Postcard from Texas

Disappear Fear

(4:12)
This is my postcard from Texas
What are the chances this town won't wreck us?
There is a woman, there always is
She's standin' on the side of the stage
beckoning motionless
And my legs get weak
and my heart beats fast
and I thought the love we had
was built to last
and my thoughts take off
where my hands want to go
and I know and I know and I know
Baby believe me
Baby believe me
I didn't do nothin'!
There's a strange black bird here
Which is mostly tall
makes a sound like an ambulance
That's her mating call
She sings a warning in the cold night air
she's out in the distance
she should be sleeping
but i can still hear her.
I'm steppin' out of a dream into a steamy car
and we huddle for safety at the cannibal bar
how far can I run away from this ring on my finger?
Is there a place where we can go to
shed our fear like clothes
and make love new?

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