
But you know the way it goes.

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