

Postcard

Buffalo Tom

You have spoken, the photo's fadin'
And nothin' is goin' right
A shooter's hand to, turn a cheek to
A cough into at nightLeaves are eyes that look inside
A secret society
Here's victory now if, that's what you're into
Just take it away from me"May God strike me dead", she shouted from her bed
I said, "Look at your mouth it's bleeding now
So it all pours out so easily you choose
My version of the truth
When all I ask of you, is send me a postcard
When you get there"A monkey's tooth an', a lukewarm bath
Stray dog out in the driveway
(Here's Albany, yea)
Here's Albany, yea
(A photo finish)
Photo finish
Just wipe the dust away"May God strike me dead", she shouted from her bed
I said, "Look at your mouth it's bleeding now
So it all pours out so easily you choose
My version of the truth
When all I ask of you, is send me a postcard
When you get there"
Yeah, when you get down there
Send me a postcard
Yeah, when you get down thereWherefore art thou Johnny Carson?
Retired and never coming back
Backroom basement, a sixty watt bulb
There's nothin' that I lack"May God strike me dead", she shouted from her bed
I said, "Look at your mouth it's bleeding now
So it all pours out so easily you choose
My version of the truth
When all I ask of you, is send me a postcard
When you get there"
Yeah, when you get down there
Send me a postcard
Yeah, when you get down there
Yeah, yeaSend to me a postcard from anywhere
(Yea)

Send to me a postcard from anywhere
Send to me a postcard from anywhere

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