

# Conrado Yanez & Outline, Letters

It's raining outside  
Now I have time to write  
Few words on the paper  
it's quite hard to write a letter  
The wind is coming, sounds like chords  
Played on my soul  
I open the window put down last words  
Trying to tell you that

I feel that my home is here  
Far away from those times  
Where I was a child

Letters fly up to the sky  
With stories of my life  
Show you my home in beating heart  
So I let them go  
They fly so high like butterflies  
They have wings made of my soul  
Just catch them all. (Try to catch them all)

What can I say?  
So many things have changed  
But you can read all from those few written words.  
The wind is coming  
Pulls out of my mind  
Everything I hide inside.  
Picked up a pen and write again,  
because I want you to know that

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