

20 Years

The Civil Wars

There's a note underneath your front door
That I wrote twenty years ago.
Yellow paper and a faded picture
and a secret, in an envelope
There's no reasons no excuses
theres no second hand alibis
just some black ink
on some blue lines and a shadow you won't recognize
In the mean time I'll be waiting
for twenty years twenty more
i'll be praying for redemption
and your note underneath my door
and your note underneath my door.

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