

Girl Writing A Letter

Lori Lieberman and William Carpenter

From the CD, "Home Of Whispers", a two mic live recording on Pope Music, released in 1995.

<https://loriliebermanmusic.bandcamp.com/track/girl-writing-a-letter> ([sample](#))

New recording on new album to be released September 2019.

A thief drives his car to a museum
His knife, it is shiny and black
The guard says, "I'm sorry we're closed now
Tomorrow you'll have to come back"

"But I haven't got all evening
There's something I need to have"
"Art is for pleasure, not possession
Where are you going with that?"

And he finds the Dutch Masters
He finds the Vermeer
The "Girl Writing A Letter" in the painting is there
And he knows what he's doing
He knows it by heart
And the Girl Writing A Letter
Waits there

And he slices the canvas on one edge
From the bowls to the sun on the floor
And the girl doesn't hear this
No she doesn't notice
She's writing her letter
Writing her letter
Just like she's done for years

And she doesn't hear him until it's too late
Now he's in the picture and he sits down and plays
Her favorite sonata, and it makes her heart race
And he's playing for her
And he plays, and he plays and he plays

And the Gardner Museum is empty
Only her and the man she just met
But she feels like she's known him forever
And it's a feeling she'll never forget

So when he hands her the knife
Well she cuts
And the paintings fall out of their frames
And when he says, "Roll them up", then she does it
And she tapes the guard's mouth with his tape

And he gives her the wheel and he says,
"Come on, drive-- the night is all ours"
And she takes Storrow Drive
And nothing else matters while she's on the Mass
Pike
She's got a beer in her free hand
She's in love
She's alive

And he's found his Dutch Master
He's found his Vermeer
And the "Girl Writing A Letter" is sitting so near
And he knows what he's doing
He knows it by heart
And the Girl Writing A Letter
Is his...

*Adapted from the poem, "Girl Writing A Letter,"
by William Carpenter*