Get-Well-Cards

Conor Oberst

All peacock people left the plumes in a pile
They look good to fault
And the Gulf water's warm like a bathtub
Full of lavender and Epsom saltSee a bleach blond boy put his longboard down
Help his girl get her sunscreen on
I thought about you in your little house
Think you're lonely but I could be wrong andI wanna be your bootlegger
Wanna mix you up something strange
Braid your hair like a sister
Name you like a hurricaneRight there, that's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got a letter to deliver but I can't stay mad, oh
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand
He's got a get-well-card to deliver
He's gonna do it by hand, he's gonna do it by handNow they drive the cars up and down the beach
It's ridiculous and everybody knows
Hear the Mustangs rev at the four way stop
You get ghosted when the light says goBut in a town like this, in the checkered flag dawn
It's so empty you could make somebody dream
So maybe it's you, in your four post bed
Found asleep with still blood in your teeth andI wanna be your happiness
I wanna be your common sense pain
Wrap your head in a picket fence
Rebuild after the hurricaneRight there, that's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got my letters to deliver but I'm still not mad, oh
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand
He's got a get-well-card to deliver, he's gonna do it by handHe's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it by handOh, right there, that's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got a letter to deliver but I can't stay mad, oh
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand
He's got a head stack now to deliver, he's wants to do it by handHe's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it by hand

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