

# 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 home Keep 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

Lyrics provided by

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