Postcards from Catalunya

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

We talked for hours
And nothing made much sense
I'm sick and tired
Of sitting on the fence'Cos I've been sitting here for hours
And I thought I found the answers to
The questions I was asking
Now I'm not sure what they were
Amongst the postcards of Catalunya
And the late night conversations
I, I can't find the hows or whysWe talk in circles
We move in narrow lines
I miss the gray patch
Between the black and whiteAnd I've been sitting here for hours
And I thought I found the answers to
The questions I was asking
Now I'm not sure what they were
Amongst the postcards of Catalunya
And the late night conversations
I, I can't find the hows or whysI miss the silence
Of sitting here alone
I think I love you
But I'm better on my own'Cos I've been sitting here for hours
And I thought I found the answers to
The questions I was asking
Now I'm not sure what they were
Amongst the postcards of Catalunya
And the late night conversations
I, I can't find the hows or whysI can't find the hows or whys
I can't find the hows or whys
I can't find the hows or whys

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