Postcard from a Volcano

Wild Strawberries

I got a postcard from a volcano
Something 'bout a weather change
Looking for a new town
Hope to see you soon
Sincerely
My my things have changed
I wrote these words upon the ceiling
Now I'm walking on the page
That kept my broken world
Everyone's a gold mine
Everyone's an empty vein
Everyone's an open handed blind magician
Everyone's a millionaire looking for a copper
Down on old factory road
Carving wooden spectacles
Is nothing more than wishful thinking
Read it on the line below
Some things never change
Life is but a festival
Coloured gold and green and purple
Death is never what you know
Love is never sane
I spent a month in addictions
I'll never hail a cab again
Maybe I'm suspicious
Maybe I'm afraid

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