Picture Postcards from L.A.

Joshua Kadison

I'm the piano player down at Eddie's bar
And Rachel she's the waitress who wants to be a star
She swears she's gonna make it, make it big someday
And she'll send me picture postcards from L.A.When it's time for closing, I play while Rachel cleans
She listens to my music, I listen to her dreams
She swears she's gonna make it, she's going all the way
And I say, "Send me picture postcards from L.A.Send me postcards from L.A. signed with love forevermore
Picture postcards from L.A. to hang on my refrigerator door
Rachel, if you find me one, I'd love a picture of
The California sunWhen Rachel shares my pillow she always asks me things
Like do I really think she's pretty, do I like the way she sings?
I don't know how to answer, so I always smile and say
I say, "Send me picture postcards from L.A.Send me postcards from L.A. signed with love forevermore
Picture postcards from L.A. to hang on my refrigerator door
Rachel, if you find me one, I'd love a picture of
The California sunSometimes Rachel stands up in the middle of the bar
And does a scene from the late show
We all clap our hands as she puts her apron on
And says, "Next week, I'm gonna go"She'll even buy a ticket and pack her things to leave
Though we all know the story, we pretend that we believe
But something always comes up, something always makes her stay
And still no picture postcards from L.A.Send me postcards from L.A. signed with love forevermore
Picture postcards from L.A. to hang on my refrigerator door
Rachel, if you find me one, I'd love a picture of
The California sunI'm the piano player down at Eddie's bar
And Rachel she's the waitress who wants to be a star

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