

SWEET PEA

I walked past the old French church late last Tuesday night
The one with the red brick face and the slate gray steps
A crowd was mulling around as a meeting was letting out
And I thought about the only time I had ever been there

You always said I had too many rules
And I always found that ironic
Cause when the troubles began coming
It was to twelve of them that you went running

But I hope you're well
And I hope this finds you not needing
What you needed, when you left me

Yes, I hope you're well
And I hope you know, I don't mind your leaving
But it's what I'm left believing that scares the hell out of me

I remember thinking, "What the hell am I doing here?"
And wondering long and hard about what I'd gotten myself into
Then I looked at you and you smiled so reassuringly
I squeezed your hand then believing it just might be all right

You always said I made too many rules
As if making fun of me was your tonic
It allowed you to run and hide away
And ignore what it was I was trying to say

But I hope you're well
And I hope this finds you not needing
What you needed, when you left me

Yes, I hope you're well
And I hope you know, I don't mind your leaving
But it's what I'm left believing that scares the hell out of me

I hope you're well
And I hope you know, I don't mind the bleeding
But it's my needing that scares the hell out of me