Postcards and Letters (Pittston)

My American Heart

There were yellow ribbons on every tree
And yellow orchids growing from the street
Postcards and letters swam to the shore
Locket and treasures on the river floor, yeahWe owe the streets of this small town
You live so quietly and us we speak so loud
We owe the streets of this small town
You live so quietly and us we speak so loud
We speak so loudThere were yellow ribbons on every tree
And yellow orchids growing from the street
Postcards and letters swam to the shore
And all the birds were singing ode's
Singing ode's oh no, oh noWe owe the streets of this small town
You live so quietly and us we speak so loud
We owe the streets of this small town
You live so quietly and us we speak so loud
We speak so loud

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