

## BELOW THE FOLD

*words & music by Sven-Erik Seaholm*

I've been spending every hour  
Listening for the postman's steps  
I don't know what makes the mail come so late  
But it's a Thursday morning, half past eight  
And here I wait

Got my face in a cup of coffee  
I've got a sweet dream on my mind  
Truth be told, this is where I'll be  
For most of my day, slippers on my feet  
Until a quarter past three

Now all of the dogs are barking  
Down at the end of the block  
Pulling my eyes away from the clock

How kind of you to take the time  
To send news that you're doing fine  
I'm glad to hear that things worked out  
I'm not sure there was (ever) any doubt  
Your words are shelter from the cold  
As long as I don't read below the fold

Well, I guess I should admit it  
I mean I really must confess  
Curiosity got the better of the cat  
Well, brother I heard that...here we go

Just one little flap of paper  
An inch and a half of pain  
That I get to read again and again

(Chorus)

So, where is the happy ending?  
Where's my *auf wiedersehen*?  
How does this all begin again?

How kind of you...I'm glad to hear it  
Your words are your words are your words  
Below the fold

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