

„Please Come Home“

The 29th monsoon had finally dried when a distant buzzing sent Nude scrambling for cover. A tiny plane dipped and swerved, filled the air with swirling white and disappeared

He cautiously approached one of the scattered pices of paper:

We've been writing letters each day
Hoping that you'll come home
And we're wondering if you're okay
As you're not on the phone

Face the facts now
Take a chance
Come on back now
Fast

Please come home
Please come home
Everyone cares for you
Please come home
Please come home
Everyone cares for you
Everyone

We've been writing letters each day
Hoping
That you'll...
Come home