

# 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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