

You Don't Write You Don't Call

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Once was a season there was only us
Now I'm a man of reason - you don't care for
you don't write you don't call
Aint no problem at all

insets at 1st light - Da powerful wing
soard to the height - pulled back by a string
you don't care - you don't write
Aint no reason to cry

The gods gone gone leave no trace
But who you had to see your face
And the rule of the days with the plays
and your ways with the Clays
and your ~~face~~ and your grace

Now for some reason ~~planets~~ ^{race} planets apart
Tis the season of the open heart
So email or fax - I'll give you no fear
Then we hear these silly tunes
of ships passing - six moons
Aint no respect or be to meet - Aint no respect.