

# 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 sun When 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 sun Sometimes 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 sun I'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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