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 usI'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 meCrawled through the desert
And swam in the ocean
Tried meditation
And a few magic potions
Marched at the Whitehouse
Agianst 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 thisI'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 meIf 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 soulI'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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