

# Postcards

## Abby Ahmad

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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