A Picture Postcard

The Promise Ring

Don't forget to kiss me if you're really going to leave
Couldn't you take the second bus home?
Couldn't you just take me with you?Couldn't you take the second bus home?
If I put my hands to your stomach or put my lips to your hand
Birmingham has gone to motors, motors
Take me home, take me home, take me homeKeep your eyes on the road
On the road, on the road, on the road
And I'm convinced that you're from mars
And I'm convinced that you're from mars

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