

# Postcards

Cindy Morgan

At seventeen she ran away to the city  
Thought she would find herself there  
Scared and afraid, she pan-handled all day  
To get enough for a one-way fare  
And a taxi to the nearest greyhound bus  
Made a call, mom said please come home to us I'm searching, I'm traveling  
My life's been unraveling  
I still don't know where this will lead  
Enjoying the weather  
I'll get it together so don't worry  
I'll send you a postcard  
From my journey to me Crawled through the desert  
And swam in the ocean  
Tried meditation  
And a few magic potions  
Marched at the Whitehouse  
Against the attacks  
Sent a call out to Buddah  
But he never called back  
And I'm thinking there must be something  
I have missed  
What do you think of all this I'm searching, I'm traveling  
My life's been unraveling  
I still don't know where this will lead  
Enjoying the weather  
I'll get it together so don't worry  
I'll send you a postcard  
From my journey to melf you can't find all the answers from anyone else  
You'll just have to see for yourself  
Under a blanket and up on a mountain  
A sleeping bag prayer  
Where she drank from the fountain  
Thought about Sunday school  
Thought about Jesus  
Love that's so simple, grace that's so genius  
And just like those ruby red slippers you know  
The answers were there in her soul I'm searching, I'm traveling  
But I'm not unraveling  
I still don't know where this will lead

Enjoying the weather, it feels like forever  
Since I've seen Tennessee  
This is the last of my postcards  
I'll be back home by the next star  
I love you all with all my heart  
Sincerely, Me

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