

Postcards

An Horse

Well, old postcards are romantic when they're intact

And old postcards are romantically full of fact

And the one you have to watch

Are the one that keep coming back

And you came back, yes you came backAnd old cards sit on old card

And the streets have changed

But I think I'm still the sameAnd it's not what I want to hear, what I want to see but your skin's covered in
postcards from you to me, to meWhen you see me sit by myself

You'll think that I'm waiting for someone else

But I'm wishing for somewhere else

I'm wishing for somewhere elseWhen you see me sit by myself

You'll think that I'm waiting for someone else

But I'm wishing for somewhere else

I'm wishing for somewhere elseTwo postcards in a month or so,

Well, I don't know I just don't knowTwo postcards in a month or so,

Well, I don't know I just don't knowAnd it's not what I want to hear, what I want to see but your skin's covered
in postcards from you to me, to me

To me, to me, to me, to me

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