

Postcard Blues

Cowboy Junkies

Especially with my head pounding
And lying helpless in my bed
I long for you and your expert hands
To ease this white heat from my head
And you would boast that you knew
All the pressure points inside
And you could just as easily kill me
Beneath the desire that I hide
But as your patient I knew
That your healing powers had grown
From a sore that's far, far deeper
Than this heart where the pain was born
With my head again clear
I think of words to send to you
To coax you back to my side
But always leave out I love you
And then through my front door
A picture of a faraway land
And to with love on the back
And once again I reach for my pen

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