

# 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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