

# **Dear Alyssa** © BMI by Dennis J. Barela

Dear Alyssa, well it was eight years ago today  
Dear Alyssa, at least I think it was any way  
She was smiling when I met her and she'd do anything for me  
Dear Alyssa, but she wasn't free

I can see her hanging out the window  
With her right foot on the floorboard  
Like an evil alter-ego  
But the strategy she had in mind  
Was to win that little heart of mine

Dear Alyssa, well maybe four years had gone by  
Dear Alyssa, somebody left my heart high and dry  
She opened the door and I remembered the smile  
Down the hallway in a bedroom cried a beautiful child  
Named Alyssa, but she wasn't mine

I remember summer nights together  
In a darkened hotel bedroom in the hot mid-July weather  
And the promises we didn't keep  
Never made us lose a wink of sleep

Please Alyssa, will you tell your mother hello?  
Dear Alyssa, tell her I told you so  
Tell her that I'm sorry that I left her  
But I thought that I was wasting her time  
And Alyssa, that I wish you were mine