Postcards

Gatherer

My love has gone His boots no longer by my door He left at dawn and as I slept I felt him go Hmm, hmm New York, New York, temperature's droppin' The band's out shoppin', not stoppin' till ears pop Cops protect shops, lots of yellow cabs and bellhops And it never stops I'm waitin' to do an interview, so much to tell you Today I feel close enough to smell you Additional dates they were plannin' just fell through Florida's out We fly September 22 to Heathrow But there's not really long to go Tonight will be a brilliant show Lettin' you know I miss you More than four hits the floor at a party Send my love to everybody Please, send my love to everybody Send my love to everybody Honey, I'm writin' from D.C., feelin' queasy Stayin' healthy on the road isn't easy The TM recommends an antigen One of them could resist again I miss you like a lock in the door What's more, I go to sleep with my Walkman 'cause half the crew snored Don't mean to be a bore, everybody's been great But there's fifteen of us in a bus state to state So I stay up late with a tape or meditate My bed is travellin' at fifty-five M.P.H. When we make it to L.A., I'll still be miles away It's not my best day, I'm a get some rest, God bless My love has gone Wo, wo My love has gone Wo, wo We just stopped at a diner so I'm takin' time to write a few lines I'm fine, sunshine, the bus driver's Reclinin' by the grass as the trucks pass

Gleamin' with the flash of sunlight from the glass on the windscreen As for us, there's too much to relate We've done five gigs yet we're only in our third state America's big, you'd love how they pile up your plate Only place in the world even I can gain weight Our next date is Wilmington, Delaware Open air, there's a rumor Melle Mel'll be there Anyway, all my love, God bless, I'm yawning I really miss watching you get dressed in the morning My love has gone Wo, wo My love has gone Wo, wo My love has gone No earthly ships will ever bring Him home

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