

Postcard

Bridgit Mendler

I wanna play with your race cars
I'm not a Barbie doll, throw me your baseball
I wanna get on your team and get my hands a little dirty
I heard from a little birdie that You don't think I can take it
Or that I made for it
Or that I got it in my bones So what makes you think that
It's boys only
No girls allowed
And there's no way
You can keep us out
You can bring us down
If I feel it burning in my core then
I'll take that
Bright little spark
And I'll hold it
Tighter in my heart
Then all your little darts
If you say I'll never reach the moon
I'll send you a postcard soon And if he's into fashion
Or if he likes ballet, doesn't get the time of day
'Cause he's build for the fields but feels like his love is somewhere else
And no matter how he felt, they Told him he couldn't take it
'Cause he's not make for it
He doesn't have it in his bones So what makes you think that
It's boys only
No girls allowed
And there's no way
You can keep us out
You can bring us down
If feel it burning in my core then
I'll take that
Bright little spark
And I'll hold it
Tighter in my heart
Then all your little darts
If you say I'll never reach the moon
I'll send you a postcard soon It says, Remember what you said back then and if I listened to you
I will never be where I stand
And I've proven to these shoes that I taken on the world and back again What makes you think is

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If I feel it burning in my core then
I'll take that
Bright little spark
And I'll hold it
Tighter in my heart
Then all your little darts
If you say I'll never reach the moon
I'll send you a postcard (soon)I'll send you a postcard soon

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