

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 back And old cards sit on old card
And the streets have changed
But I think I'm still the same And 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 When 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 else When 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 else Two postcards in a month or so,
Well, I don't know I just don't know Two postcards in a month or so,
Well, I don't know I just don't know And 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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