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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